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## Poetry.

### A STORY OF EDEN.

Some forgotten chronicle of old
This story I have read,
And I have heard it said
Rosetti wept when he had heard it told:

When Eve, from Eden forced, had turned her face,
To pity them inclined,
God made within her mind
Grow dim the memory of that blissful place.

Then during many afterdays of toil
Children of earth were born
Who knew not of that morn,
Before in sweat they learned to till the soil.

They were content—contented with their lot;
Born to return to dust,
They lived as live they must,
Contented, for of Eden they knew not.

Thus God with mercy tempered what seemed hate,
So that men, knowing not
Their former blissful lot,
They should not utterly be desolate.

But after many years a child was born,
A child unlike the rest,
And when unto her breast
Eve pressed it, then she wept, a child forlorn.

"Better," she said, "this child were in its grave,
For in its longing eyes
Glimpses of paradise
And long forgotten trees of Eden wave."

And everlasting is our mother's pain,
For oft at eve or morn
Some poet child is born
Who hears those sounds of Eden once again.

—*N. Y. Tribune.*

### POPPING THE QUESTION.

When Adam asked sweet Mistress Eve
His gentle wife to be,
She prettily did sigh and blush
And pulled a rosebud from a bush,
And spake no word to he,
Leaving in doubt if she did grieve.

He urged his suit with throbbing heart,
And went down on his knee;
One sweet, admiring glance she stole,
While love went surging o'er her soul
For the first time, you see,
And broke the spell with sudden start.

He took her by the lily hand,
Talking rapidly;
She tore the leaves from off the rose
And cast them feebly at his toes,
And stood there silently,
Her foot upon the pebbly sand.

"An orphan, sir, indeed am I."
She said in whispers low;
She knew she ought to see her ma;
But as she had none, then her pa
Ought to take her in tow
And fix things for them by and by.

"Of friends in here there is a dearth,"
He said, in accents glib;
"I have no sister, sure, or brother,
Indeed, I think I am your mother,
And you're my missing rib,
Although I came from out the earth."

"Then, sir, I'll be your willing wife."
He thanked her heartily.
"I'll mend, and make, and wash, and sew;
To others I'll a pattern show,
And tend the progeny,
And never gossip in my life."

—*New York Star.*

## Our Story Teller.

# THE SQUIRE'S COURTING

Everybody said the squire would never marry. Not because they had any special assurance that the squire would never assume the hymeneal yoke, but just because it would seem so very funny if he should.

There are a great many things that could happen, though in some way or other we get to think they never will, and when they do happen we are almost as much surprised as we would be at a miracle. So it was with the squire and matrimony. In the eyes of his friends and relatives the very idea was laughable.

Now, the squire was no squire at all. The word implies a judge, and the squire was not a judge, at least not in the legal sense. "Squire" was simply a nickname given in a sportive moment to J. Hillery Crabtree, by a joking school-fellow, and it had tenaciously clung to him as he had advanced in years and stature.

J. Hillery, or the squire, was, as to complexion, a brunette; very dark eyes, blue-black hair and mustache, about five feet eight inches in his stockings, and decidedly blunt in his manners, with a generous opinion of himself. In his early youth he was the especial charge of his three aunts, and at the same time their torment. He was the source of never-ending contention between the three estimable ladies who could never agree as to how he should be trained, and in consequence the squire himself was responsible for most of his early training as the multitude of cooks spoiled the broth—of a boy. And we find him at 24 with a kind of contempt for women, young women in particular. He was suspicious of them. He was very particular as to his personal appearance, taciturn and single, yet withal, had he been a biting fish, the girls thought that he would have been a good catch. Fate was laying a trap for the wary and self-satisfied squire. One day he called to see one of his aunts in New York, and to the squire's disgust there chanced to be a young lady calling at the same time. Of course an introduction followed. The squire would gladly have fled, but he had important messages to give his aunt. Miss Kurtz was in no apparent hurry. Then, to make matters worse, it began to rain, and of course Miss Kurtz could not go in the rain, and the squire's discomfort was greatly augmented when his aunt took him to one side and laid down the law to him that he must see Miss Kurtz safely home. Why the squire should object to seeing a pretty girl home no one knew, but he did, and it must be said that he was rather gruff as he offered his escort to the young lady.

Now, how such a thing could happen cannot be told; it was very shocking, indeed, to the squire, but a fact. The next morning, in the dining room, the squire chanced to pull out his handkerchief, and what should come out with it but a lady's glove, a nice, sweet-scented, delicate affair. The squire was quite overcome, he was considerably agitated, and when his Cousin Widdy, a very lively young miss, pounced upon the tell-tale glove and demanded an explanation, the squire growled out something and turned very red, deliberately took the glove from her, and walked out of the house.

As the squire walked along the street he felt considerably vexed. Now, of course, he must go to return the glove to Miss Kurtz, but how could he explain its being in his pocket. He would not explain. He would send it to her by mail.

But again, he did not know the number of her house, and he did not dare to ask for fear the folks would laugh at him, so that very evening he called and returned the glove to its fair owner. He was forced to acknowledge to himself on the way home that he had spent a very pleasant evening, and he was not sure that girls were as frivolous as he had thought them, at least not all girls. Miss Kurtz had given him an invitation to call again and he did not know but that he would; she appeared to be a very nice girl, but one must look out for them, they are so tricky.

It was rather amusing to those who knew the squire and his antipathies, to notice how soon it was necessary for him to call again on Miss Kurtz, and it was the occasion for no little chaffing by Widdy. The squire would look ashamed, growl, and hastily get out of her way, and at the same time every one noticed that the squire wore a puzzled look as though he was thinking deeply over something. If he made frequent calls on Miss Kurtz, he was very careful that none of his family should know it. You know its a very hard thing for a man to acknowledge frankly that he has violated his own precepts. And it may be said right here, that Miss Kurtz was a very estimable young lady and not without a lively appreciation of the humorous. She had heard from his sister that the squire was a sort of a woman-hater, and all to herself she had determined to subdue the enemy.

The squire had an awful fight with himself, but finally asked Miss Kurtz to accompany him to the theater. By a series of skillful questioning he managed to find out where each of the household were likely to spend a certain evening, and then took Miss Kurtz as far away from them as he could. Then, imagine his disgust, when after getting comfortably seated he discovered his sister and her wretch of a husband in the box opposite, coolly surveying him and his companion through their opera glasses. His first impulse was to get up and leave, but a second thought told him that that would never do. He felt that Miss Kurtz was laughing at him, and he looked round rather sharply once, and was not sure but that he caught the trace of a hastily suppressed smile on the face of the demure puss at his side. He did not enjoy the performance a bit, and was greatly relieved when the curtain went down for the last time.

He did not walk home with Miss Kurtz, but called a cab, and giving cabby the street and number told him to hurry up. He was bound to get away from female companionship just as quick as he could.

Miss Kurtz said nothing at the unseemly haste. The squire did not go home for a day or two, but stopped at the hotel. He could stand most anything, but he dodged the issue of having to defend his former principles against his later actions. Finally he screwed up courage enough to return home, and to his immense relief no one, not even Widdy, said a word to him about the theater, and he hoped it had been forgotten, but he was doomed to other mortifications. One day after dinner he was discussing a business question with his brother-in-law, and to prove his point drew a letter from his pocket on unfolding which a photograph of Miss Kurtz dropped out upon the table. There was a general titter, which to the poor squire was worse than unrestrained thunder, and gathering up the letter and photograph he bolted out of the room. He determined to call on Miss Kurtz that very evening. He must return that photograph.

Of how it came into his pocket he did not have the least idea. He presumed he had taken it up with some papers he had been showing to Miss Kurtz and put it in his pocket himself. But at any rate he must return it. She might think he had stolen it. He paled at the bare thought, for he prided himself greatly on his honor.

The evening came and found the squire at Miss Kurtz's home, not very talkative, but very fidgety; but that young lady was exceedingly pleasant and chatty. After several ineffectual attempts to say something, the squire blurted out, nervously:

"Miss Kurtz, I have something very odd to say to you this evening."

Miss Kurtz blushed and said to herself:

"So soon. It can't be that I have subdued him so quickly," then aloud, as the squire still hesitated: "If you are pleased to make me your confidant, I shall be glad to hear what you have to say."

"Well, you see, Miss Kurtz, I've been thinking—that is—I was going to say—or no—I have something to tell you that I don't understand," continued the squire.

"I am sure, Mr. Crabtree, if I can enlighten you I shall be pleased to do so."

"Well, I hardly know what you will think of me, and maybe you think I am acting strange, but I assure you that it is something that has worried me a great deal ever since I discovered it."

"He is going to propose sure enough," thought Miss Kurtz, as she replied: "I certainly shall think nothing but good of you, Mr. Crabtree, and I don't think you need have any concern," and she blushed and commenced to upbraid herself, thinking: "I ought to be ashamed of flirting with him; he is really very nice, and I do like him and I believe I will accept him."

"I had feared you would not understand me—that is, that you would not accept me—my——" blundered the 'squire, totally oblivious of the construction Miss Kurtz was putting on what he said, and she, not for a moment thinking that he meant anything other than a formal proposal for her heart and hand, and having decided to accept him, interrupted his bashful stammering at this critical point as she gently touched his arm, saying:

"I certainly accept your proposal, and return your love, and I know we shall be happy," and she extended her hand and laid her pretty little head upon his shoulder.

The 'squire was thunderstruck. Had all the horrible demons of mythology faced him he could not have moved or uttered a sound. He was horrified, paralyzed; his jaw dropped, his face assumed a ghastly look. He hardly breathed for a few minutes. Miss Kurtz, taking his horrified silence for the depth of a very different emotion, gently raised her hand and patting him softly on the cheek, drew his head down to her and kissed him plump on the lips.

That kiss broke the spell. With a yell that might have shamed a maniac the squire tore himself from her clinging arms and rushed frantically and hatless into the street, where he continued his wild run, he knew not where, muttering as he sped along.

"Oh, heavens! oh, heavens!"

It was now Miss Kurtz's turn to be astonished, as the frantic squire dashed out; her eyes opened wide with wonder. She stood thus for a moment, and then she did what any other woman would have done under the circumstances, threw herself on the lounge and burst into tears, saying brokenly, as she did so: "I thought he was eccentric, but I didn't know he was a lunatic." Still lying there, weeping as though her heart was broken, squire's cousin, Widdy, found her when she came to make a call awhile later.

The squire continued his wild run for several blocks, and then he slackened his speed. "Great heavens!" he thought, as he mopped the cold sweat from his brow and felt blindly on his head for his hat, "she thought I proposed to her, and she accepted me. Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do to get out of this? Nobody will believe me if I say that I did not, and she and her father will think I've been trifling with her and want to kill me; oh, dear! oh dear! these women are awful. I wish I were a thousand miles from here." And the poor squire groaned in anguish.

"At this rate you will be a thousand miles from here," said a hearty voice at the squire's elbow, and at the same time he received a vigorous slap on the shoulder. The squire turned and saw his brother-in-law, John, beside him, but made no reply.

"Where's your hat? and," he continued, as the saw the squire's white face, "what has happened? What's the matter with you, squire, any way?"

"Oh, I'm done for now," was the squire's mournful reply. "I've made a fool of myself, and am in for it."

John, seeing his perturbed state, just took his arm and led him along to his home without saying a word. When inside and seated he drew up his chair snd said: "Now, Hillery, we are alone, tell me all about it, and if I can help you I will."

Squire demurred at first, but finally told him all about the affair; how he made Miss Kurtz's acquaintance, his finding her glove in his pocket and of his calling on her (on errands for his sisters,) how he chanced to take her to the theater, down to finding her picture in his pocket, his attempt to return it and explain, and how she understood his preliminary to the explanation, and the result. John could scarcely keep from roaring as the squire told his story, but he saw that the squire was awfully serious about it and was indeed in a very delicate situation. Finally he asked:

"Hillery, what do you candidly think of Miss Kurtz, anyhow?"

"I think she is a very nice young lady," reluctantly acknowledged the squire.

"Well, then, why not straighten this mess out, as it is started. Go back to her and give some excuse for your running away and apologize and marry her. She is a fine girl, she evidently loves you or she would not have accepted your supposed proposal. Come, now, this is the best way out. Explain to either of your sisters or to Widdy, and they can make an excuse for you to Miss Kurtz.

It took some little talk to bring the squire round to acknowledge this to be the best way, but as he really loved Miss Kurtz, and it was only his stubborness kept him from saying so, he was considerably delighted at the solution, yet he was very much at sea for a plausible excuse for his outlandish conduct without giving the true reason.

To keep on with their plan of reconstruction they adjourned to the house of the squire's other brother-in-law, and there they met Widdy, who had just returned from her call on Miss Kurtz. She was loud in her denunciation of the squire, but when John told her the squire's side of the story she agreed to help out the "loving geese," as she called them, and her ready tact straightened things out so that squire was the happiest man in town.

A year or more after the happy event that made J. Hillery a proud young husband, and he and his pretty wife were chatting over past events, when the squire, in a burst of loving confidence, told her how it was he proposed to her. Her face was clouded for an instant only, and then she threw both arms about his neck and kissed him.

"Do you know how the glove and photograph came to be in your pocket?" she asked, as she hid her blushing face in his bosom.

"No," he said, wonderingly. "How?"

"I put them there just to tease you, you were so bashful. But you'll forgive me, won't you, my own dear Hillery?"

"Certainly I will, my precious one," he cried, as he gave her a hearty embrace.

### JIM FISK'S DEATH.

**Revelations Showing the Woman in the Case Was Not the Notorious Josie Mansfield.**

New York Correspondence Philadelphia *Times*: Some truth at last about the seemingly never to be forgotten Fisk-Stokes tragedy.

Ever since the recently and falsely rumored death at Delanco, N. J., of the notorious Josie Mansfield the male gossips of New York, particularly those who frequent the Hoffman house, have been discussing anew the features of the tragedy of 16 years ago. Of course no two of them are agreed as to the inner history of the famous case, and, strangely enough, none of them were right. Nor has the truth of it ever been publicly told. Any reawakening of interest in the matter is extremely repugnant to the quiet, unobtrusive, and popular man, whose keen business ability has made the Hoffman House and its cafe the most talked-of public resort in this country. But the recent discussion has induced him to talk frankly on the subject to a few of his intimates. As a consequence, let me say, although the declaration will be received with incredulous surprise, that Josie Mansfield was in no way related to the tragedy in the Grand Central Hotel in January, 1872. For sixteen years she has been spoken of as the woman in the contest for whose favor Fisk fell. As a matter of fact Fisk had long before his death abandoned Josie Mansfield for Montaland the ballet dancer, and subsequently for another woman, who lived with her mother, brother and two sisters at the Grand Central Hotel, where the killing of Fisk took place. The origin of the fatal quarrel was really in an oil refinery belonging to Stokes' mother, and which Fisk was so desirous of forcing into the then embryotic Standard Oil combination that he persecuted and pursued Stokes with hired detectives of the Erie railroad until Stokes turned and shot him. It is true that Stokes and Josie Mansfield were close friends at this time, but she had ceased to have any relations with Fisk.

And yet there was a woman in the case. Let me tell the story:

I sat in the Hoffman house restaurant at breakfast with a friend and saw her pass. Mr. Stokes sat at another table, and I saw him and my friend exchange glances and a smile as she went by the windows. Both evidently recognized her. She was portly and had passed the middle age. Her hair was tinged with gray. She was richly yet not loudly dressed. She had once been a handsome woman, and had been notorious for years. I asked who she was. "I will tell you later on," was his reply, and subsequently he did so, beginning with the remark: "That was the woman in the Fisk case." Then he told me the remarkable story in detail, which has never been published to my knowledge. I suppress the present name of the woman, as it is that of a renowned officer of the army who was the hero of a remarkable engineering feat of the late war that saved to the Union cause a fleet of gunboats. This woman was his wife. She was from Lexington, Ky., where she was known as Minnie White. At an early age she drifted into wild life at New Orleans. She had a husband who went into the Confederate service, but that did not deter her from marrying Gen. B——, of the Union forces. After the occupation of New Orleans by Butler the force of Gen. B—— was for a long time confronted by the Confederates under her first husband. She frequently passed from one camp to the other, and she so managed that a large amount of cotton was carried to New Orleans for her account. Gen. Butler seized it. Her husband in the Union army suddenly and mysteriously died. She was arrested, charged with his taking off. A court martial, headed by Gen. James B. Steedman, of Ohio, tried her, but could not prove her guilty, and she was released. But Butler held on to the cotton. She went to Washington and appealed to President Johnson to release her contraband goods, and did not appeal in vain. But their arose a scandal, and Johnson had to fight a little shy of her for a time. She had some sort of connection with the famous "French arms scandal" of Johnson's administration, and was supposed to be the woman who negotiated the sale of arms to the French government. She came to New York and for a time lived with James Fisk, jr., before he met either Mansfield, Montaland, or the Morse woman.

Now for the inner history.

The day of the shooting of Fisk Edward S. Stokes was passing the Grand Central hotel, when Mrs. Gen. B—— beckoned to him from the parlor window, and he crossed the street and joined her in the public parlor. He knew nothing of the presence of friends of Fisk in the hotel, nor that he visited the place. After some conversation Mrs. B—— left by the entrance for ladies, Stokes agreeing to remain until she was fairly out of the way. As she left the hotel door Fisk's carriage drove up. She stepped into a drug store, frightened at the prospect of the two men meeting. A moment later Fisk had entered. She ran to the door to prevent a meeting. Too late! Stokes, at the head of the stairs, had fired. Fisk fell on the steps. Mrs. B—— picked up the pistol which fell from Fisk's hand and fled with it. Fisk's pistol never could be found, but pending Stokes's trial the woman told him what she had done, and offered to produce the weapon and testify to the facts for $10,000 in cash. The friend who tells me this was a friend of of Stokes and one of his lawyers, and at their request he investigated the character of the woman. It was so bad that the defense did not dare to call her, even if they could have brought themselves to the point of paying for the woman's testimony. Gen. Steedman knew her career in New Orleans and Washington. Her cross-examination on the trial would have brought out the facts in regard to Johnson, with whom Steedman was friendly, and he gave the woman the worst character he could. Thus it happened that the woman and the pistol in the Fisk case were never produced.

And these are facts.

### CIVILIZATION IN INDIA.

**Loathsome and Incredible Sights Described by the Leading Bombay Newspaper.**

The advanced school of Anglicized natives is seeking to construct a political edifice of elective Parliaments in India, writes a correspondent of the London *Times*. The leading Bombay newspaper draws attention to two recent revolting incidents as conclusively proving the imperious necessity for social reform and enlightenment before it would be possible to concede electoral privileges. In the one case a tenant farmer, in the presence of the assembled villagers, amid the singing of songs and beating of drums, deliberately gouged out the eyes of his young wife, who was pinioned for the purpose by the neighbors, because he had been told by a demon that they would be replaced by gold eyes. This superstition was shared by the whole village and neighborhood, including the police, who alleged that the unfortunate woman had perished by cholera. In the second case, the scene was a temple, midway between Chuddergaut and Secunderabad. Three buffaloes were hacked and hewn into pieces, which were strewn all over the road, and the people in the immediate vicinity of the lacerated animals were dabbling and dancing about in their blood, while others, holding the yet bleeding legs and joints, were whirling them round about their heads and gesticulating furiously. A fourth animal, which was being cut up or wounded, was still alive, and added his painful bellowings to the horrible din. A little further on some two or three men, with bodies naked and painted, held a goat by the legs, while from the still living and quivering body they were tearing away with their teeth mouthful by mouthful the bleeding flesh, squirting and sprinkling it over the adjacent crowd. Other goats and buffaloes were close at hand, waiting their turn to supply the horrid sacrifices. To complete these bacchanalian rites, a crowd of women, apparently intoxicated with drugs, with hair disheveled, wild in mien, and besmeared with blood, performed a kind of satanic dance, accompanying each movement with violent shrieks. The object of all these loathsome orgies, which were witnessed and participated in by hundreds of persons, was, we are told, to appease the Hindu goddess who holds in her hand the scourge of small-pox.

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In his hours of relaxation from work on the motor Mr. Keely devotes his time to a patent toboggan that will slide up hill.

### SPONGING IN THE BAHAMAS.

**Exact Facts About an Interesting but Little Known Industry.**

A letter dated off Hole-in-the-Wall Light, Bahamas, May 12, says: With the exception of the turtle reservation and a compartment filled with 600 pineapples, every foot of available space on this schooner is filled with sponges. Down in the cabin and under the bunks, and piled on the floor of the apartment are 50 strands. In the hold are over 1,300 strands. On deck forward of the foremast are several dozen. Forward of the cabin roof are 50 strands. In the yawl and on the port bow are 50 more. Sponges of all kinds are represented, from the tough grass sponge to the aristocratic glove sponge, and the equally patrician wool sponge. Here are Key Vesters, hedgehogs, yellow sponges, wine sponges, bouquet, finger and mullet, and even the rare and curious cup sponges.

This wealth of sponges is bound for Nassau, New Providence, the capital of the Bahamas, which lies 50 miles to the South and on the other side of the noted Hole-in-the-Wall passage. It represents the collective catch of sixteen men for the past six weeks, and it is to be sold to English brokers on arrival at the exchange, Bay street, Nassau. All told, there are about 1,800 strands, or 18,000 separate sponges, on board.

Off the Neapolitan coast and in other parts of the Mediterranean, where these elastic articles are found, diving is the approved method of getting sponges. In the clear water of the Bahamas, however, cranes are used. Cranes are long poles, varying in length from 20 to 38 feet, with curved prongs at one end, and are employed to detach the sponge from the rock to which it clings and to convey it to the boat in which are the fishermen. So clear is the water that, with the aid of a water glass—a pail or box, with a glass bottom—fisherman can easily distinguish sponges from other forms of marine plant life at the depth of 50 or 60 or more feet. When first taken from their fastenesses sponges appear and feel like pieces of raw, soft liver, being slippery, elastic, ugly and repulsive. In color they range from dirty purple to dull chocolate.

Having been brought to the deck of the fishermen's schooner the sponges are washed, rubbed and dried. They are then strung on strands, a dozen to a strand, and are washed down with buckets of sea water three times a day until the schooner reaches one of its crawls.

Crawls are large, half-submerged stockades of saplings, generally sapodillas and unfamiliar subtropical growths, bound together by manila and palmetto fiber. The catch is deposited in these and kept under water until the vessel makes its final round and draws its deposits preparatory to taking them to Nassau.

Sponges are extraordinarily plentiful in this part of the globe. It may surprise anybody who has just paid a dollar or so for a bath sponge at a Broadway drug store to learn that he could duplicate it at Nassau for seven cents, or buy a strand of similar sponges, fresh from a coral reef, for 60 cents. That is one reason why so many are taken home by sagacious tourists as "trifles I picked up in Nassau."

A sponge famine would be more disastrous in the Bahamas than the August hurricane. The trade amounts to over $250,000 annually, and is more important than the fruit growing industry. Over five million sponges are annually dragged from the sea. The dusky aunties who preside over the Bahama kitchen use the articles as dish-rags and towels. Sponges are used impartially for household articles in ways sometimes startling. It is a novel sensation when sitting down in a chair to descend luxuriously, to be sure, but unexpectedly and precipitately, and discover that the cushion is a gigantic "Key Vester." The climax is capped when one of the dainty fingers of a cup sponge is offered as a cigar holder.

The prominence of the sponge industry is shown by the cargo list of the last steamer which left Nassau for New York. The vessel was the Cienfuegos and the purser's entries were: One thousand, three hundred and ninety-four bales sponges, 39 bales sponge clippings, 42 barrels oranges, 1,098 crates tomatoes, 19 crates cassavas, 24 crates peas, 2 crates egg-plants, 2 barrels yams, 2 boxes preserves, 4 barrels sea-shells, 48 head green turtle, $854 in specie and 6 passengers.

As long cranes are unwieldy, sponges more than 30 feet below the surface are generally safe from the efforts of fishermen. The water in the Hole-in-the-Wall passage, a channel dividing the high ocean plateau of the Bahamas is deep. In many places 600 fathoms of line have been run out without reaching bottom. Sponging vessels en route to Nassau are occasionally wrecked and old Abaco salts are fond of saying that there are 100,000 strands of sponges "off soundings" in the passage.

### THIS IS REAL CUTE.

**A Convenient Way of Carrying Your Girl's Photograph.**

"Have you seen the latest fad in photograph cases?" said a society gentleman to a reporter recently.

"No. What's it like?"

"I will show you."

The gentleman ran his hand into his vest pocket and produced a silver dollar with a monogram on one side only. He handed it to the reporter, who turned it over and over, and examined it from many sides of observation, but failed to catch on to the secret.

"Well, what's this got to do with a photograph case?" asked the reporter.

The gentleman laughed mildly. He was immensely pleased at the reporter's perplexity. "My dear fellow, don't you see the silver dollar contains a photograph of the sweetest, most intellectual face you ever saw?"

The reporter began a minute investigation of the coin, but so perfest was the workmanship that he could not detect any opening into the interior.

The gentleman took the coin, and by giving a quick touch upon an invisible spring the case flew back and the laughing features of a lady were disclosed.

"I never saw one like it before. I think the lady conceived the idea. It's just the cutest and handiest thing going. Don't you think so? You see you can take it about with you all the time, and whenever you get hungry for a sight

Of a maiden fair with golden hair,
And with eyes of blue and heart all true—

why, you just yank it out and take a look at it. It keeps a fellow's heart beating in the right place, don't you know, to have his best girl in his pocket all the time.

"Do you think it will become fashionable?" said the reporter.

"I can't say, I'm sure. It's very simple, very pretty, and just too handy for anything."

"But aren't you afraid you'll spend it sometimes without knowing what you are planking down?"

"Oh, but I keep it in my left-hand vest pocket, don't you know. A fellow never goes in that direction for the coin wherewith to set 'em up. And everytime I touch that particular coin there is a thrill goes all through me, so that I know in a second that I have hold of it. That alone will prevent me from spending it by mistake.—N. Y. *Evening Sun.*

**How to Treat Sunstroke.**

Do the following things in the order named:

First—Carry the patient into the nearest shade, preferably a drug store.

Second—Place the patient face up—where there is a draft of air, if possible, head slightly raised.

Third—Open the clothing around the neck and at once apply cold water to the head and neck—ice water preferred.

Fourth—Keep speculators away.

Fifth—Send for a physician.

Sixth—Send for a patrol wagon.

While waiting for the physician or wagon, continue to apply the cold water. Sponges or clothes saturated with water and applied to the neck over the jugular veins affords speedy relief in most cases. It is believed that many cases have proven fatal for want of prompt attention, the patient having been left alone until the physician or wagon arrived. Don't wait in any case. Act promptly and save the patient.

**From Red to Drab.**

But of all Col. Hozier's suggestions the most revolutionary is to change the soldier's uniform from red to drab. Mr. Ruskin once said that if the soldier had always been dressed in black and the priest in red, instead of vice versa, the whole history of the world might have been changed. There is a good deal of truth in the remark, and Col. Hozier's proposed change is one which the Peace society ought energettially to support.—Pall Mall *Gazette.*

### AN OUTCAST'S LIFE.

**How It Begins, Develops, and Goes Out in Misery and Sin.**

A city missionary gives his conversation with one of these outcasts:

"Well, my boy, what do you want?"

"A home, please, sir."

"What is your name?"

"Hain't got no name, sir; the boys call me Pickety."

"Well, Pickety, where do you live?"

"Don't live nowhere, sir."

"But where do you stay?"

"I don't stay nowheres in the daytime, but I sleeps in hay-barges, sir, and sometimes in dry-goods boxes, and down on the steam-gratings in winter, till the M. P.'s came along, and just now a cove has taken me in at the iron bridge at Harlem."

"Iron bridge! What do you mean?"

"Why, them holler iron things what holds the bridge up. He got it first, and he lets me in."

"Pickety, who is your father?"

"Hain't got no father, sir; he died afore I knew, and me mither she drinked and bate me, and we was put out by the landlord, and she died and the city hall buried her!" And something like a shadow came over the cunning blue eyes.

"Pickety, did you ever hear of God?"

"Yes, sir; I have heard the fellers swear about him, and I know it's lucky to say something to him when you sleep out in bad nights."

"Did you ever go to school, Pickety, or to church?"

"No, sir; I never went to no church nor school. I should kind o' like to learn something."

My hearers, these unfortunates are all about us.

When they got up from their hands and knees to walk their first step was on the road to ruin, and every day since they have been plunging down to lower depths, and wilder despair, and deeper darkness.

There are many about us in boyhood and girlhood in comfortable circles that are going to be something very good or very bad, very bright or very ignorant, and they will yet make their parents glad with an infinite gladness or pain them with an infinite sorrow. They go bounding through the hall; they shout in the yard; they sing in the school. This activity that now strikes the ball, and runs the race, and rolls the hoop, and flies the kite, will soon be ready for the higher game of life, where fortunes are to be made, and reputations achieved, and temptations combated, and immortal souls jeopardized, and kingdoms of glory won.

Call up that child; push back his hair. Shall this face be ever brightened up with benevolence, or scarred, and pinched, and blasted with low excesses? Shall those eyes become more and more intelligent, or shall they acquire the dishonest glance and the servile down cast? Put your hand on that child's heart. Shall it always beat with noble impulses, or will it be a thief's heart, a coward's heart, a traitor's heart?—*Talmage's Sermon.*

### HER ARTLESS INNOCENCE

**Deceived the Chicago Man into Thinking She Was Green.**

"She was a particular friend of my wife," said a friend of the Stroller, "although an entire stranger to me. She was to visit us for the first time, and I was requested to meet her at an evening train at the Union depot. Miss —— was a rather large blonde, somewhat after the Swedish type. Her plain dress and unaffected way, as well as her fresh complexion, indicated that she was a country girl, and, indeed, I remembered hearing my wife say that her people lived on a farm.

I introduced myself, and we ascended the steps and started toward the Madison street car. 'How sad!' she exclaimed. 'But it is a large funeral! Do you often have such occurrences at this late hour in Chicago?' I dared not laugh at her for fear of giving offense, so I simply said: 'Oh, that is no funeral procession; those are hacks and cabs that are for hire, and they are obliged to stand in line and not fill the street.' Several other things equally 'green' and absurd were asked about before we reached home, and each time I innocently corrected her and entered into explanations to familiarize our verdant guest with city ways. It was after dinner that night that I heard a suppressed tittering in the back parlor between my wife and her girl friend, and presently they both rushed upon me and laughed outright. I had been victimized by the blonde beauty. She had spent months in Washington, had been taken for a 'green one' before, and she had seized upon this opportunity to play a practical joke on me. She told me afterward that she never had such a task to contain herself as during that ride in the street car, when I was innocently explaining 'city ways' to her, when she was familiar with more cities than I ever hope to visit."—*Chicago Journal.*

**She Caught the Wrong Man.**

A lady acquaintance of mine, thinking to give her husband a pleasant surprise, walked up behind him in the street one day, and putting her hand in his arm, looked smilingly up into his face for the welcome she was sure of seeing there. She was frozen by the cold stare that met her gaze. She was just about to say: "What makes you look so cross?" when to her great discomfort, she saw it was not he. She stammered confusedly, trying to explain her mistake, and got out of the way as rapidly as possible, feeling that any means of obliteration from among the human race at that time would be acceptable. She generally has the credit of being a truthful person, but there is one subject that those who know her always doubt about. When she speaks of having seen some one they cannot feel sure whether it is the one she thought it was or some stranger with a resemblance. The matter of seeing resemblances amount to a talent with some persons, and one they would gladly dispense with. How much easier it is to recognize a lady friend from her costume than a gentleman! The monotonous dress of the latter, in nine cases out of ten the same shaped hat, the same cut of clothes, the tone of color—and when overcoat time is here (and that is most of the time in this region), dear, dear! Who is who? But a woman always wears something that identifies her among other women. In the language of the showman: "It is easy to distinguish Daniel from the other lions, by the green-cotton umbrella under his arm."—*Boston Transcript.*

**Mistakes of Statesmen.**

Senator Harris, of Tennessee, said in debate recently: "I make this statement in bona fide good faith."

During the White-Lowry contest in the early part of the session Mr. O'Neall, of Indiana, in a spread-eagle speech, extolled the merits of the "broad aegis of the law," and spoke of a certain law as having "come down to us through the crucible of time."

Belford, of Colorado, in the House, once moved "that Congress adjourn sine die." Of course, the motion was followed by general laughter. Belford rubbed his eyes and said: "I move this House do now adjourn bona fide." At this there was a perfect uproar on the floor of the House and in the galleries. Mr. Belford rose as soon as the laughter ceased and said: "Mr. Speaker, I move that we just purely and simply adjourn." On another occasion Belford pointed to a fellow-member, and, with withering scorn, exclaimed: "There he sits mute, silent and dumb." "Yes," remarked a neighbor of Belford's, amid the silence which followed this crushing arraignment, "and he ain't sayin' a word."

**Not a Woman's Campaign.**

Now in all soberness we say that Mrs. Cleveland ought to be put out of this canvass as decidedly, though, of course, more courteously than Mrs. Merriweather. Notwithstanding the Blue Grass enthusiasm for a handsome woman which the Kentucky orator displayed, we trust that the feminine element will disappear from politics with Mrs. Cleveland's certificate, and that of Mrs. Folsom, as to the good character of Mr. Cleveland as a husband. Let us have a campaign on public issues.—*Rochester Post-Express, Dem.*

**An Indignant Judge.**

Judge—"You have been convicted of forging a check for $96."

Doomed Man—"I hope your honor will take into consideration that it is a small amount."

"Just so. I do take that fact into consideration."

"I'm glad to hear that."

"It is my opinion that the man who forges a check for $96, not having sufficient self-respect to make it an even $100, deserves no mercy. Ten years at hard labor."—*Texas Siftings.*

## Our Serial Story.

# STRONG HEART AND STEADY HAND

BY D. R. LOCKE.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

After the usual common-places, and several awkward silences which made him extremely ill at ease, he ventured boldly in the direction of the information he wanted.

"Miss Winter, when in New York did you know a gentleman named—"

She shuddered. Was he about to say Ditmar?

"A gentleman named—Josselin?"

She drew a long breath of relief. From him there could come nothing concerning but good.

"I did—he was a very warm friend of mine."

"Pardon me for asking, but—"

At this moment a knock at the door was heard, and Miss Winter moved to it, with an apology for interrupting him as it was the paper carrier. A not unusual spectacle in San Francisco—a rabble of hoodlums chasing a Chinaman, and pounding him nearly to death—took Lord to the window, and while he was standing there Marian opened the paper, the delivery of which was the occasion of the knock. The Chinaman having been regularly disposed of by the hoodlums, Lord took his seat, and commenced again:

"As I was asking, did you in New York know a gentleman named—"

Marian sprang to her feet, with a glow of absolute delight on her face.

"I did know John Josselin, and I know why you ask. See here! God bless you—God bless you! Oh Mr. Lord, I don't know what to say or how to thank you! You struck him—struck him publicly—gave the coward the lie in a public place, and in a country where to carry that is worse than the pillory. God bless you!"

Jarvas took the paper, and saw therein a very full and free account of the fracas in the Lick House; the attempt at disguise being the printing of the names as Col. D—tm—r, J—rv—s L—o—d, and Miss W—nt—r. It was there in full—all the angry conversation, the giving of the lie to the Colonel, and the blow. And the reporter went on in the florid style peculiar to the coast, to say that the crowd in the bar-room, to a man, sided with the chivalric young merchant, and that shortly after leaving the hotel, Col. Ditmar's party, who took him out of the place, expressed themselves in no light manner as to his part of the affair, and that high words ensued between them, which led to their determining to cut him. To slander a lady was an offence which they might have pardoned, but to be caught in the act, and publicly chastised was too much. Evidently Col. Ditmar was in a bad case so far as California was concerned.

Jarvas modestly disclaimed any especial merit for his share in the matter—he heard the man saying what he knew to be false of his cousin, and if he had no other reason for believing the rest of his story equally destitute of truth, that would be sufficient. He struck him and that was all.

Marian Winter was deeply excited, as a girl would naturally be. Of course it was unpleasant to be made the subject of a newspaper comment, and to be dragged in any way before the public grated upon her sensibilities, but as Col. Ditmar had made sport of her reputation, and had blasted her prospects in the city with his slanders, it gave her intense thankfulness to know that one man, even though he had been predjudiced against her, had the manliness to brand her traducer as he deserved, and to vindicate her. And as her sufferings had been public, as those who had received the poison from him had made it a public matter, it was just and even measure that he should be met in an equally public way, and that his lie should be crammed down his throat. She could have embraced the man who did it, so glad was she that her fame had one defender and one friend.

She might be ruined in San Francisco, but he was doubly damned in any event. It is nothing, so the world's justice goes, for a man to ruin a woman. He is forgiven, even if he feels some little pride in it—but the man who boasts of ruining a woman when he has not done it—the man who assumes the credit of wickedness to which he is not entitled is despicable. It isn't the sin of commission that counts—that may not only be excused, but a certain class of men may be accounted a virtue. But to boast of doing it without having done it—that can never be condoned. A man may be a pretender in anything but such matters. He may be forgiven for being a pretender in business, in politics, or religion, but to pretend to success with woman on insufficient grounds is social death. Doing it at all is not overly creditable—to pretend to have done a discreditable thing is very bad.

And to have Col. Ditmar, who had followed her with his vile insinuations, who had ruined her prospects with lies—who had magnified an affair in which she was innocent, and he only guilty, to her discredit, nay, to her ruin—to have him taken to account as publicly as he made the charges, and to have the brand "liar," burned indelibly upon his brow, and in a way he must bear it forever, was too sweet vengeance to forget, and was almost a sufficient compensation for what she had suffered.

"Mr. Lord," I cannot say how much I thank you, or how greatful I am to you. But did you not take some risk in this? He is no coward—at least he has a reputation of being a man of action. I should feel badly if you got yourself into any danger on my account.

"Never fear that. A man capable of acting as he did, and saying what he said, has no terrors for me. Aside from anything he said of you I have just cause against him, which any man will recognize, and he dares not make cause against me on that. You remember he used the name of a relative of mine, in a most unwarranted way, even if what he did say of you was true."

Marian sat and thought a minute.

"What he said of me was not true. It was as much of a lie as what he said of your cousin. I never expected to say to a human being anything concerning that matter, but as you have placed yourself in risk on my account, you ought to know the truth. I did love that man, and he professed to love me. He had a wife, of which I did not know, and he came to me as a man who had a right to love me. His position was made known to me after I was committed to him, in such a way that left people to suppose anything they chose to, and he never lifted a finger, or said a word to protect me. He gave it out in New York, as he did in this city, that I—God forgive him, for I will not—had been to him simply a light of love the mere amusement of an hour, and that report once established, I was lost. I could not stay in New York, for even my friends—those who knew that I was innocent, and had been made the victim of a bad man—felt that the reputation was too much for them to fight against, and they preferred to see me pass out of sight rather than take up my defence. It is easier to see a life lost than go to any trouble to save it. I gave up the struggle there, and came here, where I supposed I was unknown, to begin a new life, and I was doing well. No one had a better prospect, and with my music and my pupils, and an assured position, I was happy. That man came here at the same time, and meeting me, renewed his protestions and desires to make of me here, what he could not on the other coast. He did not succeed, and he threatened, for he felt that I knew too much about him. It so happened that on the train coming over I had an opportunity to save an innocent girl who, but for that, would have gone through the experience that I had, and would have suffered as I did. I say he has ruined me here. The same talk which you heard and resented, he used where there was no one to deny it, and by that talk I have lost all the prospects I had—and all that brought me here. thank God that you met him, and I thank God that coupling my name with your cousin, gave you the incentive to brand him for what he is."

"But about my cousin?"

"Your cousin loved me, and I—respect him. I would not listen to him, or give myself a chance to love him, while this cloud was over my name. That would be doing him wrong, and so I dismissed him. I got no credit for it—I could have married him and laughed at those who had persecuted me, but I would not. I never sinned against any man or woman, and I will have no one bear any part of my indiscretion. I never will."

"Miss Winter say no more. I believe you have told me the truth,—I believe you have been sinned against, and I will not let you go any farther in a talk that is unworthy of you and me. You have nothing to apologize for—nothing to weep for. I know the scoundrel lied,—know John Josselin, and, I believe I know you. I shall leave you now, but I want you to know that you have one friend who will stand by you through whatever may happen. You have suffered enough, and whatever I can do to save you from more of it, you may depend I will do. Good night."

And at parting he pressed her hand fervently, and she did not seem to dislike the pressure.

As he walked down the street he said to himself, "She is as good a woman as the Lord ever made. I will kill that scoundrel if he ever comes in my way."

And as she stood at the window watching his splendid figure as it disappeared in the moonlight, she thought to herself, "There goes a true man, a good man, I wish I could show him just how I love him for bringing that bad man to account. God bless you, Jarvas Lord!

CHAPTER VIII.

The railroad has left the mountains proper, long before it reaches Altamont, which lies two or three miles from some old diggings, formerly held among the richest in the state. But as they were most populous, so they were soonest exhausted, and nature has had time to repair the unsightly damages of pick and washings. The red clay banks are nearly hidden from sight by the wild ivy, and undergrowth lines the course of the old flume where the dogwood shows its white cloud of blossoms, and the wild thyme lends the air a wonderful savor. As if to make amends for the unsightliness of everything in mining life, the new growth of California towns not seldom shows a surprising care for comforts and appearances. Altamont had cut its roads over the grass, and the one street across the plateau was bordered wide with wild flowers, and the new houses found themselves set down among young live oaks, firs and wild vines, which made charming shade for the new tenants from the East, prepared for all the rude discomforts of a new town.

The express office was a hastily built redwood structure, which had not even its roof boards trimmed as yet, but the path to it lay through fresh wild sod, carefully kept from litter and heel mark. A straight young spruce, with its blue green foliage, stood at one window, and a pine in front softened the western sun as it broke on the porch. Down the street one could see the doctor's house, with its croquet ground on the wild sod, and its rustic chairs under the walnut trees in the lot. The store had its wide veranda kept clean and sprinkled so as to be inviting for afternoon loungers, or for the visits of the ladies, who found here a small, but choicer quality of goods than they would expect in an Eastern place of thrice the pretentions. The linens and cottons were finer, the embroidery materials and fancy goods nicer than one looks for outside a city bazaar, and there was the inevitable shelf of Chinese and Japanese ware. California imports direct from Europe by ships, and all imported goods can be found cheaper there than in the Atlantic cities, for reasons best known to the trade. Nor was the light, neat front store room for half the business that was carried on in the place. Back of it, in a long, low, one-story building, miners' stores and outfits were furnished, this being a starting-point for mines off the railroad. Here everything wanted in camp life was to be had by the wholesale: tents and canvass, canned provisions by the thousand pounds, frying-pans by the hundred and barrels of pork to fry in them, medicines and blankets, chains and ropes—important and precious articles, when the breaking of a rope on a derrick used to stop work for weeks, till the owner could telegraph to Chicago for a new one—and piles of miners' suits of stout reddish jeans, the corners of the pockets riveted to insure wear. The store-keeper at Altamont did his business by the million dollars' worth yearly, in that building which looked so small and cheap to Eastern eyes.

Everybody in Altamont seemed to be doing well, for, as the natives say, "they lived off the railroad," that is, they either had positions under the Railroad Company, with liberal salaries, or did business between the road and the mines. Passengers on the trains found Altamont a charming contrast to their ideas of new villages, with its thriving shops, and sunny, pleasant houses, half hidden among the trees. They could just get a sight of two or three dwellings not far off the road, log houses, to be sure, but built with so much taste, with low eaves and ornamental rustic cornices, and French windows framed in ivy, the doors left wide open, showing matted sitting-rooms, with wicker sofas, and tables strewn with magazines' pianos open with music on them, and airy sleeping rooms behind, where the spotless white beds and lace curtains told of the comfort and nicety, that they seemed the very ideal of life in a new settlement, and every one who looked, straightway fell in love with Altamont and wanted to live there, at least through summer, when the trees were green and the west wind soft, as well as cool.

The new express agent gave much satisfaction as an acquisition to the village. The ladies pronounced him a young man of taste as soon as they saw his window wreathed with evergreens gathered in his sunset walks, his ivy and rose-bush growing on the sill, and the tall bouquets of wild flowers always on his desk. They made errands after parcels which they never expected, to see what he was like, and quite approved the tidy fashion in which he kept his quarters, and the shelf of books hung against the wall. The men found him prompt and sure in business; in the language of the country, "he never took chances," and "his word never had to be discounted." He was pronounced of the right sort; and taken in by the village at once.

Harry found the new life delightful. The work of his office was enough to keep him busy, and it was downright hard work, to be done with coat and vest off, handling parcels and boxes, shipping and receiving, keeping books and delivering orders. But it had been part of his training that a man was made for hard work, and ought to step into the second rank as an invalid or an imbecile if he was equal to it. The splendid air of the country was vitality itself, and soon he began to wonder if any one ever could grow old in such a climate. The old Californians lived to the nineties, and not rarely to a hundred, in that beautiful clime, and if Americans did not tear through life in dissipation and business worry, they might find the fountain of lasting youth among these green hills.

Here every one counts one; in crowded cities a poor man often feels as if he were but one of the ciphers in a million. Here in a stirring new place, every one counts one, unless he is good for a ten. They reckon men by decimals in the Far West. Harry found that it did not seem to matter so much that he was only an employe at four hundred a year. He could fill an important business position in the town, he had good muscle and never shirked doing his own duty or helping others; he brought good brains and trained intelligence, where men are thrown on each other for society more than they are elsewhere, and where a flat or a dull-witted fellow would have been a burden. He found his word went as far, and his opinion held its place as well as that of the head man of the village. This would have spoiled a feather-headed fellow with conceit.

It put Harry on his mettle to be worth to his fellows, as high a value as they chose to put him. He worked like [illegible] and read at night, when he was not learning more than he possibly could from books, by mixing with men, and studying the pages of human nature and the world. A man is only half educated, who gets his wisdom from books alone.

It was a luxury to live and work in this busy hill-village, with its stimulating air, its splendid scenery, its cosy households and its frank, acute neighbors. It seemed to Harry as if his sight grew keener, and all his senses more clear in that fine air, and his endurance certainly was doubled, it was the time of the greatest content in his life, when he could work over his boxes and parcels till the daily Pacific train swept in and out again, and then close his office for a stroll among the hills, on the edge of grand ravines and dashing torrents, winding up with a chat on tilted chair-legs down at the store, or with the young doctor and his pretty wife, or with company at home, for he chose by way of saving, to keep house in rude fashion. He slept in the office as a matter of course, but the keen mountain air gave him an appetite that would not be satisfied with any diet of hard eggs, such as he had once contemplated. Here the ever-present Chinaman stepped in to his help; that Chinaman, without whom, California would lack half her civilization and most of her comfort to day. A camp of celestials on the edge of the ravine, a hundred rods from the express office, was a very welcome addition to the working force of Altamont, as they kindly took upon them all the disagreeable labor of the town, doing all the washing for much obliged housekeepers, who found help scarcer than scarce, digging wells, spading up gardens, sawing wood and carrying water. Of course Harry had to get his washing done by them, and it struck him to make the cook, who was a shrewd looking fellow, useful to save still more of his slender salary. John was willing to turn an honest penny in any way, and after a lesson or two he learned to serve a dinner as well as any fastidious American on four hundred a year could ask. It was fun for Harry to give his orders in the morning with all gravity, and have his breakfast and dinner cooked at the camp, from which John would come hurrying with his snow-spread slaver, covered to keep hot, disclosing coffee and steak, golden California butter and rich cream, honey and flap-jacks, with crisp cucumbers and fresh strawberries, fit to do a California appetite justice. This most satisfactory piece of economy would put a hundred dollars a year more into the hands of Eunice and Margaret.

He had not been in town a month, when one morning, John, the Chinese cook, came in with the light foot of his race, and loitered about Harry's desk. He did not want to attract attention, but when the room happened to be empty, he sided up, with "Come over shanty, noon, if you please."

The Chinese are a polite race, and seldom forget their manners.

"What is it, John," asked Harry. "Somebody sick?"

"Yes. No China boy sick. Melican man sick. Good deal sick. You come soon. No tell anybody. Come soon."

Harry was so struck with the man's mysterious manner that he found time ere long to go over to the ravine, and in the brush behind the camp, under a piece of canvass, he found an old miner, shaking with an ague fit. He gathered from the Chinaman that the man had come to their fire the night before, and given them a quarter to let him sleep by it, wrapping himself in an old blanket, which was all he had with him. The morning found him sick, and but half conscious. Harry was starting for a doctor, and help to have him moved at once, but the offer seemed to startle the Chinamen out of bounds. They dropped their usual reserve, and chattered like magpies, but in hushed tones as if they were afraid somebody might be in hearing.

"No call, no call," said the head Chinaman, pointing to the sick man. "Good to Chinaman; save lick um. No good Melican man put he in jail. Sting um up;" putting his hand to his throat and shrugging his shoulders. "You help, maabe. You no tell, nohow. He good to China boy. Muchee good. No let he be huit mo."

The substance of it was that the gaunt, unshaven creature shaking under the coarse blanket had been good to the Johns and had got into trouble, in the slang of the coast, and was probably hiding from his fellows; but he had saved some of the Johns from having his head broken in a row, and they were taking care of him in grateful remembrance. The man wanted help, there was no question about that, and Harry was quick to devise it for him.

"Here, John, you go to the store and bring what this calls for," writing an order for quinine. "And bring a quart of whisky, quick!"

It took little less than a quart of whisky, in judicious doses, which were not small ones, to break up the shivering fit. The Chinamen moved the sick man, as soon as he could bear it, into the bush, where he would be more out of sight, and Harry could not help seeing that they apprehended danger to the man if any one else in town got wind of his presence. Harry went to see the poor fellow as often as his work would allow. They had trusted him because he was a new comer, and moreover it had not taken the quick, far-seeing race till this time to read his kindness and honesty. Still, they watched him, and Harry could not look up from his pen all day without feeling that keen eyes were upon him, and two or three times he caught sight of a Chinaman loitering about in the shadow of the shrubs near the dwelling. The third time he was too quick for the boy to get out of sight. Harry put his head out of the window, fixed his eye steadily on the man, and called out, cheerfully, "All right, John," and was rewarded by a satisfied nod and a sober "Alle lite" from his self-appointed watcher, who nevertheless did not budge.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### SOME THINGS WORTH KNOWING

**Interesting Facts Concerning Railways and Their Cost.**

Thomas Curtis Clarke has the first article of the "Railway Series" in *Scribner's Magazine*. It is entitled "The Building of a Railway," and it contains much valuable information new to the public in general and of interest to everybody. In this article the following questions are answered:

How many miles of railway in the United States? One hundred and fifty thousand six hundred miles, about half the mileage of the world.

How much have they cost? Nine billion dollars.

How many people are employed by them? More than one million.

What is the fastest time made by a train? Ninety-two miles in ninety-three minutes, one mile being made in forty-six seconds, on the Philadelphia & Reading railroad.

What is the cost of a high-class, eight-wheel passenger locomotive? About $8,500.

What is the longest mileage operated by a single system? Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe system—about 8,000 miles.

What is the cost of a palace sleeping-car? About $15,000, or $17,000 if "vestibuled."

What is the longest railway bridge span in the United States? Cantilever span in Poughkeepsie bridge, 548 feet.

What is the highest railroad bridge in the United States? Kinzua viaduct, on the Erie road, 305 feet high.

Who built the first locomotive in the United States? Peter Cooper.

What road carries the largest number of passengers? Manhattan elevated railroad, New York—525,000 a day, or 191,625,000 yearly.

What is the average daily earning of an American locomotive? About $100.

What is the longest American railway tunnel? Hoosac tunnel, on the Fitchburg railway (4¾ miles.)

What is the average cost of constructing a mile of railroad? At the present time about $30,000.

What is the highest railroad in the United States? Denver & Rio Grande; Marshall Pass, 10,852 feet.

What are the chances of fatal accident in railway travel? On killed in 10,000,000. Statistics show more are killed by falling out of windows than in railway accidents.

What line of railway extends farthest East and West? Canadian Pacific railway, running from Quebec to the Pacific Ocean.

How long does a steel rail last, with average wear? About eighteen years.

What road carries the largest number of commuters? Illinois Central, 4,828,128, in 1887.

What is the fastest time made between Jersey City and San Francisco? Three days, seven hours, thirty-nine minutes, and sixteen seconds. Special theatrical train, June, 1886.

**A Clear Case.**

Mistress of the house—"Did you tell the lady I [illegible]?" Blivins—Yis, [illegible] doubt it?" "No, [illegible] knew you wasn't."—

# Recent Literature.

## FEW BUT VERY INTERESTING.

### Taxation in American States and Cities—Power and Liberty—Science of Thought—Why Should Priests Wed?—Stubble or Wheat—Society Rapids—The Star of India—Literary Notes.

"Taxation in American States and Cities," by Richard T. Ely assisted by John H. Finley, is a book intended for general reading and not for specialists. Much which would not be of interest to the former class has been omitted, which would be a necessity to the latter. The author gives a decidedly pessimistic view of the system of taxation in the United States, a system which permits burdens to be unequally borne, which allows those who choose to avoid their proportionate share of the public burden. The work is divided into four parts: The first is introductory, defining taxation, showing the origin of modern taxation, describing the different kinds of taxes, comparing direct and indirect taxation, and speaking of the literature of taxation. The second treats of taxation as it is, describing it in the past, and giving the general growth of the present system, with the experience of many of the states in the matter. The third part describes taxation as it should be, showing that real estate should be exempt from state taxation, and giving the list of property that should bear the burden. The fourth names constitutional provisions, gives statistical information and miscellaneous matter. The whole makes a very readable book, affording much valuable information. It is published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

From the same publishers comes "Power and Liberty," by Count Leo Tolstoi, translated from the French by Huntington Smith. This author describes first the object of history which he believes primarily, not so much to be a relation of facts and the study of laws, but the discovery of the laws that govern the life of humanity; that is the laws of the organization, expansion and transmigration of peoples. His method reduces the world's great men to a comparatively commonplace level; he does not believe in great men of the traditional heroic pattern but declares that the true aim is love to one's fellows. He shows that while man feels himself free, he yet knows through reason that he is subject to necessity, and he makes this the basis of a bold and trenchant argument. The book is well worth reading.

"Three Introductory Lectures on the Science of Thought," is a little volume published by The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. As its name indicates it is made up of three lectures delivered by F. Max Muller at the Royal Institution, London. The author claims that his book is evolutionary not revolutionary as it has been declared to be, that it is the natural outcome of the philosophical and historical study of language, a study which binds the modern school of thought closely together with those of the middle ages and of Ancient Greece. It will help to reconcile systems of philosophy hitherto supposed to be antagonistic. His views are novel to the majority of people, and thinkers upon present conditions will be glad to study them. They may startle at first, but the argument will challenge attention.

"Why Should Priests Wed?" is a little book published by A. E. Costello, No. 2 West Fourteenth street, New York. It is a defense of Catholic doctrine and Catholic practice, and the arguments are clearly and concisely stated. It is written in a popular style—that is, for the people, and not for polemicists. The author, "J. C.," gives an historical sketch of all that has been adduced for and against clerical celibacy from the earliest times. One of the most interesting chapters in the book is upon the Minister in Love and the Minister Married. Among the cognate subjects treated of are—How Chastity has been Revered in All Ages; The Dignity of the Priesthood; Asceticism in India, and, in fact, all over the civilized world; Schismatical Churches; Marriage and Divorce, etc.

"Stubble or Wheat? A Story of More Lives Than One" by S. Bayard Dod is published by Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York. This is a very pretty story of a restless dissatisfied man who is reaching out into an unknown future hoping to find something more to him than it yet seems. Like other men he thinks he finds what he needs in the love of a fair young girl, who is true to her sense of duty through all things. What follows their marriage to the conclusion of the story is better read than sketched here.

"Society Rapids" is a story of high life in Washington, Saratoga and Bar Harbor, by "One in the Swim." The heroine, Eveline Mason, has a curious and somewhat hazardous experience in attempting to attain social success through a rather reckless flirtation with a brilliant society light, Victor Von Vroom, but her good sense saves her from the quicksands, and true love eventually makes her happy. A more entertaining and vivacious romance would be difficult, indeed, to find, as all who read it will readily acknowledge. It is sure to make a very decided mark. It is published in a large duodecimo volume, price 50 cents in paper cover, or 75 cents bound in cloth, in handsome style, and will be found for sale by all booksellers, by all news agents everywhere, and on all railroad trains, or copies of it will be sent to any one, to any place, at once, post-paid, on remitting price in a letter to the publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.

"For God and Gold," by Julian Corbett, is a novel issued in pamphlet form from McMillan's Summer Reading Library. It is an English story, and told in the first person, beginning with his early life, his career in college, and going on with the after years, until through much tribulation he reaches prosperity and happiness. McMillan & Co., New York.

In the Globe Library series of Rand & McNally, Chicago, is Old Blazer's Hero, by David Christie Murray, author of "By the Gate to the Sea," "One Traveler Returns," etc., etc.

"The Star of India," by Edward S. Ellis, is published in pamphlet form by Frank A. Munsey, Philadelphia, Pa. As its name indicates, the scene is laid in India. The story is full of exciting venture and incidents, and events that could take place in no other country in the world, and they are well told.

### Literary Notes.

The July *Lippincott's* complete novel will be by William Henry Bishop.

Matthew Arnold is to have a bust in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey.

Walt Whitman's income from his books has amounted to $2,000 in the last five years.

*Literature* prints a good portrait and sketch of "Octave Thanet," who, outside the world of letters, is Miss Alice French, of Davenport, Ia.

Ticknor & Co. have just ready "Looking Backward," by Edward Bellamy, in their paper series of novels.

"The Black Arrow: A Tale of the Two Roses," is the title of a story by Robert Louis Stevenson about to be published by the Scribners.

The second volume of Thomas Stevens' most interesting work, "Around the World on a Bicycle," has been postponed for issue until autumn.

Mr. Howells intends to spend the next six months in the neighborhood of Boston, either in a suburb or at a country place.

Fred. M. Somers, one of the founders of the *Argonaut* and later of the *Californian*, is to be editor of a new eclectic magazine in New York called *Current Literature*.

Paul du Chaillu, explorer and author, is in New York. He is taking a rest, having just finished his book on "The Viking Age," upon which he has been at work for eight years.

Alice Wellington Rollins has written a novel entitled "Uncle Tom's Tenement," which the Wm. E. Smith company, of Boston, will shortly publish.

Christine Terhune Herrick's successful papers on practical housekeeping, which have appeared in *Harper's Bazar*, are to be issued in a volume bearing the imprint of Harper & Bros.

W. B. Clarke & Co. (successors to Clarke & Carruth), 340 Washington street, Boston, will publish shortly "Among the Theologies," by Hiram Orcutt, LL. D.

Roberts Bros. have in preparation for immediate publication "Five Fairy Tales," by Oscar Wilde, with a number of charming illustrations by Walter Crane and Jacomb Hood.

Mr. F. E. Galloupe, 30 Kilby street, Boston, has in preparation an "Index of Engineering Articles," contained in leading periodicals during the last five years. The price has been fixed at $2.

Mr. Carl Schurz, who is yet in Germany, and was recently entertained by Prince Bismarck, is preparing a thorough study of Bismarck's career, and of its bearings on the political situation in Europe. It will appear in an early number of the *Forum*.

Mr. Frederick Kitton, who is posted on all matters relating to the late Charles Dickens, will have a paper on the unfamiliar portraits of the novelist in the July number of the *Magazine of Art*. There are half a dozen reproductions given in this number, and more are to follow.

*Judge's Young Folks* is the name of a new illustrated monthly paper for children, issued by the Judge Publishing Co., of New York, with colored illustrations. "An examination of the first number," says the critical Boston *Literary World*, "impresses us in its favor. It is clean, bright and good."

An article is promised in the *Popular Science Monthly* for July especially worthy of attention. It is a fully illustrated paper on "Safety in House Drainage," by William E. Hoyt, S. B., in which the belief that plumbing fixtures in our houses are inevitable sources of danger is controverted, and ways are shown for making them wholly safe.

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## THE WHEELS GO ROUND.

### Figures that Tell What is Done Every Minute of the Day.

"Well, well, don't fret; I'll be there in a minute."

But, my friend, says the *Evening Wisconsin*, a minute means a good deal, notwithstanding you affect to hold it of no consequence. Did you ever stop to think what may happen in a minute? No? Well, while you are murdering a minute for yourself and one for me, before you get ready to sit down to the business we have in hand, I will amuse you by telling you some things that will happen meantime:

In a minute we shall be whirled around on the outside of the earth by its diurnal motion a distance of thirteen miles. At the same time we shall have gone along with the earth, in its grand journey around the sun, 1,080 miles. Pretty quick traveling, you say? Why, that is slow work compared with the rate of travel of that ray of light which just now reflected from the mirror made you wink. A minute ago that ray was 11,160,000 miles away.

In a minute, over all the world, about eighty new born infants have each raised a wail of protest at the fates for thrusting existence upon them, while as many more human beings, weary with the struggle of life, have opened their lips to utter their last sigh.

In a minute the lowest sound your ear can catch has been made by 990 vibrations, while the highest tone reaches you after making 2,228,000 vibrations.

In a minute an express train goes a mile and a Cleveland street car 32 rods; the fastest trotting horse goes 147 9-13, and the average pedestrian of the genus homo has got over 16 rods.

In each minute in the United States, night and day, all the year round, 24 barrels of beer have gone down 12,096 throats and 4,880 bushels of grain have come to him.

If there were a box kept at the city hall in the city of Cleveland into which every minute a sum sufficient to pay the interest on the city debt had to be dropped, the sum so dropped each minute of the whole year would be 87 cents.

How about national finances? Well, sir, in the same way, each minute, night and day, by the official reports of the year 1886 the United States collected $639 and spent $461; $178 more than necessary. The interest on the public debt was $96 a minute or just exactly equal to the amount of silver mined in that time.

Now, in the residue of figures I give, you will remember that they represent so much for every minute in the year. All the preceding figures should be so considered. And remember, also, that we are all the time, hereafter, talking about facts connected with the whole United States.

The telephone is used 595 times, the telegraph 836 times. Of tobacco 925 pounds are raised, and part of it has been used in making 6,673 cigars, and some more of it has gone up in the smoke of 2,292 cigarettes.

But I am afraid that you will forget that we are talking about a minute, sixty seconds of time. No? Well, then, every minute 600 pounds of wool grow in this country, and we have to dig sixty-one tons of anthracite coal and 200 tons of bituminous coal, while of pig iron we turn out twelve tons and of steel rails three tons.

In this minute you have kept me waiting fifteen kegs of nails have been made, twelve bales of cotton from the fields, and thirty-six bushels of grain gone into 149 gallons of spirits, while $26 in gold should have been dug out of the earth. In the same time the United States mint turned out gold and silver coin to the value of $121, and forty-two acres of the public domain have been sold or given away.

### "Just Hear That Child Scream!"

said Mrs. Smith to her sister, Mrs. Davis, as the sound of a child's shrieks came across the garden from a neighbor's house. "What kind of a woman have you for a neighbor? Does she abuse her children?" "No, indeed," replied Mrs. Davis. "She is one of the most tender mothers in existence. But you see, she believes in the old-fashioned styles of doctoring. When a child needs physic, she fills a spoon with some nauseous dose, lays the little victim flat on her lap, holds his nose till he is forced to open his mouth for breath, when down goes the dreadful mess. Then comes the dreadful yells." "No wonder," said Mrs. Smith. "Why doesn't she use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets? They are effective without being harsh, and are as easy to take as sugar plums. I always give them to my children." "And so do I," said Mrs. Davis.

### The Centennial President.

The American citizen to be elected President of the United States in November will take oath of office March 4, 1889. One hundred years after George Washington was inducted first into that high office, his successor will, on March next, enter upon the second century of our National life. It was during the administration of George Washington that the policy of a government sufficiently strong to be a nation and superior in authority to state supremacy, was firmly established. Then was also instituted the taxation of imports to obtain means to sustain national expenditures and to pay debts incurred in gaining American independence. Under Washington was laid that strong foundation of protection to American manufactures which has proved so powerful in making this Republic one of the foremost powers on earth. George Washington signed the navigation act of 1792 that began the commercial career of the young Nation by protecting with an iron hand American shipping, so that no foreigner could own a dollar in an American vessel and receive an American register. That American sense of self-preservation which so jealousy guarded every spar and timber in our seagoing craft, that forbade a foreign vessel to engage in our coasting trade, that encouraged our own manufactures, that later retained our own great market to our own people, has been rewarded with a national success that has no parallel in human history. It is for the 60,000,000 of American people now living under the American flag to go forward at the threshold of our second century in the same prosperous course by restoring the Republican party and the policy of protection to power, or to take a backward step by the continuance of the Democratic free trade ideas for another four years.—*Boston Traveler.*

### A Relic of Major Andre.

A relic of the Revolution has been offered to Mr. Morrill, of the Senate Library committee during the week. It is the original document given to pass Major Andre through the American lines when Benedict Arnold had resolved to betray West Point into the hands of the British. The pass is signed by Arnold as major-general, and is countersigned by General Gage. The possessor is a direct decendant of Paulding, one of the scouts that arrested Andre when he attempted to pass the picket under the name of Anderson.—*Washington Special to Philadelphia Record.*

### Fears Relieved.

Office Boy (to country editor)—Man outside, sir, wants to see the editor.

Editor (anxiously)—What does he want of the editor?

Boy—Says he wants to mop the floor with him.

Editor (relieved)—Oh, show him in. I was afraid it was somebody come to stop his paper.—*Life.*

## OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

ONLY an amateur! Did it ever occur to you, my friend with the intonation of scorn in your voice, that the brightest ornaments of the operatic stage, the finest representatives of tragedy or comedy, were once amateurs? There must be beginnings, must be a starting out in the world; must be a chance to discover of what stuff their talent is made of. You did not mean that sort of amateurs, but those who never intend to follow the art professionally, but simply play or sing to gratify their vanity? Isn't that rather harsh, my friend? How do you know how many buried hopes and longings find their vent in this amateur work, which is often more faithfully done than the greater part of the purely professional? More than this, if it entertains and amuses, why be more severely critical than upon a performance the only greater recommendation—if it be a recommendation—of which is that it is by a traveling troupe whose business it is to do the same thing night after night, for the entertainment of the crowd.

A SOCIETY for the serious study of American Folk-Lore has recently been established under the presidency of Prof. Francis J. Child, of Harvard. In the inevitable changes brought about by the lapse of years, many of the old English superstitions, ballads, tales, dialects and the like, brought to this country by the early settlers, are fast disappearing. The idea is comparatiuely a new one the very term "folk lore" being scarcely forty years old. The Grimm Brothers, by publishing their "Kinder und Hausmarchen," laid the foundation of the present scientific study of popular tales. The oral traditions brought to America by the English colonists are nearly all forgotten, as may be said of the ballads they used to recite, although a few of these have been collected and recorded. Of nursery tales scarcely one remains, but as to superstitions there is more hope. The minor elements of folk lore still exist in considerable abundance and are observable in the songs and rhymes of children's games. In many parts of the states which form the eastern seaboard there are enough quaint expressions and ancient words in use to indicate from what portion of the fatherland the original colonists came. Thus the rescue from oblivion of our old English folk-lore is, by no means, a hopeless task.

THE case is very different with the negro songs, tales and dialect. The southern negroes are still in a comparatively primitive state and their retentive memeries and love for singing have so materially aided the preservation of Southern folk-lore as to render the labors of a mythological investigator a comparatively easy task. Perhaps the most important of all is the investigation of the folk-lore of the American Indian as it is the most picturesque of all the subjects to be considered by the society. Unfertunately the early settlers of New England and the Atlantic states were so matter-of-fact and unromantic that no record was made of the Indian legends which were once associated with every lake, valley or stream, but which have been lost with the extinction of the race. Within the last sixty years a more intelligent spirit has succeeded the indifference, and the traditions and superstitions of the aborigines of the Mississippi valley and west of it, have received the attention of many clever men, notably Henry Schoolcraft, the first scientific investigator of Indian myths. But the Indians of the far west are so rapidly decreasing in number that it is important, if any inquiry in their folk-lore is to be made, that work should be commenced at once while the material is at hand and the old traditions not forgotten.

THE following details of a dinner given by a New York lady was chronicled in the London *Court Journal* as an example of American extravagance. The table was laid without a cloth and each of the twenty covers served was placed before the guests on a natural palm leaf. The wall and room decorations were of smilax, ferns, ivy and palm, orange, mandarin and other trees, some of which came from Florida and South America. Hanging among them were hundreds of very small electric lights. In the center of the table was arranged a minature lake in which palms, lillies and ferns appeared to be growing, while from the banks rose tropical trees amid minniature parterres of flowers. Again electricity played an important part. Small electric lights were placed about the lake and electricity was introduced under the water and caused to dance about in imitation of bright-hued fish. In the center of the lake was a fountain, and a colored glass ball lighted by electricity danced up and down a jet of crystal water. The decorations of each plate cost thirty dollars, the favors sixty, and the menus, painted to order, were ten dollars apiece. The strawberries used were purchased for the modest sum of seven dollars and five cents per bunch of five berries. The Roman punch was served in oranges hanging on the natural trees, so that the guests picked the oranges from the branches. The description is one calculated to impress sober-minded John Bull with American extravagance and even outranks Ouida, whose heroines are always so astoundingly wealthy, and whose homes exceed Aladdin's palace in luxury and magnificence.

THERE is another conundrum which only Mrs. Cleveland can answer. This one is where she is going to spend the summer. The knowledge is of interest principally to people who make it their business in life to run after celebrities, or those who, at the moment, chance to be before the public. Just now Mrs. Cleveland is occupying such a position, by virtue of being the presiding lady of the White House, and the most talked of woman in the country. It does not in the least matter that she has done nothing to merit prominence, except to marry a man for love (?) whose moral character, to speak gently, is not exactly immaculate. The other class of anxious guessers of this conundrum is the real estate speculators. Given the knowledge, and there would be the chance to a shrewd man of making a nice little sum of money. Meanwhile Mrs. Cleveland, like a wise woman, keeps her own counsel.

## THE KILLING TIGHTS.

### Actresses Losing Health Through the New Requirements.

It is not simply the chorus singers of burlesque and comic opera who wear tights nowadays, but more or less every actress on the stage. Modjeska has to do it in Rosalind, just as much as the humblest member of Mr. Leavitt's Rentz-Santley minstrels. And the same may be said of Mary Anderson and all other legitimate actresses. Even Ellen Terry had to do it in Viola. Nor does the wearing of ordinary dresses—that is to say, stage dresses—preclude the wearing of tights, though doubtless the vast increase in the popularity of comic opera of late years has increased the extent of tight-wearing to a marvelous degree. It was a wonderful innovation in America when the Black Crook first came, and that is only twenty years ago. But now probably 50 women are compelled to their use where there was only one then.

It may not be generally known that the wearing of tights is decidedly an unhealthy practice—not from the fact that it means simply bare limbs, but so far there has never been any scientific principle applied to wearing them properly. They are simply drawn on as tightly as two or four strong arms can get them and fastened by a leather belt around the waist. The belt has to be drawn at such a tension that what doctors call unhealthy lacing is nothing in comparison with the torture to which women subject themselves in this manner.

Louisa Montague was the handsome Medora in Conrad the Corsair, said that she did not believe any woman who was not compelled to wear tights would do so. It involved large expenditure of physical force, and she would be quite willing at any time to accept $25 a week less salary if she were not compelled to wear them. As an expert on the question, she added that there was no doubt whatever that women's health was injured by this wearing of tights.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

### An Important Element

Of the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is the fact that every purchaser receives a fair equivalent for his money. The familiar headline "100 Doses One Dollar," stolen by imitators, is original with and true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla. This can easily be proven by any one who desires to test the matter. For real economy, buy only Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.

### Harsh Treatment.

Bobby (looking out of the window)—What's the matter with that horse, mamma?

Mother—The horse is balky, Bobby; he won't obey his driver.

Bobby—Well, what's the man patting him for?

Mother—He is coaxing him.

Bobby (with an injured air)—That ain't the way you treat me when I'm balky.—*Life.*

—Vincent Lundberg, of Stockholm, Physician-in-Chief to the King of Sweden, recommends Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer for the scalp and hair.

## THE WOMEN OF HOLLAND.

### "Marriage by the Glove"—Toil of the Gentler Sex—Queer Customs.

A marriage by proxy, or as it is called, "marriage by the glove," is prevalent in Holland, and it is brought about by the fact that many of the eligible young men after having finished their education depart for Dutch India to engage in some lucrative commercial enterprise or accept a position in this colonial service. The scarcity of marriageable white ladies in that clime induces the would be husband to write to a friend in Holland, disclosing his wish for a wife.

The friend selects a willing lady, generally one with a substantial dot and otherwise conforming closely to specifications of the letter. A photograph of the favored one is enclosed in the return epistle. After the lapse of a few months, a soiled left hand glove, with a power of attorney, is received from the far-away bachelor. The friend in Holland marries the selected bride in precisely the same manner as if he were the actual groom and the young wife departs in the next India mail steamer to bring happiness to the lonely one in the far East. A marriage of this description is as binding as if the bridegroom were present and is never repudiated. If either party to the glove marriage should die before meeting in India the survivor would share the property of the deceased in accordance with the law.

The laws of Holland in regard to the legal position of the wife are very much behind the age, and the husband can do about as he likes with the person and property of his helpmate. The laws are silent as to the wife's claim on the husband, but lawyers have told me that this apparent void in the law book is caused by the invariable devotion of the Hollander to his home and inmates. Love for home, wife, and children is nowhere more thoroughly illustrated than in the Netherlands, and cases of neglect to provide in every possible way are very rare in the land of the dykes.

The wives and daughters of the lower classes try in every way imaginable to aid the husband and father in procuring a living. In summer you will observe hundreds of them on their knees in the public squares armed with a three-inch spike weeding the grass blades from between the stones, for which they receive twelve cents a day. Others are engaged into wheeling sand into outward bound merchant ships, to be used as ballast. You will see a woman pushing a wheelbarrow, containing about 200 pounds of sand, up a broad gangway inclined at least 30 degrees, at a gait simply wonderful, considering that the wheeler is of the weaker sex. You will often meet a small procession on the tow-path of the River Amstel, consisting of mother and two or three children, harnessed to the tow-line of the canal-boat, very much in the manner of the American mules. They hang as it were, in the harness, and their swinging regular walk proves that a great part of their lives has been passed in this way. When the boat comes abreast you feel like using a rope's end on the father of the family, who, placidly smoking his pipe sits in the stern steering the vessel, but your anger will cool when investigation shows that if he took to the tow path and allowed his wife the helm, all damages for collision, etc., would have to be paid by him.

You cross a railroad track and casting a glance along the iron path, a woman, dressed in red tunic and glistening helmet, waving a white signal flag, catches your eye. She is the watchwoman at the crossing. At every railroad in Holland, this position is filled by a woman, and railroad officials have assured me that no accident has ever been caused by a watchwoman's carelessness. They receive 20 guldens ($8) per month. A man would require double that salary and might get intoxicated once in awhile. Distinctions in privileges between married and single women are so thoroughly established here by social custom as to be observed in the every-day associations of the sexes. A native will readily discover whether the couple walking on the street in front of him are married or not, this discovery being made by the strict adherence of the populace to the ancient custom compulsorily introduced into the country when under the iron rule of "Alva the Bloody." An unmarried lady always takes the right arm of her escort, while the married one selects the left side of her husband. So deeply has the custom entered into the life of Hollanders that at a church wedding the bride enters the edifice on the right side of the groom, the young wife returning on the left side of her husband when the ceremony has been performed. No unmarried lady can dream of going to church, concert, or any other place of public assembly without the escort of parent or male members of her family. She cannot take a walk or pay a visit or go shopping unaccompanied by her mother or other chaperone. Until the betrothal of the young lady has been announced, she remains the sole charge of father and mother, and she makes acquaintances only in the presence of a third party.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

## WHERE WILL THIS END?

### But Bathing Suits Don't Seem to Have Either Beginning or End.

"Oh, yes, we have some great novelties in bathing suits this year," said the saleswoman, after sending off her customers with a smile. "Each one seems to be unique. I think that these fine black surah and Jersey-web suits will be the most popular. You know black is always elegant, and these show the form as well as the crimson and white ones. I have a crimson one here modelled from one made for a French comtesse. It is perfect."

So saying she brought out a little silvery box and taking off the lid shook out three pieces of vivid scarlet silk, all lined with palest salmon-pink oilskin. The little trousers were fastened about the knee with a big bow of velvet ribbon, and the blouse was held by white pearl buttons. The skirt was only twelve inches long and would hardly more than cover the hips, and the long hose were all embroidered in gold threads.

"It's very pretty, but why should it be lined with oil-skin?" asked the innocent reporter.

"Why, to keep out the water, of course," laughed the saleswoman. "We make a great many in this fashion. You know some fashionable women imagine that salt water injures the skin—makes it coarse—and they wouldn't have it touch them. But it's the fashion to bathe, and an excellect opportunity for the display of a novel bathing toilet, and so they get this kind, don't you see?"

"But aren't there any fashionable girls who bathe in salt water for the pure pleasure of the water?"

"Oh, yes, of course. But they never care for showy bathing-suits, and, therefore, are not our best customers. Girls who swim well often prefer to make their own bathing dresses; but when we make them they are generally of the same pattern—a combination of blouse and trousers in one, and a skirt reaching to the knee. They are made to fit neatly but not tightly, have short sleeves, a broad belt, and long stockings. We make them out of dark blue, black or gray serge of alpaca, and the most expensive costs but $25. But suits like this crimson one bring as high as $150."—*New York Morning Journal.*

### Some Large Guns.

The Elswick breech-loading rifled cannon weighs 110 tons; the diameter of the bore is 16.25 inches; it hurls a projectile of 1,800 pounds, and uses habitually 850 pounds of powder at a discharge. This gives an energy of 53,927 foot-tons (a foot-ton is the work expended in raising a ton's weight one vertical foot.) With 1,000 pounds of powder, the muzzle velocity is 2,128 feet (i. e., the distance the projectile would pass over in a second, with the same speed it had on leaving the muzzle,) and the energy 57,680 tons.

The new English war-ship Benbow, which has just been completed at a cost of $4,000,000, will have two of these Elswick guns, and the Italian Government has received from Krupp's manufactory three others weighing 118½ tons.

Another 139 tons in weight, 15.7 inches caliber, is under construction. It is 52½ feet long, and has two projectiles. The lighter weighs 1,620 pounds, is 45 inches in length, requires 1,069 pounds of powder, and is estimated, at the muzzle, to pierce 45 inches of wrought iron. The heavier is 62 inches long, weighs 2,314 pounds, and with the same charge of powder is estimated to penetrate 47½ inches of wrought iron.—Gen. O. O. Howard, *American Magazine.*

### Taking Time by the Forelock.

Jack—How does your new Waterbury work, Gus?

Gus—Fine; some days its puts in 36 hours.—*Harper's Bazar.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

# WHAT

WARNER'S SAFE CURE CURES

BACK ACHE,
BLADDER TROUBLES,
RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
HEAD ACHE,
NERVOUSNESS,
INDIGESTION,

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no New Discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be well, your blood must be pure, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys, (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

DIZZINESS,
AGUE,
DYSPEPSIA,
FEMALE TROUBLES,
BAD EYES,
IMPOTENCY,
DROPSY,

CURED WITH WARNER'S SAFE CURE.

Ask your friends and neighbors what WARNER'S SAFE CURE has done for them. Its record is beyond the range of doubt. It has cured millions and we have millions of testimonials to prove our assertion. WARNER'S SAFE CURE will cure you if you will give it a chance.

## THEY POISONED THE MEN.

### How the Women of Ancient Rome Revenged Their Bad Treatment.

In the year 331 B. C. many of the Roman citizens, and especially many of the Roman nobles were attacked by an unknown disease which showed the same symptoms in all, and nearly all perished. The cause was wrapped in obscurity, but at length a maid servant went to a curule aedile, and said that she could explain the origin of the disease, but would not do so unless security were given her that she would suffer no harm in consequence. The curule aedile brought the matter before the consuls, the consuls consulted the senate, and a resolution was passed guaranteeing safety to the maid servant. Whereupon she declared that the deaths arose from poison; that the matrons were in the habit of compounding drugs, and she could take the officials to a house in which they would come upon the matrons while engaged in the operation. The officials accepted her offer, followed her and found, as she said, the matrons compounding drugs. About twenty of them were conveyed to the forum, and were subjected to an examination on their doings. Two of them, of noble family and of patrician names, Cornelia and Sergia, affirmed that the drugs were perfectly wholesome. That could be easily tested, and the two matrons were requested to prove their truthfulness by drinking the mixture. The two matrons begged for a few moments of private talk with the rest of their associates, but within sight of the people. Permission was granted, a few words were exchanged, and then all the twenty matrons came back, boldly quaffed the liquor, and died in consequence. Then a search was made for all the matrons who had been engaged in this conspiracy, and 170 of them were found guilty. The men explained the occurrence by asserting that the women were infatuated; but probably they knew well why recourse was had to such violent measures, and that Roman matrons were not likely to be subjected to tyranny without making an effort in one way or another to put an end to it.

An occurrence of similar nature took place in 180 B. C. In this case there can scarcely be a doubt that a real plague raged, for it lasted for three years, and decimated Italy. But the women were enraged with the men for the harsh measures which had been taken against them in connection with the Bacchanalian mysteries, and they seem to have regarded the plague as affording a favorable opportunity for the use of poison. In 180 B. C. the praetor, the consul, and many other illustrious men died. A judge was appointed to inquire into these deaths, and especially to examine if poison had been employed. The historians do not narrate the results of this investigation, but we are told that the wife of the consul was tried and condemned to death. Thirty-six years after this two men in consular rank were poisoned by their wives. In subsequent times the use of poison became frequent; and particularly in the early days of the empire the matrons about the court were accused of having constant recourse to it to get out of the way men whom they did not like, husbands and sons and others connected with them, as well as strangers. And one writer remarks that wherever there were irregularities there were poisonings. Some historians have rejected these tales of poisoning as the inventions of credulous annalists, I think, without good reason. But whether the stories are true or false, the Romans believed them, and they embody the Roman belief in regard to what women could do. And it seems to me that we must regard them as indicating that the Roman matrons felt sometimes that they were badly treated, that they ought not to endure the bad treatment, and that they ought to take the only means that they possessed of expressing their feelings and wreaking vengeance by employing poison.—*Contemporary Review.*

### Attachment Among Birds.

In writing upon the "Sports of Moray," Mr. St John gives some examples of attachment among the wild fowl which winter in the sheltered bays of Scotland. A few instances will be of interest to every student of nature.

"I shot a female poachard, one out of a large flock; the rest, of course, all flew away. But presently a male bird, probably the mate of the one I killed, came flying back from the lake to which the flock had gone, and, after passing once or twice low over the place, pitched on the water and swam about searching eagerly for his lost companion.

"He then went off to the flock again, but soon returned a second time to look for the dead one. Three times did he go and come in the same manner, till at last he seemed to give up the search as hopeless.

"I have observed the same attachment to their mates in common wild ducks, teals, and swans, as well as in many other birds. I remember a hen grouse being caught by the leg in a common trap which had been set for ravens.

"It happened that the trap was not looked at till late the following day, when we found that the male grouse had brought and laid close to his unfortunate mate a quantity of young heather shoots. They were enough to have nearly filled a hat, and the poor bird must have been employed many hours in collecting them."—*Youth's Companion.*

### Slave-Catching in Africa.

The Arab trader's method of slave-catching is at once simple and effective. He settles in some quiet district and for a long while behaves exceedingly well, doing an honest business in ivory. When he has enough to load a caravan he picks a quarrel and organizes a slaughter of the people among whom he has lived. This is successfully carried out, enough only being spared to carry the tusks. Then he marches to the coast with the merchandise, and on arrival there sells both the tusks and those who bear them, or rather so many of the latter as survive the horrors of the journey.—*Saturday Review.*

### Willing to Give Up One.

"Karl, my boy, aren't you ashamed of yourself? Can't you give up drinking while you are studying?"

"It isn't that, father. I can't give up studying while I am drinking."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

### Summer Vacations.

Before deciding on your summer vacation, call on or write nearest agent of the Lake Shore Ry., and obtain one of their pamphlets entitled "The Mail Bag," in which a list of routes and rates to the various Summer Resorts is given; or communicate with

A. J. SMITH,
General Passenger Agent, Cleveland, O.

# The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

## BULLETS AND BALLOTS.

### A Meeting Between a Union Soldier and a Rebel—The Rebel's Opinion—An Exchange Effected.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Here is a genuine pine knot which I send for the CAMP FIRE. Hope it will burn readily:

Sherman's army, after much hard marching and heavy fighting, finally succeeded in investing the doomed city of Atlanta. Our picket line was pushed close to the Rebel lines, within hailing distance, frequently with only the river between. Many times have I seen the boys undress and swim across to the Rebel side, meeting some venturesome Johnny midway, bent on the same mission—to exchange various articles which they may have had in their possession. The Johnny had plenty of long plugs of tobacco, which he gave for so much coffee, sugar or hardtack, his rations consisting of corn bread and whisky, so they said.

Should the "officer of the day" happen along, on either side, the alarm was instantly given, and each man scampered off to his rifle-pit, like so many prairie dogs, our boys crying out: "Look out for your 'nappers," and the Johnny drumming us off with: "Hunt your holes, Yanks."

One morning in August, 1864, I stepped out upon the breast works with a large handkerchief fluttering from a stick as a signal. Though I might have been struck by a dozen bullets, yet, from a tacit agreement between us, such a thing would have met with signal rebuke.

Soon came the answering signal. Immediately I started for a clump of trees midway between the lines and towards which I saw a man advancing. We met near a deep hole caused by an uprooted tree. Into this we squatted to avoid random bullets. After exchanging the usual courtesies and inquiring after each one's health, we began to talk about the war, which talk I shall endeavor to reproduce:

"Are you Southern people soon tired of the war?" I asked.

"Indeed we are. I wish this thing were brought to an end, for I want to go home."

"Why don't you lay down your arms and quit? That is the way to stop it."

What great dignity, he replied: "We are fighting for our homes, for our rights, for our lives, and we'll continue to fight you, just as long as we have men and money to do it with."

"But you might as well stop, I think, now, as at any time, for stop you must some time."

"Not by a good bit, sir," he replied testily, and continued, "Look here, you have a class of men up North who are too d—d cowardly to come out and fight for their opinions, but they will do as much for us by their cowardice—indeed more, than they could do with the musket were they with us. When we gain our independence we'll show them a thing or two. Do you suppose we would associate with such cursed stuff? We will have nothing to do with the miserable wretches. Yes, sir, we'll fight you in front with bullets and bayonets, and in the rear with ballots. You'll see what we can do with such kind of work. We'll keep it up until we have our independence, mark that," he continued—"now let me tell you what you fellows must do."

"Well, sir, what is it?"

"Why, sir, when the Democratic convention meets in Chicago—next September, I think it is—if you want peace, honorable peace, nominate Gen. George B. McClellan, and elect him to the Presidency, and the war will stop, immediately."

"Can the Union be restored by war? I answer most emphatically, no, never! War continued, is final and eternal separation. My first and highest ground against its further prosecution is, 'That it is wrong.' It is, in the second place, a violation of the constitution and the fundamental principles upon which this Union was made. It is destructive of all that goes to make up for the good, and for the prosperity of your North and our 'Sunny South,' and if continued, I repeat it, will result speedily in the destruction of the government and the loss of civil liberty, to both you and us. It ought, therefore, to be brought to a close."

"I don't know but you have a right to your opinions, but I think, sir, if you had really been moved by such high considerations for the common good, you would not have rushed into such a stupendous undertaking as you have now upon your hands, an undertaking, too, that will use up your Southern men about as soon and as completely as anything I could possibly conceive of."

"If it wasn't for the d—d officers, and men at the head of the government, it would not have been so."

"Perhaps not," I replied. "Still, I think they are moved by higher considerations than you give them credit for."

"Were it left to the men who have the work to do, the dangers, privations and sufferings to undergo, they would soon settle it."

"Only to make it worse another time," I said.

"Well, what have you to trade? I see our talk won't make any difference in the wind-up."

"I don't know; nothing but this handkerchief, a silk one; but I don't like to trade it off, for it is a gift of my dear mother."

"I'll give you a plug of tobacco for it?"

"Well, rather than go away without having exchanged anything, I'll do it."

So I gave him the handkerchief, and he to me the big plug of tobacco. Shaking hands we returned to our rifle pits to await the developments of the future.

In a few days the red tide of war flowed as freely as ever, and what became of my "Johnny" friend I do not know. I hope he was not killed. Boys, wouldn't I like to get back that handkerchief?—P. R. HARMAN, Co. I, 28th Pa., Hiawatha Kan.

## A KINGDOM FOR A HORSE.

### But There Was None to Be Had—The Fate of an Officer Unknown.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Reading an article from a comrade, who was an officer in a negro regiment, called to my mind an incident which happened on the retreat from the memorable Guntown. I was a member of the 4th Iowa Cav., Co. G. We started on the retreat in the evening, and a little after daylight next morning, we came to Ripley, a small country town in Mississippi, and it is of our doings at this place that I wish to speak. The rebs were in force at our heels, and we tried to make a stand at Ripley. Our company was whirled into line facing down a long lane, up which the rebs were crawling. We had orders not to fire unless we could see a reb. I could see plenty of smoke puffing out from along the fences, and from about the houses, but could not see any rebs. While we stood there in line, a regiment of negroes passed in front of us with orders to fire down the lane as they passed. I noticed they did not take very good aim, as most of them would drop their guns across the left arm at an angle of about 45 degrees and let fly, but the rebs got their lead a little lower the way it whistled past our ears. One of our boys, Gill Vanderpool, had his horse shot in the head, and it became unmanageable and broke ranks. Lieut. Keck spoke rather cross, and told him to get back in the ranks, when Gill slid off his horse and said very excitedly: "G—n 'em, I'll fight 'em afoot." We saw no more of him until a day or so after, when we got into Memphis. He came into camp looking rather battered. Our company then filed out and took another position, and fired a volley in another direction, when my gun snapped. We turned then and started north toward the timber, which was about a quarter of a mile from the town, down a slope, and just as we were coming out of town, I opened the chamber of my gun, dug up the end of the cartridge with my knife, recapped it, and tried it on a reb who had just sent a ball whizzing past us. It fired clear, and then I felt better. At the foot of this slope, and just at the edge of the brush, was the regiment of negroes, in rather a demoralized state, the officers trying to form them into line to receive the rebs, who were close at hand, and pouring a heavy fire into them. When I was pretty close to them I heard a ball pass my horse's legs with the usual whist and hit one of the white officers in the knee. I heard it strike, and he commenced hopping around and said: "Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Put me on a horse! Put me on a horse!"

But we had no spare horse, so we had to leave that poor fellow, and I have often wondered who he was or if he got away. of course the rebs killed him if they caught him. If any of the CAMP FIRE readers know, please let us know through the CAMP FIRE. I hereby thank comrade Gillispy, of White City, Kansas, for his kind remembrance of me through the CAMP FIRE. Come again, comrade.

P. S. Now, comrades, let us cut out the names of the voters on the pension bill and paste them in our pass books for future reference.—S. W. MILLS, Portersville, Kansas.

THE MEDICO-ELECTRIC JAR,
Nature's Great Pain Killer,
Cures Headache Instantly,
And has restored Hearing and Eyesight.
The Only Remedy that Will Cure Catarrh.
Price, $1. Send 25 cts. for a sample Jar. You will find it the finest you ever saw. WE WANT AGENTS. Address NOW
W. E. McCHRISTIE,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

### Illinois Volunteers.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Will you allow a small space in the CAMP FIRE for one who is interested in the welfare of veterans. I have never seen any mention from Edwards Co., Ill., known as "Little Britain." There were several companies of volunteers raised in our county under the following captains: Churchill, Hopkins, Jacobs, Johns and Crow and two others whom I have forgotten. Co. I, 38th Ill., of which I want to speak, was the first three years men (Capt. Churchill) and a noble company. Their first battle was at Fredricktown, Mo. Just after the battle of Shiloh, they went into Tennessee, doing a great deal of marching in the summer of 1862, going as far south as Jacinto, Miss. The company was in the great tramp from that country up to Louisville, Ky., after Bragg took part in the battles of Perryville, Ky., and at Mill Spring. Their first loss in battle was at Stone River where several were killed. And at Chicamauga many were taken prisoners, and these shared the fate of thousands who starved at Andersonville. The boys speak of Chicamauga as the hardest battle of their experience. They must have had some killed there, but I am not certain.

They shared in the campaign against Atlanta, and fought at Jonesboro just the day before their term of service expired. Some of the company veteranized and were in the battles about Nashville, and afterward sent into Texas. I had three brothers in the army, two in this company, also one brother-in-law, two cousins, and many friends. One brother was disabled by sickness and the other only missed duty three days. In one day's fight eight men were killed right by his side. One cousin died at Nashville. Neither of my brothers in this company gets a pension. The other one gets a small pension. He belonged to the 152d Illinois Volunteers.

I was not a soldier, as I was only 10 years old when the war began. I voted for Grant, Hayes, Garfield and Blaine, and expect to lift Lincoln in November. This is my first to the CAMP FIRE; but old soldiers and all others who wish to see good government, justice and respect to soldiers, let us do what we can for the Republican nominee and not give our government to to the rebel brigadiers.—SOLDIER'S FRIEND, Albion, Edwards county, Ill.

### Be Up and Ready.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I have been a subscriber and reader of the BLADE for a number of years past, and expect to continue to be so long as it so ably defends the principles of the grand old party that has carried this government through the most trying ordeal that any government ever passed through. And by its wise and appropriate legislation our country has prospered, increasing in wealth, and her credit at home and abroad is not only as good, but is better than that of any other government on earth. Now, this being the case, let us stand by the old party and its principles. We have not one political right but what we owe to the principles of this grand old party. Well, I went out at the first call of my country in Co. G, 21st O. V. I., served as a private until discharged by reason of expiration of term of service. I was at home then just one year, then enlisted in Co D, 99th O. V. I., and served as sergeant until discharged March 4, 1865, under a special order mustering out the excess of non-commissioned officers where regiments were consolidated. After the lapse of 23 years I come for the first time to the BLADE CAMP FIRE with a dry cedar rail, from an old reb's fence, a top rail, of course. You know it was a standing order to take none but top rails. With your permission I will throw my rail on the CAMP FIRE.

There, now, how bright and beautiful it burns! Do you not hear it snap and crackle, as the blaze shoots up and makes everything all around look so cheerful? Oh! those cedar rails were fine for firewood. I have not seen a word from a 99th boy in the CAMP FIRE. Are you all asleep, or have you passed over on the other side? If you are sleeping, I want you to wake up. Your country wants to have you do service against the same old enemy. The cry is already sounded. The enemy is building its breastwork. We must be ready to meet him in the field. The same principles are to be again contended for. Shoot low and hit the enemy in a vital spot. Vote for the Republican nominees, no matter who they may be.—R. A. TODD, Lecompton, Kansas.

### Only a Suggestion.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—In the editorial columns of your paper of September 15, 1887, is the following:

"We suggest to the zealous Cleveland men in Congress that they introduce a bill making it a penal offense for an old soldier to be anything but a Democrat. Then the Grand Army boys won't annoy them by voting the Republican ticket."

Your suggestion is a good one, but it is not sufficient to meet the demands of the Bourbon Democracy, which has been, ever since its elevation to power in this nation, showing its teeth. The following will possibly meet with the hearty concurrence of said Bourbon Democracy and is suggested by your correspondent in lieu of the one published by you: Collect the honorable discharges and officers' commissions of these brave men who suppressed the bloody abolition rebellion of 1861-65, select the war records of said civil war from the War and Navy departments, the rebel flags in said War department, place them in one large pile and make a huge bon fire of them, Jeff Davis to start the fire with a torch provided expressly for this purpose. Of course an act of Congress will be necessary for the consummation of the above holy object, for said Bourbon Democracy is a law-abiding party, and any presumption that it would act without the necessary legislation is preposterous. Let Congress then pass another act making it punishable with a fine of $1,000, and imprisonment for the period of one year, or both, at the option of the court having jurisdiction, for any ex-soldier to assert that he had anything to do with the suppression of the said rebellion which banded to destroy the nation in 1861-65. It is needless to state that the G. A. R. would then become a thing of the past, and veto Grover and his associates who are opposed to pensions for disabled soldiers, would be happy.—DISABLED EX-SOLDIER OF THE CIVIL WAR.

### Chips and Splinters.

Daniel C. Burgoon, Farrville, Ind., urges all comrades to take the BLADE, as it advocates peace and prosperity. Comrade Burgoon is a Republican, always has been and always will be.

B. L. Heskitt, Coleton, O., says that he enlisted April, 1861, in the 22d O. V. I. for three months and re-enlisted in September in the 33d Ohio for three years and veteranized in 1862. He desires to hear from the old comrades.

D. L. Hoffman, Co. K, 13th Mo. V. V. Cav., writes from Higginsville, Mo., where he says a fine G. A. R. Post of 30 members was organized in June, 1887. The post is a unit in favor of the dependent pension bill and also favors a service pension, graded according to the amount of service done. However, Comrade Hoffman says that he has very little hope that the government will give the boys what they deserve.

### No Unnecessary Talk.

Salesman (to a friend who has dropped in to see him—"Here! That is the kind of a customer I like."

Friend—"Liberal, eh! Buys freely, and don't take up much time in pulling down goods?"

Salesman—"Well, not that, exactly."

Friend—"What kind of a woman is she, then?"

Salesman—"The best kind. She's deaf and dumb!"—*The Idea.*

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
For Sunstroke.
It relieves the prostration and nervous derangement.

### Money and Friends.

"I made my money by having no friends," was the startling remark of a wealthy and comparatively young citizen of St. Paul. "I came here not a great many years ago alone. I had always been accustomed to having many friends, and so much did I think of them that I cared not to make new ones here. It was quite beneficial. I had no friends to carouse with, and the money I would have spent in this way was saved. That's the secret of my success. Now that I am independent I can make as many friends as I wish, and enjoy them. My friend, don't have too many friends until you succeed."

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## SOME ENGLISH ADVENTURES.

### Two Remarkable Men Who Astonished London With Wild Ideas.

Cox's extraordinary enterprise, which he set going in 1771, comes rather under the head of lunacy than of swindling. His fixed idea was to combine the wealth and luxury of Asia with the mechanical inventions of Europe, in a series of extraordinarily artificial productions. To realize his monster whims he devoted a considerable private fortune and an imaginative bent which was far above the common, and loaded with his fantastic commands the most skillful engineers, inventors, clock-makers, goldsmiths, and jewelers in France and England. He thus, ere long, saw himself in possession of a vast collection of marvels and masterpieces, finished to the highest perfection of the art workers' powers. Cox's scheme was to transport all these to Asia for sale to eastern potentates. He, however, kept the collection—not an unfit precursor of those modern shows which we call exhibitions—some nine years in London, where he charged half a guinea for inspecting it. Gold, silver, diamonds, and other stones were worked into all sorts of animal forms—camels, elephants and so on—which moved and seemed to breathe; birds that sang, ducks that swam, game that ran about in a thicket. A castle six feet high, which cost over 100,000 pounds, was destined for the great mogul, and a copy was actually sent to Pekin for the emperor of China. But debt, with its lengthening chain, fatally encompassed the visionary; he never could realize more than a fraction of his large scale Asiatic programme; only part of his collection got to India and the rest was sold up in London.

Then there appeared in 1780 that king of native quacks, the Scotch Dr. Graham, with his occult celestial bed, which cost, or so he said, £16,000. His house in Pall Mall he called the Temple of Health and Hymen, of which deities he proclaimed himself the high priest. This Temple was decorated with glass of colors, precious vases filled with rare perfumes, statues of the human form divine in their groves of blarney costume, and the rest of it. His obok on the "Principles of Health" cost half a guinea, and recommended cleanliness, moderation, early rest, and early rising; sleeping in the light, especially in moonlight; singing, drinking his divine balm at "only guinea the bottle," and sleeping, first for 100 guineas a night, and then for a $50 note, in the marvelous and celestial magnetico-electric bed, the first, the only one in the world, or which ever had existed. It was situated in the holy of holies, in front of his "charming hermitage." It was isolated on six massive and transparent columns, and covered by a vast canopy of brass rods, which communicated with an enormous electric machine lodged in an upper chamber. In the bedposts were inserted vases of ether, which was first volatilized and infinitely subdivided by the electric fluid, and then breathed with the atmospheric air by those who chose to pay Dr. Graham for a night's lodging. The sheets were of purple and sky-blue satin, and the mattresses perfumed with the most precious essences of Araby. The electric cylinder conducted into the bed chamber and into every part of the bed the all divine celestial, electric fire; the fluid which animates and vivifies everything—including "She," and, in this case, "He," too; for it sounds like a vulgarized ante-climax to the African tale. To all this was added the the melodious tones, or "toons," of the harmonica, the soft sound of the flute, the charms or agreeable song, and the mellifluous notes of the organ. The farce drew a host of wealthy gulls until 1784, when Graham, showing the better part of valor, sold off everything by public auction, and safely retired with his gains.—*Westminster Review.*

### All About Eating Crow.

Having received an inquiry concerning the origin of the expression, I would say that the crow has long been the emblem of contention—as Hudibras says:

> If not—resolve before we go
> That you and I must pull a crow.

The same idea is suggested in Comedy of Errors, act third:

> We'll pluck a crow together.

In common parlance, eating crow, as an expression of humiliation, is much the same as eating humble pie, but evidently is more expressive. Its origin is too obscure to be definitely reached, but it came into use during the late rebellion, and evidently was born in the camp. Many years ago I heard the late G. P. Disosway, who was a confirmed humorist, tell the following story, which he had received from a soldier, and I also heard it from Capt. Ballou, of the 115th Regiment. A private in one of the Pennsylvania regiments got leave to go hunting, and unfortunately shot a tame crow belonging to a planter, who happened to come up just as the bird was killed. The unlucky farmer had rested his musket against a tree, and the planter seized it and, pointing it at the former, exclaimed: "You can eat that crow or die." There being no escape the hunter got through with part of his distasteful meal, when the planter, relenting, said: "You've done pretty well; here, take your gun and get off right smart." The soldier, as soon as he got the piece in his hands, immediately turned the tables by levelling it at the planter and exclaiming, "Now you eat the rest of that crow, or I'll shoot you on the spot." There being no escape the thing was done. In a few days the planter had occasion to visit the camp, and as the soldier recognized him one of the officers inquired: "Do you know that man?" "O yes," replied the planter, "we dined together last week."

Miss Ada—How do you pronounce Mephistopheles, Mr. Smith?

Mr. Smith—I never pronounce it. I simply mention his home and address.

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For any case of Syphilis we treat and do not cure. This disease has heretofore baffled all medical science.

We will contract with patients to cure them or refund all money and pay entire expense of coming here, railroad fare, hotel bills, etc.

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Since the history of medicine a true specific for Syphilis has been sought for but never found until our

MAGIC REMEDY

Was discovered, and we are justified in saying it is the only remedy in the world that will positively cure, because the latest medical works, published by the best known authorities, say there was never a true specific before. Our reputation as business men, the company's financial standing, together with the character, reputation and skill of our physicians will bear the most rigid investigation, and the result will justify anyone afflicted with Syphilis in placing themselves in our hands. All classes of people may consult or correspond with us with the utmost safety as regards exposure in any way.

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In any Stage, Whether Contracted or Hereditary.

Why waste your time and money with patent medicines that never had virtue, or doctor with physicians that cannot cure you? You that have tried everything else should come to us and get permanent relief; you never can get it elsewhere. Mark what we say. In the end you must take our Remedy or never recover, and you that have been afflicted but a short time should by all means come to us now. Those who have been afflicted a long time do not generally believe what we say, but we make written contracts to do just what we say, and our financial standing exceeds $250,000, enough to satisfy the most skeptical.

REFERENCES:

R. G. Dun & Co., or Bradstreet Co., the Omaha Bee, Omaha Herald, or any of the offices of the Western Newspaper Union at Denver, Colo.; Dallas, Tex.; Detroit, Mich.; St. Louis, Mo.; Des Moines, Ia.; Omaha, Neb., and New York, N. Y.

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# Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

### Jordano Bruno.

George G., Anderson, Kan.:

1. Who was Jordano Bruno? 2. Did the cattle men obey the orders to remove from Oklahoma?

1. Jordano Bruno, was born at Nola, in the kingdom of Naples, 1550. He entered the Dominican order, but becoming dissatisfied with the Roman church, fled to Geneva, from whence he went to Paris, where he attracted notice by attacking the Aristotelian philosophy. He next visited England, and in 1589 was at Helmstadt, where he was protected by the Duke of Brunswick. Venturing again into Italy, he was arrested at Padua and sent to Rome, where he was burned at the stake, February 17, 1600. Bruno, who was regarded as an atheist, wrote several books. 2. They removed, but not until they were driven out by the United States troops, and there is every reason to believe that they are quietly making preparations to occupy the land again at the first favorable opportunity.

### Governors of the States.

A Subscriber, Liberty, Kan.:

Will you please publish in your Bureau a list of the present governors of our states and territories?

Alabama, Thomas Seay, D.; Arkansas, Simon P. Hughes, D.; California, Washington Bartlett, D.; Colorado, Alva Adams, D.; Connecticut, Phineas C. Lounsbury, R.; Delaware, Benjamin T. Biggs, D.; Florida, Edward A. Perry, D.; Georgia, John B. Gordon, D.; Illinois, Richard J. Oglesby, R.; Indiana, Isaac P. Gray, D.; Iowa, Wm. Larrabee, R.; Kansas, John A. Martin, R.; Kentucky, J. Proctor Knott, D; Louisiana, Samuel D. McEnery, D.; Maine, Joseph R. Bodwell, R.; Maryland, Henry Lloyd, D.; Massachusetts, Oliver Ames, R.; Michigan, Cyrus G. Luce, R.; Minnesota, Andrew R. McGill, R.; Mississippi, Robert Lowry, D.; Missouri, A. P. Morehouse, D.; Nebraska, John M. Thayer, R.; Nevada, C. C. Stevenson, R.; New Hampshire, Charles H. Sawyer, R.; New Jersey, Robert S. Green, D.; New York, David B. Hill, D.; North Carolina, Alfred M. Scales, D.; Ohio, Joseph B. Foraker, R.; Oregon, Sylvester Pennoyer, D.; Pennsylvania, James A. Beaver, R.; Rhode Island, George P. Wetmore, R.; South Carolina, John P. Richardson, D.; Tennessee, Robert L. Taylor, D.; Texas, Lawrence S. Ross, D.; Vermont, Ebenezer J. Ormsbee, R.; Virginia, Fitzhugh Lee, D.; West Virginia, E. Willis Wilson, D.; Wisconsin, Jeremiah M. Rusk, R.; Alaska, Alfred P. Swineford, D.; Arizona, C. Meyer Zulick, D.; Dakota, Louis K. Church, D.; Idaho, Edwin A. Stevenson, D.; Montana, Preston H. Leslie, D.; New Mexico, Edmund G. Ross, D.; Utah, Caleb W. West, D.; Washington, Watson C. Squire, R.; Wyoming, Thomas Moonlight, D.

### A Carat.

J. B., Huntington, Tenn.:

What is a carat?

The dictionary derives the word carat from the Greek *keraton*, a little horn, which name was given to the little horn-shaped seed of the carob tree, and says that the Arabians borrowed the word from the Greeks. But it is also said that in the country of the Shangallas, in South Africa, where precious stones and gold have been found from time immemorial, the natives have been accustomed to use as weights the seeds of the *Erythrina corallodendron*, from their almost precise similarity and equal weight when dried. The native word for the seed is said to be *karat*. From Africa it passed to India, and from a gold weight became used for precious stones, and, divided into four grains, was early common to all countries trafficking with India. There are certain sensible differences between the carat of different countries; between the carat, for instance, of a jeweler in Italy and a jeweler in India. That is only to be expected, considering the rather chance nature of the weight, but what seems strange is the fact that down to 1877 there was a variation even among the Paris jewelers, until in that year it was decided that the carat should correspond exactly to 205 milligrammes, or about three and one-half grains. It may be noted that in weighing diamonds the value increases as the square of the weight; that is to say, a stone double the weight of another has four times the value; treble the weight, nine times the value; ten times the weight, a hundred times the value. The use of the word carat with reference to the fineness of gold has quite a different meaning now, but no doubt it originally was directly derived from the weight of this same little bean. It now signifies the 24th part and determines the fineness of gold proportionately. That is, the entire mass of gold is estimated as divided into 24 equal parts, and said to be so many parts, according to the number of 24ths of the pure metal, as, for instance, gold of eighteen carats is eighteen 24ths pure gold, and so on.

### T. DeWitt Talmage.

Will you please accommodate a reader by giving a sketch of Dr. Talmage's life?

Thomas DeWitt Talmage, an American clergyman, was born in Boundbrook, N. J., January 7, 1832. He graduated at the New York university in 1853, and at the New Brunswick (N. J.) theological seminary in 1856, and was ordained pastor of the Reformed Dutch church in Belleville, N. J. He was pastor of the Reformed Dutch church in Syracuse, N. Y., from 1859 to 1862, when he was called to the Second Reformed church in Philadelphia, and in 1869 he became pastor of the Central Presbyterian church in Brooklyn, N. Y. In 1870 his congregation erected a new church, semi-circular, of wood and iron, and capable of seating 3,400 persons. This building, known as the "Brooklyn Tabernacle," was enlarged in 1871 so as to seat 500 more, but was destroyed by fire December 22, 1872. On February 22, 1874, a new "Tabernacle" was dedicated built in Gothic style of brick, but retaining the semi-circular arrangement and seating 5,000 persons. It is the largest Protestant church in America. Since the erection of the former tabernacle the church, at Mr. Talmage's instance, has been free, being maintained wholly by voluntary offerings, with no pew rents. In 1872 he organized, in the building formerly occupied by the church, a lay college for religious training. It is open to persons of all denominations, and gives instruction in philosophy, logic and general literature, and in natural and systematic theology, sacred history, the evidences of Christianity, the interpretation of Scripture and sacred rhetoric. Mr. Talmage is a very popular lecturer, but has latterly seldom appeared in that capacity. His sermons are delivered extempore, but are reported and published in several religious journals in the United States and Great Britain. He has edited a religious newspaper, *The Christian at Work*, since 1874, and has published four volumes of sermons—"The Almond Tree in Blossom," "Crumbs Swept Up," "Abominations of Modern Society," "Around the Tea Table," "Old Wells Dug Out," "Sports that Kill" and "Everyday Religion." Mr. Talmage is an indefatigable worker, being often found in his study early in the morning and late at night. His work has been wonderful, and to be able to continually furnish new subjects and new discourses the man's brain is nearly always at work, although the body may seem to be inactive.

### Sand Augers.

Elma, ——:

Will the BLADE tell what is meant by "sand augers," when spoken of in reference to storms in the West?

When the Union Pacific railway was being constructed, the workmen had frequent opportunities for witnessing the formation and progress of whirlwinds, which, on account of the peculiar action they had on dry soil, were called "sand augers." They were especially frequent in Lodge Pole Creek valley, through which the railway, leaving the Platte river, runs northerly to near the base of the Black Hills. This valley is quite narrow, averaging a mile in width, and is bounded on either side by a range of low, uneven hills. The first indication of the approach of one of these sand augurs would be the formation, here and there in the valley, of little whirligigs of dusty wind, picking up bits of straw, paper and other inconsiderable trifles, sometimes waltzing into camp and flirting with the canvas tents or scattering the embers and ashes of outdoor cooking places. These baby cyclones would increase in number quite rapidly, and then be whisked away by strong currents of air, coming from no one knew where, but all drawing across the valley toward the eastern range of hills, over which would then be seen advancing a funnel-shaped cloud, like that seen over waterspouts forming at sea. From the under surface of the low-lying cloud a swaying tongue of lead-colored vapor would prolong itself toward the earth, from which, to meet it, would rise a cloud of dirt and sand. This earth cloud would rise higher and higher, with a whirling motion, becoming more compact all the while, until the blue-black vapor and the brown mass from below would unite above, and the completed, swiftly whirling column commence to move swiftly down from the hills on its way across the valley. While its forward progress was usually slow, the rotary motion about its vertical axis would be very rapid, and so dense would be the mass of sand gathered up by it that when the column touched the earth it would scoop out a shallow channel like the dry bed of a shallow stream. Hence its name of sand auger. The diameter of these augers seldom exceeded fifteen or twenty feet at the ground, but their bulk increased with their height until they were merged into the broad surface of the thick, murky vapor from the cloud above, from which electric flashes constantly played. When this occurred large hailstones would be formed, which would be thrown by centrifugal force, apparently out from the revolving storm. They would be found to be almost invariably, in the shape of flat disks, sometimes three inches in diameter and one inch thick, and made up of layers of ice and sand. One such sand auger passed near an engineer's camp and carried off a tent or two. It then grazed the edge of a corral near by, cutting away one angle of an adobe wall, and sweeping by the house itself, left every pane of glass in the one window as neatly ground as if done by a sand-blast machine. Passing on, the tents the auger was carrying became entangled in the telegraph wires running through the valley, and after tearing down two poles the cyclone collapsed, leaving beneath where it broke up a mound made up of sand, bits of adobe, some old boots, a sprinkling of empty tins, part of a bale of hay and a dog-eared poker deck of cards. The latter were afterward carefully gathered up by their owner, a genius called Slim Jim, who always deplored the fact that the recovered pack was imperfect, there being but four aces left in it by the sand auger.

### The Koh-i-Noor.

M. S., Newton, Kan.:

Will you please print something about the Koh-i-noor diamond?

The Koh-i-noor, or mountain of light, was first publicly exhibited in England at the Crystal Palace in 1851. Its history is intimately associated with India for many centuries. Originally found in Golconda, the Hindoos (fond of high numbers) say that it was in the possession of Kama, King of Auga, 3,001 years ago. Coming to more recent times, it was said to have been stolen from one of the native kings by Minnizola, and presented by him to Shah Jehan, father of Arungzebe, in 1640. It was then much larger than at present, in fact it had the reputation of being the largest diamond ever known. Far from being satisfied with its appearance, Shah Jehan employed a Venetian diamond worker called Hortensio Barges, who cut away one-half of it and left it so very imperfect that instead of rewarding him Shah Jehan fined him $50,000. When Tavernier, the French traveler, was in India, two centuries ago, it was shown to him and he was told it was held in great esteem and veneration by the natives. After his time it frequently changed hands, generally by means of fraudulent violence. Early in the present century it was the property of the King of Cabul. The Rajah of Lahore, Runjeet Singh, hearing marvelous stories of its great size and inestimable value, determined to get hold of it. Consequently he invited the Khan to his court, and when he had him in his power demanded its surrender. The Khan, anticipating this, had caused to be made a fictitious Koh-i-noor, exactly imitating the real diamond, and this, after a show of resistance, he at length handed over to his host. Runjeet's delight was extreme, but of short duration, as the lapidary to whom he gave orders to mount it acquainted him with the deception. His mortification and rage were unbounded. He gave orders for the residence of the Khan to be invested and searched from the top to the bottom; but all in vain. No Koh-i-noor could be found, until a slave revealed the secret—it was hid in a heap of ashes. Runjeet then caused it to be set in an armlet between two other diamonds, each of which was the size of a sparrow's egg. When Hon. W. C. Osborne visited Lahore and was admitted to an audience with native chiefs from Cabul, Kandahar and Afghanistan, blazing with gold and jewels, dressed and armed in every conceivable style. Cross-legged on a folding chair sat Runjeet Singh, dressed in simple white, having no ornaments but a single string of enormous pearls around his waist and the Koh-i-noor on his arm. After his death it passed into the hands of his successors, and when the Punjaub was annexed to the Indian possessions of England it was sent as a present to Queen Victoria by the East India Company. When examined by European diamond merchants it was pronounced to be badly cut; hence it was sent to be recut, a work which occupied 38 days of twelve hours each.

### The Corn Laws.

J. S. Ridge, Butler, Ind.:

I have never asked you any questions, and now I want to know what year the corn laws were passed in England. Give a history of the laws.

Corn laws have existed in various forms, and still exist in many countries, but those of England are most famous in our day, owing to the great agitation for their repeal, which was consummated February 1, 1849. They were of ancient origin, and had, in the times of Edward VI. and Elizabeth, been designed to regulate the domestic trade as well as the foreign. In the reign of Edward VI. the "engrossing" of corn, or buying it in one market to sell in another, was made punishable by imprisonment and the pillory. By a statute of Elizabeth corn could be carried from one part of the kingdom to another by obtaining a license from the quarter sessions. In 1624 these laws regulating the internal trade were much modified, and in 1663 the engrossing of corn was declared legal when the price did not reach 48s. per quarter. Although this last law worked well in many respects, the impolity of such trade restrictions finally came to be acknowledged, and in 1773 the last remnant of these statutes was abolished. Immediately after the Norman conquest the exportation was prohibited, and this principle was adhered to till 1436, when a law was enacted allowing it whenever the price of wheat should not exceed 6s. 8d per quarter, and of barley 3s. 4d. In 1463 the importation was prohibited unless the domestic price should exceed the rates named in the law of 1436. In 1562 exportation was allowed when wheat was worth 10s. per quarter and barley 6s. 8d In 1571 it was enacted that wheat might be exported by paying a duty of 2s. per quarter, barley and other grain a duty of 1s. 4d., when the home price was below 20s. and barley below 12 s. In 1660, on the accession of Charles II., along with heavy import duties, the export duty of wheat was fixed at 20s, per quarter, with proportionate rates on other grains. In 1663, for these duties an ad valorem duty of 9 per cent. was substituted; as the exportation price of wheat was fixed at 48s., the duty was thus made 5s. 4d. per quarter. In 1670 prohibitory duties were laid upon importation until the price should reach 53s. 4d., while exportation was allowed until the home price should reach that rate. When above that price and below 80s. importation was allowed with 8s. duty. In 1689, for the promotion of agriculture, a bounty of 5s. per quarter was paid on wheat exported when the price did not exceed 48s., and of 2s. 6d. on barley or malt if the price did not exceed 24s.; and at the same time importation was prohibited. This system continued until 1773, when, prices having become very high, a law was enacted under the auspices of Edmund Burke, by which the introduction of foreign wheat was allowed, at a duty of 6d. per quarter, whenever the price reached 48s., while the export bounty and exportation itself were to cease whenever the price arose to or above 44s. As this law prevented prices from rising with the increased demand, and as there was a general wish to become independent of foreign supplies, a law was passed in 1791 by which an import duty of 6d. was to be levied when the price was 54s.; when it was under 54s. and above 50s., the duty was to be 2s. 6d.; and when it was under 50s. the duty was to be 24s. 3d., or, in fact, prohibitory. In 1804 a duty of 24s. 3d. was levied when the home price was 63s. or less; when it was from 63s. to 66s., the duty was fixed at 2s. 6d.; and when it was 66s. or more, the duty was 6d. The official price was established by the average of twelve districts, into which the maritime counties of England had been divided; and in Scotland by the average of four maritime districts. These averages were taken four times a year. In 1814 the export bounty was abolished, leaving exportation unrestricted; and in 1815 an act was procured by the agricultural interest, after a fierce apposition from the manufacturing and commercial classes, fixing 80s. as a limit at which there should be no duty on importation. In 1825 a minimum duty of 1s. was levied when the price should be above 85s., with a duty of 17s. when the price was between 70s. and 80s. In that year the duty on wheat from the North American colonies was fixed for one year at 5s. without regard to the home price. In 1827 Mr. Canning attempted a reform of the corn tariff and to give greater freedom to importation, but failed. In 1828 an act was passed fixing a minimum duty of 1s. when the price was 73s. or more, with a maximum duty of 23s. 8d. when the price was 64s.; the prices to be ascertained from actual sales in the principal towns. In 1839 the Anti-Corn-Law League was founded, and the agitation for the total repeal of the duties commenced. In 1842 Sir Robert Peel's sliding scale was enacted, fixing a minimum duty of 1s. when the price was 78s. and over, and adding 1s. to the duty with each decrease of 1s. in the price, until the maximum duty of 20 s. was reached, whenever the price fell below 51s. In 1843 the duty on wheat from Canada was fixed at 1s. Finally, in 1846, Sir Robert Peel's famous free trade measure was passed, seriously reducing the corn duties at once and fixing them, after February 1, 1849, at the nominal rate of 1s. per quarter on wheat and other corn, and 4½d. per cwt. on all kinds of flour and meal.

### Miscellaneous.

G. W. Marion, O.: No name accompanies your question.

T. G. J., Stone, Ky.:

Did Ingersoll ever run for governor of Illinois? No.

T. M., ——: No name or address accompanies your question. See rules at the head of this column.

Mrs. Byron Patruff, Knight, Ore.: The tariff question is receiving a full discussion in the editorial columns each week.

H. T., Patriot, Ind.:

What is used for cleaning type?

Benzine or lye.

A. B. R., Vermillion, Kan.:

Is John Sherman related to Gen. W. T. Sherman?

They are brothers.

F. E. S., Reece, Kan.:

Who is United States minister to Holland, and what is his postoffice address?

Isaac Bell, jr., The Hague.

C. W. B., Wallace, Kan.:

What is the name and address of the United States minister to the Argentine Republic, South America?

Bayliss W. Hanna, Buenos Ayres.

E. A. Spalding, Gonsales, Tex.:

Did the Federal government prior to the great rebellion recognize property in negro slaves?

In the famous Dred Scott decision the Supreme court of the United States held that a negro slave was property, just as much as a cow, and could be reclaimed in the same manner that a stolen or strayed cow could—by proving property.

K. C. W., Cheboygan, Mich.:

What is the meaning of "*Vincit omnia veritas?*"

"Truth conquers all."

G. S., Napa City Cal.:

Did Senator Ingalls oppose the pension bill to increase the pensions of the helpless soldiers from $25 to $100 a month?

He did not oppose it.

R. B. D., Valparaiso, Ind.:

Will you please inform me through the Question Bureau if the speeches of the late Roscoe Conkling are published in book form, and if so, where I can purchase them?

Not that we know of.

J. W. F., Altoona, Pa.:

Some labor union orators here are telling the people there was no need of issuing bonds of the United States, and that the greenback was all that was required to carry on the war of the rebellion.

The government had to issue bonds in order to get money. If they had simply floated the country with greenbacks, without anything behind them, they would not have had any value.

J. A. Cannon, Hillside, Kan.:

1. Please give the biography of Fred Douglass?

Frederick Douglass, born in Maryland in 1817, was originally a slave. He learned to read and write by stealth; ran away from his master in 1838 and settled in Massachusetts. In 1841 he commenced lecturing against slavery. He visited England and afterward became editor of the *North Star* at Rochester, New York, and in 1870 took hold of the *National Era*. In 1872 he was the first of the list of presidential electors chosen in the State of New York. He is able and energetic, and has been removed from office by President Cleveland.

Mrs. Rosa Brown, Axtell, Neb.:

Please give a sketch of the life of Augusta J. Evans Wilson, the novelist.

Augusta (Evans) Wilson, an American novelist, was born in Columbus, Ga., May 8, 1835. Her novels were published under the name of Augusta J. Evans. In 1868 she married L. M. Wilson, of Mobile, where she has since resided. She has published "Inez," written at the age of 17, "Beulah," "Macaria," "St. Elmo," "Vashti" and "Infelice."

W. W. N., North Clearfield, Md.:

Was George Washington addicted to profanity? Did he not use some "cuss words" to Gen. Wayne while President?

History does not record the fact that George swore, but if he didn't, his father probably did when he found that cherry tree cut down. It would not be at all surprising or important as a matter of history, whether he used "cuss words" or not.

W. H. Millby, Greensburg, Ky.:

What states or territories and parts of states or territories are embraced in the "Lousiana purchase?" Give as detailed an account as possible.

The Louisiana purchase was for all the territory of the United States west of the Mississippi, exclusive of Texas and the area acquired from Mexico since 1847. It was purchased by President Jefferson from France in 1803 for $1,250,000.

R. W. C., Red Oak, Mo.:

Please tell me in your next when and where the Farmers' Alliance originated.

The Farmers' Alliance originated in one of the Western cities and its object was to form the farmers of the great West into one company so that they could command a better price for their product and not be subject to the speculators in grain who frequently put artificial values on the cereals to the detriment of the farming class. A full description, with the officers, was published a few weeks ago.

Reader, Waldhounding, O.:

1. Are black and white colors? If not, why?
2. Into how many divisions or parts is an army divided, and how many men in each division?
3. What is the rank of the commander of each division?

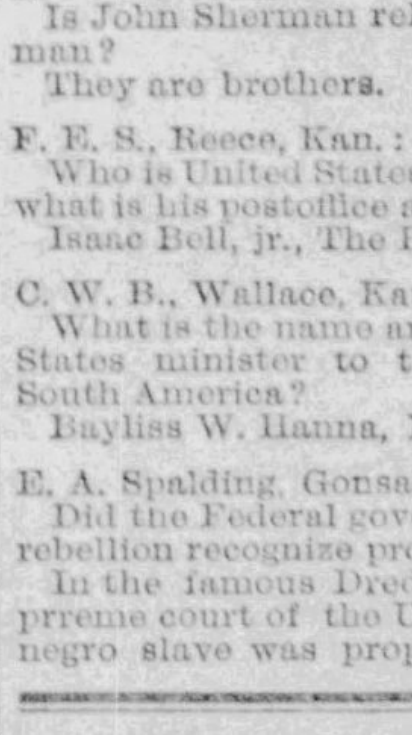
1. Black is a color; white is the absence of color. 2 and 3. There are different divisions in different countries. In the United States the general is the first officer, although the President has authority over him. The army is divided into "divisions" with a major general in command of each. Each division is divided into brigades, regiments, and companies, with brigadiers, colonels, captains and lieutenants in command.

J. F. H., Dexter, Ia., writes: I noticed some months since, in the BLADE, an article on "How Rabbits Run," in which the writer, in explaining why the rabbit makes but three tracks, stated that it placed one hind foot on the other, in order to get the full spring of both legs. His theory upset all my ideas of the way in which "bunny" gets over the ground and set me to watching the little animal more closely. I find that my rabbits put the fore feet close together, placing the hind feet outside and in front of the fore feet. In fact, all animals with which I am acquainted (the frog excepted) when running or "gathering" themselves for a leap dispose of the feet in much the same manner, thus obtaining some such effect as we get by coiling or bending a spring. If the rabbit should adopt the plan suggested in the article he would lose all this advantage and would, I think, soon find himself in the hands (or jaws) of his pursuers.

Mamie Guthrie, Raymond, Ill.:

1. Will the the editor of the BLADE please give a sketch of Motley, the historian? 2. Please give the names of the secretary of state, secretary of war, secretary of the navy, secretary of the interior, postmaster general and attorney general, and oblige a constant reader of your valuable paper.

1. John Lothrop Motley, LL. D., D. C. L., was an American historian born at Dorchester, Mass., in 1818. After graduating at Harvard, he spent a year at Gottengin, another at Berlin, and traveled extensively in Italy and other parts of Southern Europe. In 1840 he received the appointment of secretary of the legation to the American Embassy in Russia, but soon resigned and published in 1856 the "Rise of the Dutch Republic." In 1869 he was sent as minister to the court of St. James, but was recalled in a year. In 1861 he was appointed United States minister to Vienna. His works were all historical, and he died in 1874. 2. If you are a constant reader of the BLADE, you must have read in the past few weeks the President's cabinet, for it has been printed several times: Secretary of State, Bayard; Secretary of the Treasury, Fairchild; Secretary of War, Endicott; Secretary of Navy, Whitney; Secretary of Interior, Vilas; Postmaster General Dickinson; Attorney General, Garland.



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### That Little Seed.

A little seed lay in the carter's path;
A little shoot bowed in the strong wind's wrath;
A little shrub grew, by its roots held fast;
Then a stout tree braved all the winter's blast.

A little cough started—'twas only light;
A little chill shivered the hours of night;
A little pain came and began to grow,
Then consumption laid all his brave strength low.

Be wise in time. Check the little cough, cure the little chill, dispell the little pain, ere the little ailment becomes the strong, unconquerable giant of disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, taken in time, is a remedy for these ills.

### Alone on a Battlefield.

It was an ugly give and take. We could not see the enemy, but the whizz and ting of bullets proved that they were not far away.

As the excitement increased one of my men in his haste fired off his ramrod and held up his musket that I might see what he had done. Without thinking I started to the rear, where, a short distance away, lay a musket.

No sooner had I left touching distance of my company than an irresistible sense of loneliness and dread seized me. Every step made the sensation more acute. Soon I was practically panic stricken. Somehow, however, I got the ramrod of the useless musket and went back to the line on the run.

With the return came assurance and courage. I never felt more alone or helpless than in those few moments of isolation. The air seemed full of hissing, shrieking demons. I was sure that each next moment would bring death.—*Youth's Companion.*

### Talking to a Severed Head.

An extraordinary experiment was made at Bone, in Algeria, on May 29, after the execution of a native who had murdered his brother and the latter's wife and father-in-law. As the head fell from the guillotine a doctor took it up and spoke a few words. Various movements of the man's eyes and mouth seemed to show that the words had been heard and understood.—*New York Herald.*

### A Useless Badge.

Returned Democratic Delegate — Bill, here's a campaign badge.

Rural Democrat—What fur kind of a durn thing do you call it?

"It's a real bandana handkerchief."

"Well, you can keep it. I'll vote the Dimocrat ticket all right, but I ain't got no use for a hankecher, b'gosh."—*Cleveland Leader.*

### An Experienced Performer.

Ringmaster Platt—Now, Chauncey, have you ever had any experience with an elephant before, sir.

Clown—No, sir; but I had a great deal of "experience" with a mule once.—*Harper's Weekly.*

### At His Post Day and Night,

The vigilant imp, indigestion, goads us with his many-lashed scourge. Each lash is a diabolic symptom. No comfort in eating, misery afterwards, little or broken rest at night, visitations of the nightmare during fitful intervals of sleep, an uprising unrefreshed and without appetite, sleepiness and yawning during the day, nervousness and irritability of temper, even monomania in extreme cases. Hard to bear, all this. Necessary? No a thousand times no, so long as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the nation's specific for indigestion, acute or chronic, is procurable. The commencement of a course of this medicine is the commencement of a cure. Prompt relief first, absolute eradication subsequently. The truth of this statement, backed up by irrefragable testimony, is well known to the American people. So are others, viz.: that the Bitters averts and cures fever and ague and bilious remittent, and removes nervousness, biliousness, constipation, and kidney and bladder troubles.

Rich and Poor,

Prince and Peasant, the Millionaire and Day Laborer, by their common use of this remedy, attest the world-wide reputation of Ayer's Pills. Leading physicians recommend these pills for Stomach and Liver Troubles, Costiveness, Biliousness, and Sick Headache; also, for Rheumatism, Jaundice, and Neuralgia. They are sugar-coated; contain no calomel; are prompt, but mild, in operation; and, therefore, the very best medicine for Family Use, as well as for Travelers and Tourists.

"I have derived great relief from Ayer's Pills. Five years ago I was taken so ill with

Rheumatism

that I was unable to do any work. I took three boxes of Ayer's Pills and was entirely cured. Since that time I am never without a box of these pills." Peter Christensen, Sherwood, Wis.

"Ayer's Pills have been in use in my family upwards of twenty years and have completely verified all that is claimed for them. In attacks of piles, from which I suffered many years, they afford greater relief than any other medicine I ever tried."—T. F. Adams, Holly Springs, Texas.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for a number of years, and have never found anything equal to them for giving me an appetite and imparting energy and strength to the system. I always keep them in the house."—R. D. Jackson, Wilmington, Del.

"Two boxes of Ayer's Pills cured me of severe

Headache;

from which I was long a sufferer. — Emma Keyes, Hubbardston, Mass.

"Whenever I am troubled with constipation, or suffer from loss of appetite, Ayer's Pills set me right again."—A. J. Kiser, Jr., Rock House, Va.

"Ayer's Pills are in general demand among our customers. Our sales of them exceed those of all other pills combined. We have never known them fail to give entire satisfaction."—Wright & Hannelly, San Diego, Texas.

Ayer's Pills,

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

## THE FAMOUS "LITTLE BREECHES."

### The True Story of How the Name Was Applied to Governor Foraker.

It was during Ben Foraker's schoolboy days that the incident occurred whose relation in the newspapers years afterward won for him in his first gubernatorial campaign in 1883 the sobriquet of "Little Breeches."

One very busy summer when Ben was eight or nine years old and going to a summer school, his pants gave out. They had previously been patched by his industrious mother in the late evenings after Ben had gone to bed. But now they had given out beyond the possibility of any more patching.

The day this happened, while poor, blushing Benny was studying at school and trying as best he could to hide the rents in his pants, his loving mother was planning and contriving how she could rig him out with a new pair.

Her sister, Julia Scott, had come over that morning to help with the day's work. So Julia Scott and Maggie Foraker put their wits together to see what they could do in the matter of breeches for poor Benny.

"Haven't you any cloth at all in the house?" asked sister Julia Scott—"no old thing you could make over—no nothing?"

"No; nothing but that jeans in the loom, and I have no time to weave."

"Now, Maggie, just think," persisted Ben's sympathizing Aunt Julia, "haven't you any old bag that we could cut up?"

"Why, we bought a new sack of coffee when the men were coming to fix the dam. The coffee sack is double, and the inside sack is pretty good, strong stuff."

"Get it," said Aunt Julia, "and I'll help you make the breeches. We'll make it do somehow."

That night, when blushing and honest-hearted Benny came home from school, he was told that he would have a new pair of pants in the morning.

The next morning Ben put them on with some disappointment in his heart and countenance.

While his mother was putting up his dinner for him to carry to school Ben sidled up to her, and, with tears in his eyes, a tremble in his voice, and deep sorrow in his sensitive soul, said:

"Mother, I can't wear these breeches to school. All the boys and girls will laugh at me."

"Oh, never mind," said the cherry-voiced mother, kindly hiding a motherly sympathy that was paining her own heart. "Never mind. Let 'em laugh if they want to. You just study hard, and when you get to be a smart and learned man nobody will ask what kind of breeches you wore when you went to school."

So Benny went to school in his coffee-sack breeches and "let 'em laugh."—*Philadelphia News.*

### White Swelling.

Mr. M. S. Hamlin, one of the best known insurance men in North Carolina, writes from Winston, as follows: "Ever since I was seven years of age I have had what the doctors call hip disease, and which I call white swelling. My hip was drawn out of place. There was a swelling at the knee-joint, where there is a profuse running, which has been there for years. Of course this has greatly depleted my system, together with surgical operation on the leg bone. I tried every known blood purifier to build up my system, but none did me good until I took S. S. S. I use it every spring. It always builds me up, giving me appetite and digestion, and enables me to stand the long, trying, enervating, hot summer days. To me there is no such medicine for purifying the blood and building up the wasted system as S. S. S. On using it I soon became strong of body and easy of mind. My color changed from a pale, worn look to a healthy, robust complexion."

Mr. G. N. Frizzel, of Farmersville, Texas, writes: "About August 1st, 1865, an eruption appeared on my arms and legs, which pained me much and seemed to affect my physical condition generally. On the advice of a physician at this place, I finally commenced using Swift's Specific. I am glad to say that after using three large bottles the sores have all healed."

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC Co, Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

### The African Lion-Killer.

They have in the Melbourne gardens a creature they call the lion-killer, which I never saw in any other collection of animals. It is from the hot regions of Central Africa and will not live in Europe. It looks something like a bear and something like a monkey, but it is not a gorilla. It utters a low whine when it is hungry, and the moment that whine begins the lions begin to roar. They get terribly excited and stop eating. You cannot imagine the uproar that whine causes. This creature has short, muscular arms, and it would take up a heavy cog-wheel which had been put into the cage for it to play with, and all at once, when you are not thinking, it would throw that piece of iron, that you could hardly lift, against the bars or the top of the cage. It was the most ferocious creature I ever saw; it had small eyes set very close together, and they seemed to boil with rage.—*Atlanta Journal.*

### All He Had.

"What have you got in the shape of oranges?"

"Only round ones, sir!"—*Puck.*

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

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## MR. BLAINE'S REASONS

### FOR DECLINING THE NOMINATION.

### A Man of Many Superstitions—His Plans for the Future—An Amusing Story.

Brilliant in intellect as Mr. Blaine is, and strong and dominating as are his convictions, he has always been beset by certain superstitions, which he deplores, but cannot master. Alienists like Dr. Hammond will tell you that a superstitious nature by no means is the supplement of an ignorant one. Some of the ablest men in New York are controlled by superstitions. Jay Gould has two or three pet ones which he has confessed to his physician. A recent attorney general of the United States, and a minister to the court of St. James as well, believes that communication from the spirit land is possible, and that some were sent to him. This was Edwards Pierrepont. Even so technical and logical a mind as Senator Edmunds permits himself to be humbugged by the latest patent medicine, and Abraham Lincoln dreamed some dreams which he thought carried prophecies.

For years Blaine has never entered a dining-room without covering, with that wonderful quiet glance of his, the guests or plates, and if the number be thirteen he will not sit down until one has been sent from the table or one added. This is not hearsay. One of his nephews only a day or two ago mentioned this peculiarity.

Another of his superstitious convictions has arisen since 1876. He believes that the experience of Henry Clay is to be renewed in his own life, and the record of the past twelve years seems to justify that conviction. Clay was nominated for the Presidency when he could not win, and defeated for the nomination when the success of his party was assured.

Now it is pretty well understood by the family of Mr. Blaine that he is convinced that he can not be elected President. He doubted it when he was nominated in '84, and was really indifferent about receiving that nomination. He is convinced now that destiny stands between him and the White House, and this very largely influenced him in deciding to decline a renomination that was his without the asking. He is very anxious that

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY SHOULD WIN.

He has no resentments, no regrets. He will be for the nominee, whoever he is, but he has scarcely wavered since '84 in his determination not to be a candidate again.

In this he has had the cordial and earnest sympathy of his wife. Since the campaign of '84, which seems—so members of the family say—like a nightmare to her, and whose prostrating effect she felt far more than Blaine did, Mrs. Blaine has had but one mind about a repetition of that experience. She regards with horror, and has used all her persuading influence with her husband to expel any lingering longing to make the battle from his mind.

Then there is another reason. Mr. Blaine has discovered the exquisite delights of a life of leisure to a cultivated man, with opportunities to gratify the tastes of culture. The exhilarating and stimulating sense power, which is the reward of political achievement and the motive which impels to political success, has in his case entirely yielded to the keener, subtler, supreme relish that is to be found in books, congenial companionship, in the stage, of which he is passionately fond, and in the absolute independence of private life and station, with the resources of wealth at command.

These suggestions have been made twice by the nephew to whom reference was made above, and who feels that now that Blaine has spoken with decision that can no longer be doubted, some explanations can be made by those who are nearest and dearest to him.

It is possible also here to give some suggestion of Mr. Blaine's

PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

First of all, he intends to take an active part in the Republican campaign. He has told his family so, and they do not object. They believe that the excitement, unattended by personal worry and anxiety, of making a few speeches during the campaign will do him good, and he is really enthusiastic over the prospect of delivering some addresses on the issue of the canvass, and in support of his favorite doctrine of protection for its own sake. It is quite likely that Mr. Blaine will, after the canvass, spend the winter either in New York or Washington. He is fond of the companionship of men of wit, culture and achievement, and this he could not obtain in Augusta. He is also an intense lover of the theater, and especially of opera. In Europe he has always been on the alert for the best that the theater had to offer, and of his visitors he always asks what they regard the reigning attraction. His own family have long been aware that he has had a conviction that he would have made a name for himself had chance led him to the stage.

When in New York, unless kept away by engagement, he always spends his evening at the theater, and a first-class comic opera is a delight to them.

In the spring of '81, just before he became secretary of state, he was at the Fifth Avenue Hotel when a relative living in New York came in. Blaine had hardly shaken hands with him before he said:

"Look here, you know everything that's going on, what's the best thing at the theater?"

"Well, there is a new comic opera, Olivette."

"By all means let us hear Olivette," and he capered about like a boy who had been promised a vacation. Nobody ever heard that opera who enjoyed it more. He laughed, clapped, and was, as he said, "improperly uproarious," and the next evening, when he was supposed to be dining in dignity somewhere else, he had in fact lugged his family off and hidden them in a box to hear Olivette.

One of his relatives by marriage is a fine piano-player, and he never sees her, if a piano is near, without saying: "Come, my dear, let's have the 'Widow's Lament.'" By this title he designated the famous duet in Trovatore, which Azucena, the gypsy mother, and Maurico sing. And if the opera of "Trovatore" is to be sung anywhere within reaching distance of him, and it is possible for him to hear it, his money is taken at the ticket office.

Mr. J. S. Clarkson, a prominent newspaper man of Des Moines, Iowa, who was recently in New York, tells this

AMUSING STORY

about Blaine, which I believe has never yet appeared in print. Some years ago there was a railroad accident near the City of Des Moines, by which travel was delayed several days. Among the passengers who were compelled to lay over was Mr. Blaine. Being on friendly terms with the Clarksons, he at once repaired to their house, evidently determined to get as much fun out of his visit as possible. "Now," he says to Mrs. Clarkson, as he threw aside his greatcoat and rubbed his hands gleefully, "bring out your old songs and let's have a go at them off hand. Don't be afraid to put in all the old-fashioned buckwheat notes." The day was spent in riotous amusement, such as school children on a vacation might be expected to indulge in. After they had sung themselves hoarse, Mr. Blaine suggested a whistling match, and turning the backs of their chairs to each other they began to whistle different tunes with more zest than melody. He is a good whistler and easily carried off the honors.

Now he looks forward to a winter in which he can have a surfeit of theatrical pleasure, with plenty of good comic opera. Reports have been circulated that he intends to write another book, but if he has any such notion it is yet so misty that he has said nothing to his family about it.

One thing more that can not fail to be of interest, and that is his health. The cause of all the gossip can be stated in two words: It is Mr. Blaine himself. He is not ill. He has no organic disease, but—and this is just the point—he sometimes thinks he has. All the family recognize this weakness. He is singularly lacking in what is called nerve on this subject. An ache gives him the horrors. A shiver is often magnified into the approach of paralysis, and he has first and last imagined himself to be the victim of all the ills man is heir to. Young Walker Blaine expressed it exactly when he said that the only thing that ailed his father was his tendency to get into the dumps. If a friend, meeting him, says, "Why, Mr. Blaine, how well you look," he is cheered and delighted, and says with great animation: "I'm glad you think so. Do you, really?"

And if another should say, "Why, Mr. Blaine, you're not looking at all well, I hope nothing is the matter," his spirit runs down to the zero point at once. It is a peculiarity, and one by no means confined to Mr. Blaine among our busy men, but it is the peculiarity that has led to all the talk about his shattered health. His family understand it perfectly, and are careful to humor him, and so do such near friends as Mr. Elkins and Mr. Manley. Why, a few years ago, when he was shaken up a little one Sunday morning by a railroad accident to the Boston express, just above the Harlem river, he came to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, took to his bed, though he had not a scar or bruise, and in feeble tones pleaded with a very near friend to stay by him. He kept his bed three days and then got up as chipper and lively as a man could be and went off to attend a dinner party. He had been beset by the notion that he had an internal injury, and after three days he was laughed out of it.

These are some suggestions of interest given by a near relative, and some of them throw a new light upon one of the most remarkable and pre-eminent characters developed under our skies.

Blaine has always been a man of dramatic act and consequence. What more dramatic climax to a career packed with thrilling incident than the refusal of an honor that men struggle, and delve, and scheme, and agonize, and barter, and slave for, and which might have come without the putting out of his hand; and while the fourth of the great conventions where his name and personality are pre-eminent is being held he will be gloriously driving over the Scottish heath on the top of a tally-ho, content, healthy, happy and at peace.—*Washington correspondent St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

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Indigestion, Sleeplessness,
Nervous Prostration,
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## REPUBLICAN STUMBLING BLOCKS.

### Judge West, who Nominated Blaine Four Years ago, on his Two Letters.

Judge West, whose letter is given below, is the blind orator who nominated James G. Blaine four years ago:—

BELLEFOUNTAINE, O., June 11, 1888.

MR. PATRICK FORD:—

SIR—My remarks at the recent meeting at Springfield, Ohio, were only partially and imperfectly reported. This was their basis:—If the Republican party were in a position such that a nomination by it was equivalent to an election its convention might with indifference bestow the nomination on each of the distinguished candidates with confidence that it was a bestowing of the Presidency. But it is not in such position. The question confronting us, therefore, is not on whom of the distinguished Republicans named the party will graciously confer the Presidency, but who, of all Republicans, commands strength as a candidate sufficient to restore the Presidency to the party. In other words, who of Republicans can carry the election against the solid South and an intrenched army of occupation.

The electoral votes requisite to carry the election are 201. The Solid South casts 153 votes and is impregnable to reason or numbers. Its entire power, resources and contributions can and will be thrown into the north to obtain 48 additional electoral votes, which are all that are necessary to secure the success of the Democracy. New York casts 36 votes, New Jersey 9, Connecticut 6 and Indiana 15, or a total of 66, all of which in 1884 were cast for Cleveland, making a grand total of 219 votes, or 18 more than sufficient to elect.

The states voting for Mr. Blaine were the four Pacific states, casting 17 votes, and the fourteen Republican states East of the Pacific, casting 165 votes, making a grand total of 182 votes. It is obvious, therefore, that whatever Republican candidate can retain the 165 votes east of the Pacific states and can carry the 36 votes of New York, which together makes 201, will secure the Presidency. But without New York it is equally obvious that he must carry all the 17 votes of the Pacific states, the 15 votes of Indiana, and either the 9 votes of New Jersey or the 6 votes of Connecticut in addition, to secure success.

Who of the Republican candidates named can retain the 165 votes east of the Pacific states and also carry Indiana? "Harrison, Harrison," was responded. But Indiana alone is not sufficient, even with all the Pacific states. He must not only carry all these, but New York or New Jersey or Connecticut in addition. Who, then, can carry New York or New Jersey or Connecticut? "Blaine, Blaine," was vociferously responded. But suppose Blaine is an impossibility, who, then, can carry New York? "Depew," it was replied.

I observed that while the name of Mr. Blaine touches your hearts as that of none other can, you are Republicans desiring the success of the cause and of the party above that of any man. It has been said that the nomination of Judge Thurman as second on the Democratic ticket makes the nomination of Senator Sherman as first on the Republican ticket a necessity in order to save Ohio. Great Jupiter! If this be so, while the head of the Republican and the tail of the Democratic tickets are, like the bear and the lion in the fable, worrying each other over Ohio, what under the heavens will become of New York and New Jersey in the meantime? A voice: "Give us Blaine and the majority of Ohio will take care of itself."

You say well; and assurance comes that under the spell of his name, New York will do likewise. Others, it is said, are strong with the business and financial classes of New York. These are only a drop in the ocean compared with her fifteen hundred thousand electors whose votes make and defeat Presidents.

SOME EXPLANATIONS.

You ask me if the Florence and Paris letters of Mr. Blaine do not preclude his acceptance. I frankly answer I do not know, unless the influences which procured them to be written should urge their recall. I believe that but for the Ohio convention of last year at Toledo they would not have been written. Mr. Blaine could not afford to personally seek renomination, and therefore could not come before the National convention as a contestant. He could not afford to silently permit his friends with his knowledge to place him in the position of a contestant for the honor. The action of the Toledo convention, in declaring for Mr. Sherman a year in advance, was notice to Mr. Blaine that he must contest the field or abandon it; must either proclaim himself a candidate or notify his friends of his retirement. Hence his Florence letter, and still later his letter from Paris. I do not personally know this to be the case, as I have had no communication directly or indirectly with Mr. Blaine on political topics since 1884, but I think I sufficiently understand his generosity and magnanimity to affirm that if any of the distinguished candidates, personally or through his friends, gave Mr. Blaine to understand that he desired to but would not be a candidate if Mr. Blaine wished renomination, he could not nor would discourage the applicant by personally proclaiming his own candidacy. He would doubtless say he preferred not to be a candidate.

The foregoing opinion expressed at Springfield is confirmed by an interview of ex-Governor Foster at New York, appearing in the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* of the 10th inst.: "Governor Foster started for his home this evening. Before going he said: 'I regard Senator Sherman's prospects as splendid—indeed, I think he will be nominated. I am aware, of course, that there are dangers in the way, because he is the leading candidate, but I do not think they will defeat him. He has been prudent in all things in his attitude as to the nomination, and especially toward Mr. Blaine. He sent word to Mr. Blaine, through Mr. Halstead, that he would not be a candidate for the nomination against him.'" Mr. Blaine sailed for Europe in the spring of 1887, where he was joined by Mr. Halstead a few days later. The Toledo convention immediately followed. The world can form its own opinion as to how the Florence and Paris letters came to be written.

In this centennial of the election of the first President of the Republic the nomination of its first citizen to be the successor of Washington would be an inspiration, and his election an auspicious opening and crowing glory of the second century. Will it, can it be? The obligation of honor implied in the interview of Governor Foster, and now wielded to cloud the hopes and paralyze the efforts of millions, may prevent it. Very truly, &c.,

W. H. WEST.

Rev. Dr. J. L. Coleman, who has just been elected bishop of Delaware, comes of an emphatically clerical family. His father, his brother and his son are clergymen.

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### Impressions of a Lady.

"Well, captain, how were you pleased with the lady?"

"To speak frankly, I was somewhat disappointed."

"How so?"

"They said she was intellectual, but I talked with her half an hour and she did not open her mouth once."

"You are mistaken there, captain. She yawned six or eight times."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

### He Mastered the Lesson.

Parson W—— was trying to explain to little Charlie the motion of the earth on its axis, and was illustrating it by holding a ball between his finger and thumb and turning it with a stick. Charlie regarded him attentively for a moment, then said: "Oh, yes, papa; I know now. That's the way the Lord turns the world 'round with a stick!"—*Youth's Companion.*

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THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1888.

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### WE WANT CAMPAIGN AGENTS.

We offer better terms than any other paper for campaign subscribers to the BLADE. Those who wish to make a neat sum with but little exertion are requested to write to use at once for agents' terms for campaign subscriptions. Send also a list of names of persons to whom we may mail sample copies.

### THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION AND THE RUM QUESTION.

Some surprise has been expressed that the committee on Resolutions of the Republican national convention at Chicago incorporated into the platform no utterance on the Rum question. It may not be uninteresting to the BLADE's readers to have the reasons for this action, or rather lack of action. It was from no feeling of friendliness to the Rum Power, nor because of any appeal on the part of its supporters to the committee. No liquor organization wastes any efforts in preparing memorials to a Republican convention, asking for a plank in its platform favoring the accursed traffic in any way. The attitude of the great mass of the voters of the party is too well known to be hostile to it.

There were, among the shoal of petitions, memorials, requests, etc., on every conceivable topic under the sun that can be placed in a political platform, many urging this or that stand to be taken upon the Rum question. There were requests that a prohibitory plank should be inserted; that the party should be pledged to high license; that the anti-saloon position should be accepted as that of the party; and many other propositions, varying widely in their provisions, but all expressing a greater or less degree of hostility to the Rum traffic. The wide variance of views which prevails among the the enemies of Rum had fullest expression in the recommendations made to the committee.

Which of these positions could have been adopted which would have been acceptable to all individuals who make up the great army of voters in the national Republican party? When confronted by the task of making such selection, any intelligent Republican will be impressed with its entire hopelessness. There are states and territories in which a prohibitory plank would be welcomed; there are others in which a high license declaration would be in consonance with the attitude of the Republican party therein; there are others in which local option would prove acceptable; and yet others in which hostility to the saloon would have gratified the Republican voters. Yet, any one of these propositions would have been strongly opposed by the Republicans of those states wherein other forms of dealing with the rum question have been adopted by the people.

It is clear that, while the tendency of all liquor legislation must of necessity be in the direction of ultimate Prohibition—for each step in the way of control and restriction of the traffic but educates popular sentiment up to the level of more stringent and more effective legal enactments against this giant evil—yet differing methods are favored of dealing with the traffic in the various states. Each prefers to travel by a different road toward the common goal. These varying attitudes of the people of different sections can not at present be harmonized sufficiently for the party to have a national plan of procedure. There is no common ground, acceptable to all.

Why, then, should the national convention of the Republican party attempt that which is clearly not feasible? The matter of dealing with the Rum traffic is largely non-partisan. Where it has been taken up by a political party, it has been simply as a state matter, without reference to the party attitude in other sections of the country. The manner of handling it varies as widely as do those affecting any other subject of state polity. And if there is yet no common meeting-ground for the varying views entertained by the party in the different states, why mention the subject at all? A resolution which would mean nothing, which, in the present state of public feeling could mean nothing, has no place in a national, nor in fact in any other platform.

The consideration which had most weight with the Resolutions committee was, however, the fact that public attention is absorbed utterly in the tariff issue. Whatever else may be embodied in political platforms this year, the bulk of the people will give no attention to any save that of the economic policy of the nation. Though there are, of course, other planks in both national platforms, yet in both cases those which do not touch the tariff are mere expressions of the well-known policy of the party in the past or special applications thereof to minor events which have arisen. There is not one of them that could provoke the slightest controversy in the party ranks.

That the authoritative introduction of a new issue into the national platform would breed dissension is a well understood fact. A platform is but the expression of the views held in common by a large number of people. As is shown above, there is no such agreement of opinion on methods of dealing with the Rum traffic in the Republican party, nor among the people of all parties in all the states. An utterance on the matter could only alienate voters who have decided views on the matter, where these views did not coincide with the national plank on the subject, and thus imperil the chances of success on the one issue which is the turning point of the battle; while upon the voters who have as yet taken no decided stand it would have no effect, one way or the other. They would simply give it no attention.

The liquor question will, however, not lose one iota of its importance by thus being left to the people themselves. The advance that has marked the past quadrennium will not be lost, the onward march of public sentiment against the Rum traffic will not be impeded. It is better that it shall not be made a party question. That there are a numerous section of voters of both parties who have never given the matter the attention it demands, is unfortunately true. For one party to take a national stand upon it, is simply to throw into the ranks of the supporters of the Rum Power all of this class of voters who are members of the opposite party, as well as to drive out all those who favor a different solution of the question. While it is true that the work of interesting the indifferent, and turning their neutrality into opposition to the Rum Power, proceeds all too slowly for those who realize the magnitude of the evil, it is also to be remembered that the progress of all great moral reforms is a slow one, for human nature is conservative. The true plan is to excite no antagonisms among those who now stand indifferent, but by unceasing energy to win them, irrespective of political affiliations, to the ranks of the already great multitude who are doing all in their power to

*Pulverize the Rum Power.*

### THE STANLEY EXPEDITION.

Although it is not necessary yet to give up all hope that STANLEY has not perished, yet the lapse of time since he was heard from renders the premonitions of evil stronger. He expected to reach Wadelai during last October, but absolutely no tidings which can be depended upon have been received since last July.

The corroborative proof of the rumors in France and Belgeum, also in England, of his death, lies in the intelligence received in Paris that the families of his native escort were in mourning. This, however, is not confirmed. Yet the fact that his venture was full of peril, and that so long a time has elapsed since he started from the Upper Congo, must cause grave apprehensions.

If disaster has arrived to the expedition it is doubtless, through the treachery of TIPPOO TIB, who was made his ally last year by an arrangement proposed by Mr. STANLEY. TIPPOO TIB accepted the office of Governor at Stanley Falls, which, with other large bribes, was the price of his support. He was to defend the station against the Arabs and blacks, and was to supply 600 carriers for Mr. STANLEY, and also transport EMIN's large stock of ivory to the Congo. He was, besides, to send provisions to the expedition while it was on the march to the Upper Arnwimi.

It is easy to see that any failure to carry out this agreement would bring disaster. It is possible that this slave-trader believed that he could do better in the slave trade which he had agreed to abstain from while at Stanley Falls, than in fulfilling his contract. In this case treachery may have accomplished what could not probably be done in any other day. At any rate it is likely that something will be known upon the arrival in London of dispatches from the little garrison at the mouth of the Aruwimi.

### SEND FOR CAMPAIGN TERMS.

We want to have every Republican voter in the country on our subscription lists for the coming Presidential campaign. Our terms to agents are so liberal that they can find no difficulty in getting every one to subscribe. Send for agents' campaign terms, and also a list of names to whom we may mail sample copies.

THE very important question of whether ALLEN G. THURMAN will support CLEVELAND for a second term, is asked by the New York *Tribune*. Should he do so, he will have to go back upon one of his most emphatic utterances, one made when he was possessed of the "full maturity of his powers." In a public speech at Columbus, in 1872, he declared, speaking to his audience:

"My friends, you will never have any genuine reform in the Civil Service until you adopt the One-Term principle in reference to the Presidency. So long as the incumbent can hope for a second term, he will use the immense patronage of the government to procure his renomination and secure his re-election. * * * In public as in private affairs, experience is constantly developing truths that cannot with safety be overlooked, It has developed the fact that the One-Term principle is essential to purity in the civil administration of the Republic. I repeat, until that principle be adopted and acted upon, you will have no genuine reform."

That is emphatic. It cannot be mistaken. Has Mr. THURMAN changed his convictions?

THE pastor of the Pilgrim Congregational church, New York, Rev. Dr. S. H. VIRGIN, denounces in vigorous and sarcastic language the Salvation Army, his text being "Let all things be done decently." While there are many objections to be urged against the methods of the Salvation Army, it cannot be denied that a great good has been accomplished by the organization in England, where their field has been among a low and degraded class, the like of which cannot be found in this country. From this class many a man and woman have been brought to a better life, and only through the agency of the Salvation Army. This country, however, has not taken kindly to the "salvation lassies," and probably will not until society reaches a state similar to that of England, something that this generation will not see.

SOME very interesting facts in regard to National Republican conventions, are given in yesterday's *Inter-Ocean*. The longest one ever held was in 1880. JOHN C. FREMONT was nominated in 1856 upon the second ballot. In 1860, LINCOLN was declared the choice on the third, and in 1864, he was nominated upon the first. In 1868, Gen. GRANT was nominated unanimously, and in 1872, upon the first ballot. In 1876, seven ballots were necessary before HAYES was nominated. Thirty-six ballots were taken in 1880 before GARFIELD was chosen, but in 1884, four ballots resulted in nominating BLAINE.

CLEVELAND is killing his own party. A gentleman in Kentucky wrote to a friend before the St. Louis convention as follows: "I was raised a Jackson Democrat, have voted for ten Presidents, and never voted for a Republican President in all my life, but if the Democrats adopt CLEVELAND's views on the tariff question at St. Louis, I shall certainly vote for a Republican this time. I am one of those farmers that the Mills bill is trying to help along by making wool, sugar, hemp and flax free. I say the farmers are not looking at it in that light in this section, and next November's election will show it."

THERE is a chance for GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS to immortalize himself in showing how mistaken is the charge against the present Democratic administration made in the Republican platform—if he can. It reads: "We charge that the present administration and the Democratic majority in Congress owe their existence to the suppression of the ballot by a criminal nullification of the constitution and laws of the United States.

CHICAGO has an important lesson to learn, says the *Mail*, before it can arrive at the distinction of being the one only and perfect convention city, and that is the cultivation of a spirit of fairness in the treatment of its guests. A good many people who have gone home with collapsed pocketbooks will most cordially assent to this proposition.

In 1861 the attack was upon the armies of the nation; in 1888 it is upon the industries of the country.—*Permanent Chairman Estee's Speech.*

Just so. With factories for forts, patriotism for powder and ballots for bullets the British attack will be repelled as it was in 1781 and 1812, and the Democratic foes of nationality as they were in 1865.

The cowardly and un-American foreign policy of the Democratic administration receives the universal contempt of foreign people and humiliates our own.—*Permanent Chairman Estee's Speech.*

True one time—Mexico; true twice—Canada; true three times—Peru; true four times—Morocco.

THERE was a gain in gross earnings on 109 railroads in May, as compared with those of the same roads in May, 1887, of 5.66 per cent. The gain in April was about 3¼ per cent. This speaks well for business prospects.

### HARRISON, MORTON AND VICTORY.

The convention that has just closed its work at Chicago will ever be a memorable one in the annals of Republicanism. It was a representative gathering of men high in the councils of the party, men with a common aim in view, the framing of a platform that would best express the principles of the party, and the selection of the best men to represent those principles in the great struggle that will receive the closest attention of all classes from now until November.

Their work was well done. There was no hasty action. The convention was a deliberative body and mere enthusiasm was not allowed to take the place of sound judgment. The result of this was the unanimous adoption of a platform upon which every true Republican can stand firm as a rock; a platform in which there is not one weak plank; a platform upon which the Republican party can, and will meet the hosts of Democracy and encompass their overthrow.

The platform is a document that will prove a formidable weapon in the hands of the voters who believe in the upholding of American interests, as against the interests of any other nation in the world. There is no clap-trap nor demagoguery about it. It is so plain and simple that any one can understand it, and it enunciates the principles of the party so clearly and so distinctly that there can be no mistakes. Truly the convention did well in the framing of the platform.

The work of making a presidential ticket was just as well done. It showed that careful deliberation, from the very start, that precluded the possibility of mistake, and the result is the selection of men eminently fitted in every way to make a triumphant fight this fall for the success of those principles which the Republicans believe, honestly and sincerely, are for the best interests of this great nation.

There were at first, as was only to be expected, differences of opinion as to which of the numerous excellent candidates presented would command the greatest following. There was no question as to the Republicanism of any one of the candidates. Any one of them would have represented the principles of the party and represented them well. Any one of them would have made a leader who would have been a tower of strength.

Where there were so many men so eminently fitted for the position, the selection of BENJAMIN HARRISON, of Indiana, showed that the convention acted with due deliberation, and with a commendable appreciation of the responsibility attaching to its choice. That the choice was a wise one the people of America will demonstrate most unmistakably at the polls next November.

The next President is a man peculiarly fitted to preside over the destinies of the greatest nation on earth. He is a man in whom the people, the real power of the land, may have the utmost confidence. He is a man around whom all classes will rally, in whom all differences of opinion will be adjusted, on whom will be set the seal of popular approval. He is a man of the people and for the people.

BENJAMIN HARRISON comes from good stock, and he himself is good stock. His Republicanism is not, never has been questioned. And he is an American Republican. His record as a statesman is without blemish. There will be no apologies to make, nothing to explain away. He is a plain, straight forward man, a typical representative of the brainy, energetic American. His army record is one of which the soldiers are proud, his private and public life has no taint, in short he is just such an honorable, high-minded man as one would expect whose grandfather was the ninth President of the United States, and whose great-grandfather was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The great-grandson will release us from the tyranny of British manufacturers, just as his ancestor did from the tyranny of English Kings.

To sum up briefly, the Republican party this year, has as its Presidential candidate, a man who will lead its hosts to certain victory. He stands right on the great question of the day, protection to American industries, and with the battle cry of "Harrison and protection," the great wave of sucess will take its rise in the grand old state of Maine and sweep across the country in ever increasing volume, to the glorious state of California, whose delegates in the convention led the change that nominated Indiana's favorite son and made him the favorite son of the whole nation.

Equally wise was the action of the convention in selecting for Vice President, the Hon. LEVI P. MORTON, of New York, a man of mark, not only in state, but in national, politics. He has served in Congress with credit to himself and to the great state he represented. He is a firm believer in American wages for American laborers, and his voice is ever for the protection of American industries.

With such a platform, with such nominees, there is no reason why the Republican party should not be gloriously triumphant this fall. "Harrison, Morton and Protection" is the watchword that will carry dismay into the hearts of the Democracy; it is the battle cry that will drown the blast of the old bandana; it will rally the old members of the grand old party and enthuse the young members, and both together will march to the polls in a solid phalanx to place in power the two men who represent the idea that America is for Americans, BENJAMIN HARRISON, of Indiana and LEVI P. MORTON, of New York.

### BLADE PORTRAIT OF HARRISON.

Our portrait of the Republican candidate for President, will be ready for mailing to subscribers in about two weeks. It will be printed on sheets of fine engraving paper, size 19x24, uniform with the line of portraits heretofore issued by the BLADE. No pains or expense will be spared to make this the best portrait of our future President. We shall not offer it for sale, but will announce a week or two later the terms upon which they will be presented to our subscribers.

EMIGRATION statistics from Great Britain makes it evident to anybody that free trade is not a success. The following showing is from the official report of the Board of New York:

| | Total No. of passengers. | Passengers of British and Irish origin only. |
|---|---|---|
| No. of emigrants in '88 | 396,494 | 281,487 |
| No. of immigrants in '87 | 119,013 | 85,475 |
| Excess of emigrants in 1887 | 277,481 | 196,012 |
| Corresponding excess in 1886 | 221,922 | 152,882 |
| Corresponding excess in 1885 | 150,836 | 122,170 |

Facts are stronger than theories.

THE platform upon which the Republicans will do battle from now until the great victory in November contains one plank that will disgust the Democrats, and will be used by them to wage the war against the election of the nominee at Chicago. That plank is the one in favor of the state or nation or both combined, supporting free institutions of learning. That's just what the Democracy does not want. Intelligence and Democracy don't pull well together. The Solid South would not be so solid with its ratio of illateracy reduced.

THE Republican party, through its platform, congratulates its fellow Americans of Brazil upon their great act of emancipation.

### THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

The platform adopted with such enthusiasm at Chicago, is a document that will commend itself to every intelligent voter. It enunciates the great principles of the Republican party clearly, forcibly and fearlessly. There is no uncertainty, no juggling with words, no hidden or ambiguous meanings. It is a straightforward declaration of principles that admits of but one interpretation; a square-toed statement of the issues at stake, and an unmistakable avowal of hostility to double-dealing, deceit and political sham.

The platform discusses all the leading questions of the hour in that cool, unimpassioned, statesman-like manner that carries conviction, and its reasons for the positions taken are so clear-cut, so logical and so thoroughly in keeping with the history of Republicanism in the past, as to admit of no refutation. That these positions are sound, that they ably express the views of the great majority of Republicans, there is not the slightest question. They are the condensation of all that is great in Republicanism, the concentration of the best thought of the party.

There is no uncertain ring on the question of protection to American industries. The platform unequivocally declares in favor of the American system of protection. It says that the Republicans protest against the destruction of that system by the President and his friends; while they serve the interests of Europe, we will support the interests of America. The protective system must be maintained. There is no mistaking that utterance—the protective system must be maintained, and, mark the prediction, the voters of this land who believe in America as against all other countries, will see to it at the polls next November, that this system shall be maintained.

It is needless, at this time, to go over the platform, plank by plank, to commend the sound, practical, common-sense displayed in each and every one of them, or to enlarge upon the condemnation of the Democratic proposition to place wool on the free list. We can only briefly acquiesce in the declaration of hostility to the introduction of foreign contract labor; in the opposition to trusts; in the admission of the territories; in the stamping out of polygamy; in the reduction of letter postage to one cent per ounce; to the building up of the marine, rebuilding the navy; to the use of both gold and silver as money; to the reform of the civil service and to the fulfillment the pledges made to the soldiers.

The platform in its entirety is commended to the careful, thoughtful consideration of every man who has the best interests of his country at heart. It is especially recommended to the young men of the land who are just coming on the field of politics. They will nowhere find a better statement of the beliefs of the greatest of all political parties. From this time on the BLADE will devote its best energies to a thorough discussion of these principles, and to a bold, aggressive fight to elect the nominee of Chicago, the man who, by standing squarely upon this platform, will be the best representative of the greatest government on earth.

SHOULD the amendment adopted by the House of Reprepsentatives a day or two ago pass the Senate, work will be stopped upon the National Library building at Washington. There seems to have been bad management somewhere, since thousands of dollars have been already expended upon what is declared a hole in the ground, while in the debate it was stated that it would cost $10,000,000 to complete the building. The provision being only $3,000,000, the step was taken of dissolving the present commission and abandoning their plan. It is a great pity, as the building, everybody knows, is needed as soon as it can be built.

THE principle of protection to American industries and American labor, laid down by JAMES G. BLAINE with such clearness and wonderful force in his Florence letter will be the watchword of the mechanics and laborers of America next November, and we shall have the action of Oregon duplicated in all the great industrial states of the North. Oregon is an agricultural state, and her verdict for protection shows that the farmer is right upon the overshadowing public question of the day. Protection won in that state, and the Republican party shares in the glory as the exponent of that doctrine.

POOR THURMAN! Somebody has been studdying up the matter, and now his party is disposed to look upon him as the unlucky "thirteenth" who may outweigh CLEVELAND's good luck. This is the way it is: He was born November 13, 1813. He was nominated on June 7 and expects to be elected on November 6. Seven plus six equals thirteen. In the expression "The red bandana" there are thirteen letters, and there are thirteen letters in the title Vice President. How unfortunate!

THE Boston *Herald* remarks upon the fact that the young woman who took the degree of bachelor of arts the other day at Columbia College is the first of her sex to receive that honor from Columbia in all the 134 years of the existence of the institution. The graduating class numbered 97 young men and only this one young woman. She must have felt a little lonesome at times during her college career, but now that she has ceased to be a spinster, and become a bachelor, she ought to be happy.

THE Duke of Marlborough says that that there is usually an entire absence of a definite issue in the political campaigns of the United States. He is quite right, though his remarks will not apply to the one we are about to enter upon. To be sure there is not a very clear understanding of the questions of Protection and Free Trade among all classes, but they will be understood better before November.

INGERSOLL was once a potent name to conjure by in Republican conventions, says the Chicago *News*, but it is a fact worthy of notice that yesterday half the the people in the house thought it was INGALLS, the Kansas City fire-eater, who was wanted for a speech, and the significant feature of it was that when FORAKER's name was mentioned INGERSOLL's glory was as yesterday, when it is past and gone.

A GOOD deal of interest has been aroused in the system of electric light signals at sea. They have recently been adopted by the German and Italian navies, and there is no doubt but that it is an excellent thing. Long messages can be spelled out and easily understood, and systematized thoroughly by all nations, the safety of navigation would be greatly enhanced.

PUBLIC sentiment in Great Britain has so changed within a short time past, that it is claimed a general election would now give GLADSTONE a majority of 130 in the House of Commons. Unfortunately, four years must elapse before that occurs, long enough for it to veer around two or three times.

THE appearance of FRED. DOUGLASS upon the platform at Convention Hall, was greeted with the heartiest enthusiasm. With FREMONT he formed a link between the present and the past, the meaning of which the Republican party can not fail to read.

NEW YORK politicians are scared, and believe that "CLEVELAND's luck" is on the wane, since the *Sun* is supporting him at last.

### O'BRIEN'S TROUBLE.

A sad story is told by a delegate from Minnessota to Mr. CLEVELAND's convention at St. Louis, a very sad story. It was Mr. O'BRIEN, from St. Paul. It seems that he was sent there with a resolution which he and his Irish-American friends wanted incorporated in the platform. Mr. WATTERSON sat down upon it. Mr. GORMAN did likewise, and there was nothing left of the resolution.

It read as follows:

A just consideration of the interests of our foreign-born citizens requires that the extradition treaty now pending in the senate between the United States and Great Britain be carefully revised, so that no person shall be surrendered thereunder except for crimes named in said treaty, and that its provisions shall in no wise apply to agrarian or political offenses.

It would be supposed that regard for the feelings of their friends would have caused this resolution to receive careful consideration, but WATTERSON and GORMAN were running that convention, and they were bound to run it in their own way. And this is the history of O'BRIEN's venture:

First he was told it had been indorsed and approved; next that Mr. WATTERSON had lost it; next that another embodying the same sentiment had been drawn up and left for incorporation. Then with his own eyes he saw a pencil memorandum upon it, when brought to the Minnesota delegation, in these cabalistic words, "Not To Be Passed," and signed by WATTERSON and GORMAN.

Mr. O'BRIEN did not propose to be "passed" that way; not he. So he gave notice that he should appeal to the convention. Now whether Mr. O'BRIEN has been long in the Democratic party or not, is not certain, but presumably not, otherwise he would have made himself so numerous that he would have succeeded in catching Chairman COLLIN's eyes. As it was, he failed utterly, and then learned afterwards that GORMAN had instructed COLLINS that Mr. O'BRIEN, of Minnesota, was not to be recognized.

Now, Mr. O'BRIEN and his friends are very indignant, as they naturally would be. Mr. O'BRIEN is in a fighting mood. He is belligerent from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. This is what he says:

I want every citizen of the United States to learn that, owing to Watterson and Gorman, and the concurrent obedience to orders from them by Chairman Collins, the members of the Democratic national convention were unable to express their views on the most important extradition treaty that has ever been proposed between Great Britain and the United States, and my countrymen were denied the opportunity of appealing to their American fellow citizens in their present struggle for liberty.

The funny part of the whole thing is the innocence of Delegate O'BRIEN in imagining that the platform was to be made at St. Louis. "I brought out that platform myself," said Colonel and Millionaire SCOTT at the Southern Hotel after the convention adjourned. "Not the crossing of a *t*, not the dotting of an *i* was chunged. It was adopted just as it was approved by the President." And it was GROVER CLEVELAND's administration that negotiated the extradition treaty which was the subject of the resolution. Of course the latter could not get into the platform.

Now what are the Irish-Americans going to do about it? Go right on and vote for a man who cares no more for their interests outside of his own, than he does for a last year's bird nest? Or will they turn to the party whose efforts have always been in the direction of aid to struggles for freedom everywhere?

### OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

On the fifth page of this issue we announce ten portraits of eminent people, which we have ourselves published in order to supply our readers with excellent work of art at a moderate price. Every one of these portraits are worthy of a place on the walls of any home, whether that home be a cottage or a mansion. We have thus far sold nearly 100,000 of these portraits, and the demand is unabated. Among our latest publications, are Rev. Dr. TALMAGE and ROBERT LINCOLN. We soon hope to announce ABRAHAM LINCOLN and others. "Christ Before Pilate," although not of our own publication, is a very excellent engraving. Never before was so good an engraving sold for 25 cents. It is having a remarkable sale.

A VERY large amount of railroad building is going on in this country the present year, although it has been called one of depression in the way of railway construction. The new lines are in California, Georgia and Alabama, and there is much activity in laying tracks throughout Missouri, Kansas, Kentucky, Tennessee and Texas.

LORD SALISBURY is doing his best to galvanize the House of Lords into life again. He has introduced a measure that not more than three life peers shall be appointed yearly. These peers are to be drawn from the judges of the Superior courts, rear-admirals, major-generals, ambassadors, etc. The Queen can at her pleasure appoint two others.

GOVERNOR FORAKER's ringing speech in seconding the nomination of SHERMAN called forth a storm of enthusiasm. There was no uncertain sound in his utterances, not a word which was not sincere and honest. No one can justly charge him with any half-hearted efforts to insure victory for the banner he waves.

THE New York *Times* is exerting itself to get the 50,000 bicyclers in the United States in line to vote for Democracy and free trade. Great work that, but the probabilities are that the free American will not be induced to vote against his own interests in order to get free English bicycles.

"JUST and equal representation of all the people," is the foundation of our Republican government, and the Republican party demands "effective legislation to secure the integrity and purity of elections, which are the fountains of all public authority."

DENUNCIATION, pure and simple, is given the Mills bill, in the Republican platform, and the condemnation of the proposition of the Democracy to put wool on the free list will meet the heartiest approval.

WHAT a touching tribute is that in the preamble of the platform to the memory of the later leaders who have been recently called away—GRANT, GARFIELD, ARTHUR, LOGAN and CONKLING.

IT reads curiously in a Southern paper, that it will continue to urge upon the people to make their fruit a source of income. Northern farmers do not need to be jogged in that way.

THE states of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Indiana went Democratic in 1884 by very meager majorities. Judicious work will, this year, give them to the Republican party.

A LEADING Kentucky Democrat says: "Every time I pronounce CLEVELAND's name my mouth tastes bitter." It will be bitterness past endurance before the campaign is over.

PROTECTION is the only issue recognized by the Republican party. How deeply its importance is felt, is shown by the enthusiasm its mention has called forth in the convention.

THE passage of a bill providing for an International Marine Conference is now certain. Its object is to devise means for increasing the safety of life and property at sea.

PROTECTION and down with Trusts! That is it!

**THE BLADE** is the only political weekly newspaper of the United States of national circulation—it reaching every state and territory—a thing which can be said of no other Republican paper. The coming Presidential campaign will be of intense interest, because it will hinge on the Tariff issue. The BLADE stands squarely for the economic policy which has, in the period since the close of the war, quadrupled the wealth of the nation, rendered us industrially independent of all other people, enormously extended the home markets for our farmers, thus fostering the enormous extension of our agriculture and largely increasing the absolute value of the farms of the nation, against the suicidal policy favored by President CLEVELAND in his annual message and formulated in the Mills free trade bill now before Congress. The BLADE will not only heartily support the nominee of the Chicago convention, but will make a special feature of the great issue on which the campaign will turn. To this end, we shall begin, in a few weeks, the publication of a "TARIFF PRIMER," which will explain the matter of Protection vs. Free Trade in a manner so plain that the young voter need not err. We shall aim to make the BLADE a great Political Educator for the people. Hence every Republican should endeavor to place it, for the campaign, in the hands of every voter in his town or township or school district. Send for our campaign terms. We will furnish it so that campaign subscribers will obtain it at the lowest rate ever given by a first-class newspaper. We want an agent at every Postoffice in this country, who will work to give us a grand campaign list. We had 200,000 names on our list during the battle of 1884, and we want 300,000 this year. Our terms to agents for this purpose are so liberal that they will have no difficulty in obtaining clubs of 100 or more in a single day. Send us lists of names of persons to whom we may send specimen copies. Write NOW for agents' campaign terms. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

**FOR THE CAMPAIGN! SEND FOR CAMPAIGN TERMS.**

### COLONEL INGERSOLL'S SPEECH.

Colonel INGERSOLL undoubtedly made a mistake in turning his eloquent speech into a boom for his favorite, because that turn detracted from the force of all that he had so strongly said in regard to the present great issue before the public. He spoke in the strongest terms against a policy which would reduce this country to a place for the raising simply of raw materials for other countries to manufacture. The people of such a country are always ignorant and poor, and this is the condition that those who vote for free trade would bring the United States. No wonder that the English political journals are all aglow with enthusiastic praise for the Democratic party, which would destroy home manufactures and encourage foreign.

Col. INGERSOLL believes in protecton, because it encourages alike manufacture and agriculture; because it diversifies industry, and develops American brain; because it gives us better clothes and food, better schools, and better homes than are in any other country enjoyed; because under that policy we are the richest, most enterprising, most intelligent nation on the globe.

THE claim made by the Chicago *Tribune* that the platform recommends free whisky is absolutely false. What it does recommend is the repeal of taxes upon spirits used in the arts and for mechanical purposes. Whisky is not one of that kind. But the *Tribune* is not the only one who makes this charge. The Louisville *Courier-Journal* reads the paragraph the same way. Curious that these two should look out of the same eyes. "What one wants to see, etc."

THERE has been a woful lack of enthusiasm among the Democrats over the Presidential ticket. Such ratification meetings as have been held were tame and spiritless affairs. Is this general apathy a foreshadowing of what is to come next November?

THERE are 5,000 Republican clubs in the United States, 4,000 of which are represented at Chicago. Delegates from each state league held a general conference, not to select a candidate, but to consult upon measures for the conduct of the campaign.

THE Maine Democrats are exerting every nerve to carry the state in the election for governor in September. They have put up a strong candidate, and the Prohibitionists have also a popular one, so the two parties together will work against the Republicans.

NEXT Thursday President CLEVELAND will receive at the White House the committee appointed at St. Louis to notify him of his re-nomination. He will be much more interested in the unofficial report of the nomination at Chicago.

ALLEN G. THURMAN never made a speech against secession and slavery, and during the war he never attempted to help the Union cause but gave his sympathy to the Southern traitors.

MR. GLADSTONE is receiving from the bracing constituencies of Scotland the very tonic he needs to prolong his life and to enable him to "dish" both Whigs and Tories in the end.

ACCORDING to the present appearances, says the New York *Tribune*, it will not be many days before Democrats will begin to speak of their national ticket as THURMAN & Co.

"THE protective system must be maintained," will be the battle cry that will lead the Republican party on to victory this fall.

AMERICANISM is a delightfullly refreshing feature of the platform. Its patriotism is superb in its glow and eloquence. It believes in America for Americans.

TICKETS for seats in the Chicago convention sold as high as a hundred dollars apiece. And this with the thermometer in the nineties!

MR. DEPEW does not understand why the West holds such a prejudice against him. One fact explains it. He is a Vanderbilt representative.

AUSTRIA is doubtful whether the triple alliance will be maintained now that there is another change of sovereign in Germany.

MARSHALL P. WILDER says that a Mugwump is one who goes through life making faces at everybody, and he is about right, too.

WHERE, oh, where is ye mugwump that his voice is no more heard in the land? Has he become only a reminiscence?

PROTECTION or Free Trade—Which? We are not afraid to guess.

### "NOT A DEAD ISSUE."

It has been long since the voice of ANNA DICKINSON, who was, in the most critical period of the nation's history, such a wonderful power in stirring men's hearts to enthusiasm for their country's good, has been heard in regard to the political situation, but she has well earned the right to be listened to when she does speak, with most earnest and respectful attention.

Within the last few days, while in New York, the editor of the *Press*, of that city, asked her opinion upon some of the important questions of the day. Her answer showed that she had not lost her old-time keen judgment of men and things nor her deep feeling about the Republican party and its responsibility for the future of the nation. She believes that its duty lies in the direction of securing for the Southern negro his political rights as a free citizen, and scouts at the idea that this is a dead issue.

The Republican party, she says, was born of a protest of the human conscience. It had a material body seeking material ends, but a moral idea was its soul and its impelling force. However other parties may be able to win and hold power, the way to success for this one is an aggressive fight "on the line of a combine—God's truth and this world's expediency," and this line at present she feels is justice to the black man.

Miss DICKINSON never hesitates for words, strong, cutting words, when discussing a subject which is vital to her sense of right. She tells in this case facts that are patent to everybody and yet which have been put aside or passed over with nothing more than a protest. She says:

"It is a good thing for people to mete out justice in a just cause before they are 'magnanimously' generous to an evil one. The fashion of the day has been, and is, to talk of the love feast that is spread between old foes, till at last we of the North and they of the South are doing what our forefathers did 30 years ago—grasping hands across the prostrate body of the negro—and our pride of race and insolent disdain of the 'darkey' have brought us to embrace as 'men and brethren,' well beloved and honorable, those whom elsewhere and under other conditions we would denounce as robbers and murderers—robbers of the rights of their fellows, and murderers of the real life of their government and motherland.

"Unjust? Overdrawn? No. The states of Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Mississippi and North Carolina have hardly 6,500,000 people, yet the sum of their Congressional delegation—37—was elected by 192,000 votes. Enough to return, north of the line, a dozen members of Congress! Georgia sends ten members to Congress—Democratic members—and its aggregate vote for these ten Democratic members was 28,075—10,000 less than were cast in one Congressional district in the Northern state of Michigan.

She goes to say that the "war" is over; the "war" is done, but the other and newer war is bassed upon the straight provision of the constitution that declares "Congress shall guarantee to every state a Republican form of government."

There is not the semblance of such a thing in a solitary gulf state. There is no need to argue that point. The North knows it. The South, without effort at concealment or denial, acknowledges it and glories in its shame, and the result is that today the 10,000,000 of whites of the South govern the 40,000,000 whites of the North to the destruction of all just forms of government in the nation, as well as in the states. A few thousands of manufacturing votes in the South are more than an offset to all the millions that live or die, by such toil, here in the East. If it is an old issue—old foes with a new face—'tis not a dead one. History is not turned backward. 'Tis repeating itself. Justice to the negro this day means the life of the nation as truly as it meant it in '63.

To give the nation life the black man was emancipated; to keep life when it had been thus heavily wrung from the grasp of death, the black man was enfranchised. She arraigns the nation for not keeping its promises, and says that it is because it is "only niggers" who are sacrificed; that the same monstrous frauds upon white men would cause the stones of the streets of every Northern city to rise in mutiny.

It is well that the attention of the Republican party should be called in such fiery, eloquent words to this matter, that it should not be forgotten until the negro of the South has the same chances for education and the exerting of his political rights as does the white man. Degraded he is now, but he can be lifted up if given the opportunity, and Miss DICKINSON has done well to enter so vigorous a protest against the entire ignoring of this issue in the political work of the Republican party.

### NASBY'S BOOKS.

We now have in stock all the published works of D. R. LOCKE, and can fill orders promptly. The demand for the "Cross Roads" letters in book form exceeded our expectations, and we have just caught up with back orders. We have announced on 5th page of this issue full particulars, prices, etc.

### JOHN C. FREMONT.

One of the men who, in the past, was prominently before the nation, is present at the convention at Chicago, and deep indeed must be the interest with which he watches the current of events flowing on from day to day. This man is JOHN C. FREMONT, whose life reads like a romance rather than the sober, every-day record of these years in the nineteenth century.

He is now 75 years of age, still alert and vigorous. His birth place was Savannah, and at 20 years of age he was a teacher of mathematics, and an explorer with NICOLLET of that vast region between the Upper Missouri and Canada at 25. He showed thus early the talents which afterwards gave him so much prominence before the nation. Before 1853 he had made five trips across the continent over routes that were strange to a white man, for the purpose first of laying out a mail route, and afterwards for various objects for the benefit of the public. He was the first acting Governor which California ever had, the first United States Senator which that State selected, the first Presidential nominee which the Republican party nominated, and was one of the first Major Generals of volunteers appointed by President Lincoln at the outbreak of the rebellion. He is now the only man living who ever ran for President upon the Republican ticket except R. B. HAYES and JAMES G. BLAINE.

ENGLAND is whining because there is no fraternal feeling between that country and America, especially in the way of manufacturing. The Democrats are sympathizing with England and are trying their utmost to establish closer relations. It is all wrong. Let England take care of herself. She is old enough and has had experience enough. Americans who are Americans should pay strict attention to building up this country. There has been quite enough of this sympathy-with-English-manufacturers racket.

THE Democrats will have no trouble in ascertaining the position of the Republicans this fall. The platform is explicit enough for even a Democrat's comprehension.

THIS is the age of conventions. Even the Indian empire has adopted the custom, as we saw last week. The world never before had anything like it.

DAKOTA's ten plucky delegates cannot fail to be gratified at the success which has attended their efforts to receive recognition in the Convention.

MR. DEPEW made a good show until his friends began to distribute his pictures marked as "The Granger's Friend." This finished him.

"THE protective system must be maintained."

### CURRENT EVENTS.

A mocking bird in Albany, Ga., whistles Boulanger's march.

The last act of Emperor Frederick was to kiss the hand of his faithful wife.

Washington has a Doubtful club. But that it is a social instead of a political club one would advise it to hie away to Chicago.

Rev. Dr. J. L. Coleman, who has just been elected bishop of Delaware, comes of an emphatically clerical family. His father, his brother and his son are clergymen.

Paul Fechter, a son of the actor, was fencing with his brother-in-law, and the button of his antagonist's foil chanced to be forced into his eyes through to the brain, killing him.

At Canton, Ga., two cows got into a fight last Saturday morning, and their horns became so badly tangled that it was necessary to saw off part of the horns of one of them in order to free them.

William A. Smith, who died a few days ago in Richmond, Va., enjoyed a unique distinction. He resigned a seat in Congress because he did not think he had sense enough to properly represent his constituents.

Mr. John Kilpatrick, of Clifton, Me., is probably entitled to rank as the champion bear killer of the Pine Tree State. During the past spring he killed three large bears, making a total of 54 slain during the last 25 years.

Dr. McCosh is preparing a set of lectures on "Fundamental Proof," which he intends to deliver to the graduate students of Princeton next fall. This summer he will first go to Penobscot and then to the White Mountains.

Mark Twain is an enthusiast regarding base ball, and attends all the games played at Hartford. He is studying that department of American humor which deals with umpires, but finds that it offers but little inspiration.

Judge Thurman is a much wealthier man than people generally suppose, having a fortune of $500,000. It is nearly all in real property, and was acquired partly through judicious investments and partly through his wife.

Prof. Donders the great oculist of Utrecht, has attained his 71st year and retired from his university chair amid a regular shower of testimonial funds, medals, addresses and decorations from various European sovereigns.

The speed with which nearly the whole of the President's term has gone by shows what a short period four years compose in the life of a country, a party, or even a man. It is a span that is gone almost before its duration is realized.

Ex-Governor Alger, of Michigan, was left an orphan at the age of eleven with a younger brother and sister to care for. He spent seven years on a farm and then read law in an Akron office, supporting himself by doing chores about his employer's house and barn.

A Nebraska editor thus describes the effect of a stroke of lightning: "A stray streak of lightning was fatally wounded in Mead lately. It dashed into a butcher shop, struck a boarding house beefsteak and hobbled through the window shrieking with pain."

M. Daniel Wilson, the unfortunate son-in-law of ex-President Grevy, of France, does not dare to enter the chamber of deputies, but he holds on to his seat for Touraine and pockets the salary attached thereto, and under the present law there is no way of getting rid of him.

D. R. Culberson, the Texas Representative, has a particularly fine and pleasant home, rich with paintings, oriental rugs, and bric-a-brac. But at Washington he lives in one room in a hotel and is impatient for the session to come to an end. He rarely takes his wife to the capital.

Prof. Case, of Oxford University, England, has protested against the proposed Matthew Arnold memorial professorship of English literature. Modern languages, he thinks, should not be studied for themselves, but for the aid they give in the study of the classics.

The New York *Sun* says, that those who have seen Jay Gould in his white hat since he got back, are at loss to account for the reports of his illness sent from the West during the past fortnight. He himself says they were false, and his appearance is good evidence that they were not true.

A young man named Worthy was bitten by a copper-head snake near Dalton, Ga., one day last week while picking berries near town. The reptile bit him on the arm, causing it to swell to twice its normal size and giving him excruciating pain. The administration of proper antidotes saved his life.

At a recent meeting of a Gould Board of railroad directors Mr. Samuel Sloane, speaking to George Gould, said; "Young man, when you get older you'll know more." "Yes, yes; I agree with you, Mr. Sloane," remarked Russell Sage. Mr. Gould's son wanted to "pass" a dividend, but Mr. Gould's partners did not.

A curiosity in the shape of a watermelon which has grown between two roots of a white oak, is on exhibition at Albany, Ga. It presents the queer spectacle of a melon compressed in the center to a remarkable thinness, and bulging out on each end where free from compression of the roots to a full size.

Elder T. W. Evans, the great Shaker, in celebrating his eightieth birthday, says that he will live ten years more, and will in that time see his theories realized—to wit: State ownership of land, the holding of public office by celibates alone, equal suffrage, and the ownership and education of children by the state.

At the woman suffrage convention at Boston the other day Mrs. Wallace, mother of Gen. Lew Wallace, was a speaker. In introducing her Mrs. Livermore stated that when Gen. Wallace wrote "Ben Hur" he showed it to his mother first of all persons, and told her that he had taken her for the model of the hero's heroic mother.

Lillie Lehman-Kalisch was broken up while singing a Wagner selection at the Saengerfest in St. Louis last Thursday, and she not only told the musical director that he was a musical ignoramus, but notified the president of the Saengerfest that she would not appear again. Upon learning that neither she nor Herr Kalisch would get a dollar in that case, she reversed her decision.

General Sheridan has never stopped growling since he has been sick. He calls his peptonized milk "infernal stuff," and his chicken broth "chicken slop." Nothing suits him. Everything has to be changed, and that immediately. He wants roast beef, claret—everything that he ought not to have, and pitches into the doctors right and left the instant he can hold his head up from the pillow.

King George of Greece passed through Constantinople on his way home from Russia and asked for an audience from the Sultan. Being in the midst of the sacred Mohammedan rite of Rummazan, his Imperial Majesty had to decline the King's visit, but one of the Sultan's great officers carried to King George a bouquet of flowers picked by the "Commander of the Faithful" himself and also a variety of sweetmeats, gingerbread and perfumes from the imperial harem.

Caterpillars are proving great pests in Lincoln, Me. Many trees have their leaves entirely eaten off and some houses in the village are so covered that passing in and out is decidedly disagreeable to those people who object to caterpillars on their collars. A crew of 40 men, engaged in cutting poplar somewhere here, were driven out of the woods, and one train, a few days ago, had hard work to get through or over a body of them moving on to fresh grounds.

Gen. Sheldon, ex-Governor of New Mexico, relates that Gen. Grant once said in his hearing: "Gen. Sheridan was always where I expected him to be at any designated time. I tell you, gentlemen, Sheridan is the ablest military man now living." While I was governor of New Mexico," continued Governor Sheldon, "Gen. Sherman paid our country there a [illegible] visit. I told then what Grant had said. He laughed and replied: 'Well, when a fellow is expected to be around anywhere he ought to be there.'"

A queer little growth makes its appearance in the wiregrass country of Georgia. It is called by the natives the dollar plant, from the singularity of its leaves, which are perfectly round, lying flat upon the ground, and when full grown the exact size of a dollar. When the plant is pulled up it is seen that the leaves retain their perfect roundness from their incipiency, and grow through all the gradations the money takes, from the size of the silver five cent piece to dimes, quarters, halves, and the coin from which it takes its name. At this season it throws out from the center a cluster of yellow flowers.

Ugliness or repelling habits are generally no bar to a lady's feeling when her pet animal is concerned. Some have been known to share their bed with an iguana, which is the most repulsive-looking reptile in Brazil. It is well known that Byron, among the pets who accompanied him in his travels, possessed a bear; and Edmund Kean kept a South American lion as his constant companion. More extraordinary pets might be quoted, such as young wolves, leopards, jackals and snakes. Even frogs, lizzards and hedgehogs have been petted by men of repute. Wolsey bestowed his affection on a familiar old carp, Cowper on hares, and Sir John Lubbock wooed the favor of a Syrian wasp.

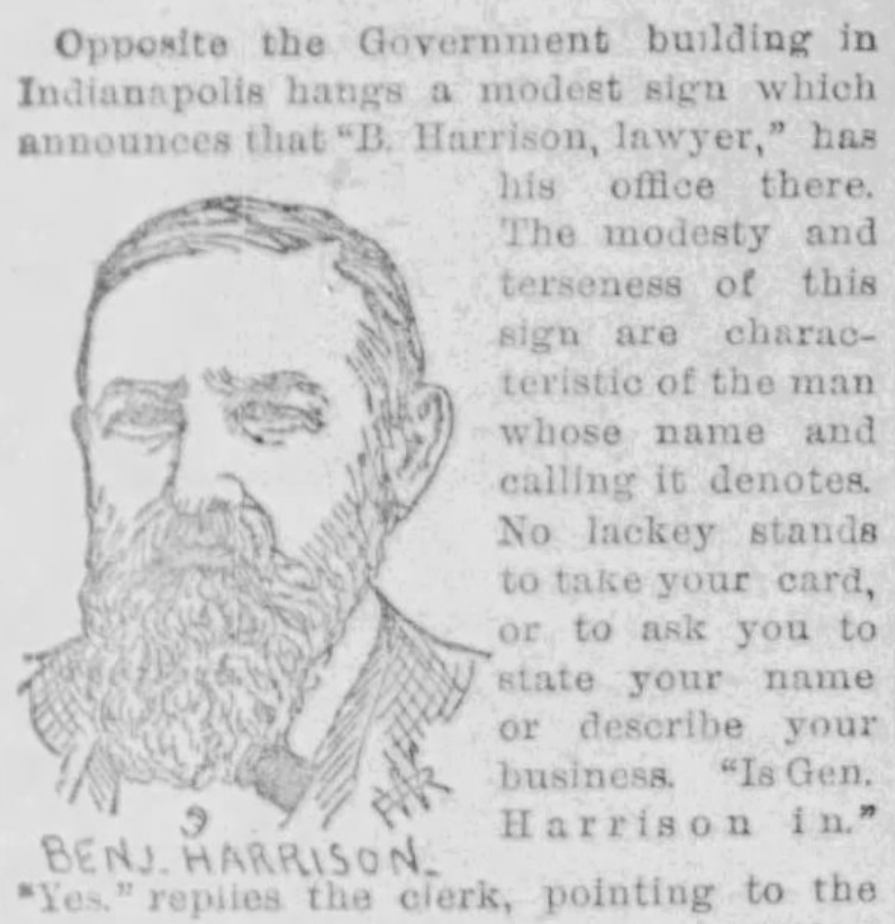
A Yellowstone Park letter says the "Half Acre" is the name applied to one of the boiling lakes, whose waters, like a great caldron, are even boiling and bubbling and giving off dense volumes of steam. In its middle a column of ten feet in diameter is thrown into the air to a height of 15 feet at short intervals. It would be impossible to ascertain the depth of this natural caldron, but the water is as clear as crystal, and one can look far down into its depth and see the rocks far, far below. On one side a stream as large as an ordinary country mill-race flows out and rolls, a boiling cascade, into the Fire Hole river. Some of the most wonderful effects of color are produced by the sun shining through the clouds of steam upon the tinted sulphur formations in the bottom of these lakes.

A fish of the sturgeon variety, about 18 inches in length, was recently given to Mr. Keever, superintendent of the ice factory in Parkersburg, W. Va. On Friday of last week it was placed in one of the ice molds and frozen in the center of a huge cube of ice. This block of ice was put in a public place, where the citizens could view the fish, frozen hard and fast in the center of the cake. The ice began to melt and by Tuesday afternoon it had dwindled until the body of the fish was exposed to the air while the head was still firmly imbedded in the ice. Some time during the afternoon the tail of the fish was seen to move slightly, as the hot sun poured its rays upon it. Attention being called to the fact the head was carefully released from its icy prison and the sturgeon placed in a tank of water. It recovered completely in a few minutes, and was apparently as sound as ever. The fish is still alive in the tank.

# BENJ. HARRISON.

## THE LIFE OF THE NEXT PRESIDENT.

**How He Looks and Acts in His Law Office in Indianapolis—Story of His Early Life—The White-Headed Colonel at Resaca—Going for a Gunner—A Good Politician, Stump Speaker and Organizer—His Personal Characteristics.**



BENJ. HARRISON.

Opposite the Government building in Indianapolis hangs a modest sign which announces that "B. Harrison, lawyer," has his office there. The modesty and terseness of this sign are characteristic of the man whose name and calling it denotes. No lackey stands to take your card, or to ask you to state your name or describe your business. "Is Gen. Harrison in." "Yes," replies the clerk, pointing to the open door. Before you sits a stocky, bearded man, with a large head and a very short neck. He is five feet seven inches tall, and weighs 190 pounds. You are not invited to take a seat. It is presumed that if you want to sit down you will do so unasked. The weather is not mentioned in the prelimary conversation, unless you mention it yourself. Indeed, the stocky, bearded man does not open his mouth until you have finished stating your business. He drops his work, pays close attention to what you have to say, grasps the matter readily, analyzes it quickly, decides promptly, and in a few terse sentences replies to your proposition or interrogatory.

GEN. HARRISON IS A MODEST MAN,

else he would not content himself with a simple initial "B." upon his professional shingle. "B. Harrison" is but a cold and insufficient appellation for a man known the country over as Benjamin Harrison, or more popularly still, as "Ben" Harrison, with the honorable prefix of General or Senator. Besides, Harrison is an historic name, going back to the days of the Dictator. The first Gen. Harrison was one of Cromwell's trusted lieutenants. To be sure he was hanged, but not for a felony. So unfortunate as to receive an appointment to sit on the Board of Commissioners to try Charles I. for treason to Parliament, he did his duty, good Presbyterian that he was, by signing the King's death warrant. For this he paid with his life, being hanged by order of Charles II, October 13, 1660. His descendants emigrated to America, and have been heard from on this side of the water. Benjamin Harrison, of Virginia, was a member of the House of Burgesses and later of the Colonial Congress.

A PATRIOT OF THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD,

he was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was three times elected governor of Virginia, and was a member of the convention that ratified the Constitution. His son, William Henry Harrison, won renown as soldier and statesman, and was the ninth President of the United States. John Scott Harrison, son of the President, was the father of this modest lawyer, a worthy son of such sires, who is content with the initial "B."

Gen. Harrison was born August 20, 1833, on the Harrison homestead near North Bend, a few miles below Cincinnati, where his father and grandfather were tilling the farm to which the latter had retired after a long career as Governor of the Northwestern Territory and in Congress. Young Benjamin was 7 years old when his grandfather was elected President in the famous

LOG CABIN AND HARD-CIDER CAMPAIGN,

but remembers, even more distinctly than the stirring events of that year, a visit which he made to Cincinnati under the guidance of the President-elect. Young Ben did not know much about cities then, and when his grandfather led him past an applewoman's stand, the boy thought how good and kind it was of the old woman to keep fruit for the refreshment of weary pedestrians. Up at North Bend nobody had ever thought of charging anybody anything for a few apples, and so Ben went up to the stand, coolly filled his pockets, and walked away.

John Scott Harrison was a farmer—a worthy man, who was several times elected county clerk—and his sons were reared as farmers, too. Young Ben attended the district school till he was 15, and then entered Miami University, Oxford, O., where, despite his youthfulness, he made rapid progress with his studies. At 18 he graduated, immediately took up the study of law in the office of Judge Bellamy Storer, of Cincinnati, and here again manifested such unusual application that he was admitted to the bar before he had reached his majority. Not only that, but he had married as well, and his 21st birthday found himself a man of family and practically without resources, having only $200 or $300, advanced him by his father. But, in his unpretentious, self-contained, matter-of-fact way, the youth had always felt confidence in his ability to "take care of himself," and that same year he made his appearance in Indianapolis to commence the practice of law.

His was not an imposing figure at that time. A little slender fellow, with a smooth face, a big, tow-white head, no neck to speak of, and only the rather incredible fact that he had a wife saved him from being mistaken for a schoolboy. He was poor, too, and for a long time lived in three rooms in a little old house, still standing, in Vermont street, near Alabama. Yet he was

SUCCESSFUL ALMOST FROM THE START.

One of his earliest employments was by the Democratic Governor, Joseph A. Wright, in a legislative investigation, wherein he displayed much ability. Then he was so fortunate as to be selected for assistant prosecutor in the case of a woman charged with poisoning a man at the old Ray House—a case which excited a great deal of public interest. His success in that brought him clients, and of them he has since had no lack. Indeed, he has for ten or fifteen years been one of the foremost lawyers in the state, and now, that the Hendricks firm is broken up and ex-Senator McDonald largely out of law, he may be said, with the possible exception of John M. Butler, to stand at the head of the profession in Indiana.

WHEN THE WAR BROKE OUT HARRISON WAS STILL POOR.

His daily labor was needed to support the wife and two children, who still lived in the three rooms in Delaware street. But for this he would have been among the first to shoulder a musket. He was not slow in going to the front, however. Governor Morton met him on the street one day and said to him: "Ben, I wan't you to raise a regiment." He accepted this assignment, raised a company, was commissioned a second lieutenant, then a captain, and then colonel of the Seventeenth Indiana.

With this regiment

HE WENT TO THE FRONT,

and though for some time he had little but guard or garrison duty to perform in Kentucky and Tennessee, an opportunity to show what stuff he was made of soon occurred, and he was not found wanting. In the charges at Resaca his regiment held the post of honor, where the bullets were thickest. "Our Colonel was right with us, too," says Moses McLain, who was wounded in that charge. "He came right up behind us when we captured the four guns there—the only guns, I believe, that were taken in the Atlanta campaign. We had to withstand a murderous cross-fire, and as the gunners discharged their pieces we fell to the ground and allowed the shot to pass over us. Then we rushed up, scaled the works, and took possession of the guns. The boys tell a story of the general which I guess is true. They say that when we went into the works Harrison was with us, and that he grabbed a rebel gunner by the hair of his head and yanked him out, exclaiming: 'Come out of here, you blank, blank rebel.' If this story is true, it is the only time I ever heard of the general uttering an oath, but that he had strength enough to pull a lusty gunner over the works I do not doubt.

IN HIS YOUTH GEN. HARRISON

was an athlete, and he was then only 30. Though a mere boy in appearance and slight of frame, he had square shoulders and a powerful arm. He was an odd-looking figure at that time, slender, with a big, tow-white head, short neck, and short legs. He used to ride a large horse, too, and I can remember hearing him laughed at a good deal. But he had the respect and confidence of all. He was exceedingly tenacious of his rights; or, rather, of the rights of his command. He insisted on having for his boys the best camping-place and the best of the supplies and accoutrements. He was young and inexperienced, and knew little of the arts of war, but he had learned what his rights were, and in his quiet way he insisted upon having them, any invariably succeeded. After the charge at Resaca Gen. Hooker rode up to the young colonel and said to him, in his Hookerish style: 'By God, Ben Harrison, I'll make you a brigadier for this day's work,' and Col. Harrison was soon afterward brevefed a brigadier general. Later on, for his gallantay at Peach Tree Creek, where he led his command through the enemy and back again, he was made a brigadier in full commission."

In the charge at Resaca many of Harrison's men were killed or wounded. Two of them, Moses McLain and Daniel Ransdell, both of Company G and from Indianapolis, were fighting side by side, when each lost an arm. Scarcely a second of time elapsed between the wounding of one and of the other, and they were carried from the field in the same ambulance. Each afterward became clerk of this county, one succeding the other, and Gen. Harrison placed them both in nomination before the Republican convention.

Gen. Harrison served with credit till the end of the war, and escaped without injury though he passed through the rather unusual experience of an attack of scarlet-fever at the age of 32.

Thirty years ago, as now, it was well nigh impossible for a man to practice law in Indiana without also taking a part in politics. Harrison took the stump for Fremont, and again for Lincoln in 1860.

HARRISON WAS A REPUBLICAN

by instinct and education, and he threw himself into the new party with rare earnestness and enthusiasm. In 1860 he was a candidate for the office of reporter of the Supreme court, a position which he desired because it was in the line of his profession and would bring a needed increase of income. He succeeded in getting the nomination and was elected. While he was absent in the field the Democratic Legislature of 1863 declared the office vacant, and elected another person to the place, but in 1864 the people re-elected Harrison. He served till 1868, and then declined a re-election. Almost from his first appearance in the state he was taken into the counsels of the party and the local politicians. He made many political speeches, assisted in the management of the state committee, and gradually grew in prominence until in 1876 the Central committee named him for governor during his absence from the state, Godlove Orth, the nominee of the convention having withdrawn. The outlook was a most unfavorable one, but Gen. Harrison accepted the responsibility and made a vigorous campaign. That was the year of Tilden and Hendricks, and of course Harrison was beaten. This campaign greatly extended his acquaintance and reputation among the people, and he was now recognized as the coming man of the party.

In 1880 he was elected to the Senate and served six years in that body, gaining a national reputation as a good lawyer and strong debater. The Legislature to choose his successor was to be elected in the fall of 1886. That campaign was a memorable one. The Democrats had gerrymandered the state so as to secure a large majority on joint ballot, and most of the prominent Republicans thought the result a foregone conclusion. Gen Harrison was almost alone in his belief that the state could be carried and the legislature won, and he made a brilliant struggle to that end. On the popular vote the Republicans did carry the state by a small majority, but lost the legislature by the slender margin of two votes on joint ballot.

Gen. Harrison is not an orator, though he is an effective speaker. His greatest successes have been at the bar, where learning and logic counted for more than rhetoric or wit. Of late years he has cultivated the quality of entertaining as well as convincing, and can now make a speech to delight a miscellaneous audience. He possesses a remarkable faculty of turning his mind quickly and completely from one matter to another.

While in the Senate he used to come from his work in Washington, drive straight from the train to the law office, and almost with his first words inquire of his partner what there was he could do. "Often," says his law partner, Mr. Elam, "he has taken the transcript of a case on the evening of his arrival from Washington and studied it that night, then going into court next morning master of all the details and able to make a powerful argument. It has been the same way with his campaigns. He leaves the arduous work of stumping and takes up his office work without a moment of rest or intermission, and goes along even when defeated, just as if nothing had happened. In the Senate he was noted for application and faithfulness in the committee room rather than for brilliancy on the floor, and his reports were models of thoroughness and painstaking."

In fact, application, concentration of mind, thoroughness, conscientious work, appear to be the general's predominating characteristics. He has reputation for readiness with his retorts on the stump, in court, or during debates, and this comes from his habit of mastering everything which he undertakes. He equips himself most thoroughly. For instance, as he has made a study of political organization until there is none in Indiana more adept at the work than he, whether it be the carrying of a legislature or of a ward in Indianapolis. In the army he sat up late at night studying the tactics, and was up early in the morning perfecting himself in the drill exercises and in familiarity with military details.

Gen. Harrison is not rich. His law practice is large, but he appears disinclined to set his fees high enough to meet the modern standard. He owns a handsome home here, where his wife, who was a daughter of Prof. Scott, of Oxford, receives much company.

They have a married daughter, and a son who is becoming prominent in the politics of Montana territory. Gen. Harrison is a member of the Indianapolis Literary club, and occasionally takes part in its debates and exercises. He is also an active member of the First Presbyterian church, and some years ago taught a Bible class in the Sunday school.

## AT HARRISON'S HOME.

**Thousands of Cheering, Shouting Men Greet the General—Enthusiasm Which Makes Indiana a Republican State.**

INDIANAPOLIS, June 25—The balloting at Chicago and the prominence of Gen. Harrison in the later votes of last week had roused the liveliest interest among Republicans in this city.

The Sunday night's telegrams inicating a possibility of his nomination to-day whetted this interest to the keenest point, and at the hour appointed for the assembling of the convention the newspaper offices and other points where bulletins were exposed, were surrounded by throngs of people anxious to hear the news.

The result of the sixth ballot showing 231 votes for him was received with enthusiastic cheers which were redoubled when the next gave him 278

A few minutes after 1 o'clock, when it became apparent, as the roll call proceeded, that his nomination was probable, the excitement in the streets became intense.

When Tennessee made his nomination certain tremendous cheers broke forth and the crowds from all the bulletin boards made a frantic rush for Gen. Harrison's law office in Market street, shouting, waving hats, umbrellas and canes as they went

In an incredibly short space of time the broad street was packed with thousands of excitedly cheering men, many of whom rushed into his office, crowding around him and cheering themselves hoarse.

The halls and rooms were packed, and in front of the building was a mass of people waving flags, hats, canes and handkerchiefs.

A continuous stream of people passed around the general as he stood in the center of the room. Each gave him a hearty shake of the hand, but many were too excited to give any expression of their feelings.

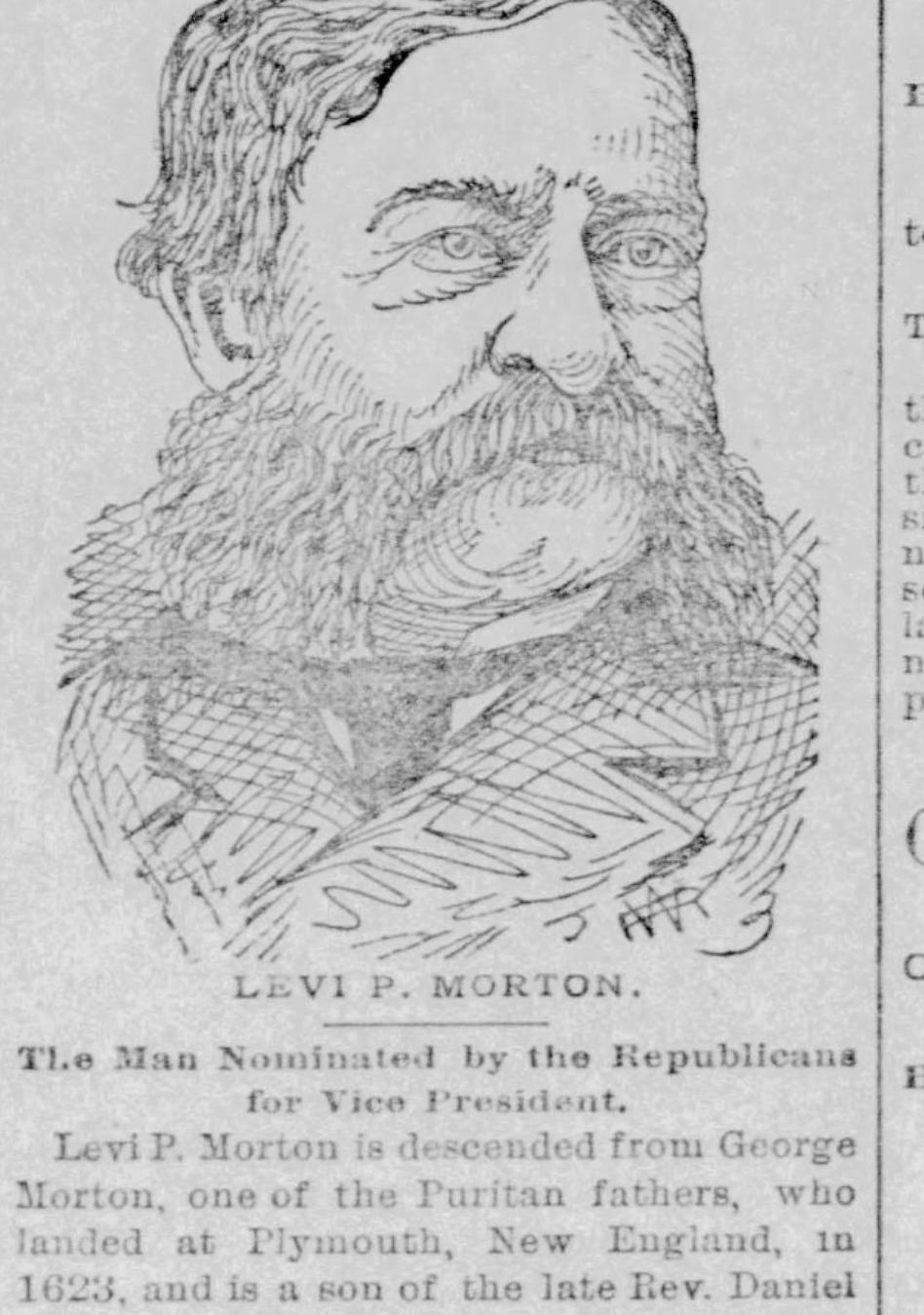
The general carried himself splendidly, and to each he extended his hand, smiling and now and then thanking those who could find their voices for utterances of congratulation. All this was preceded by an interesting scene. While bulletins were being received in Gen. Harrison's law office, quite a number of his personal friends were there, but he was apparently the coolest person present, opening and reading the dispatches and announcing their contents in the coolest manner possible.

When it became known on the eighth ballot that his nomination was assured, those in the room began to show great excitement, and when the fact of his nomination was announced they rushed around him with congratulations. Even then Gen. Harrison was cool and collected, shaking every hand that was offered and giving a pleasant word to each.

In less than five minutes the halls were filled with a cheering crowd and the street with a dense mass.

Amid tumultuous cheering Gen Harrison appeared at the front window bowing and waving his thanks to the crowd. The pressure of the people in the office became so great that he was conducted into an adjoining room where he was forced again to appear on the balcony in response to calls of the people while the cheering continued.

Gen. Harrison's carriage drove up, while some friends accompanied him down stairs, the crowd fell back, and he stepped into his carriage and was driven away to his residence amid tremendous cheering.



LEVI P. MORTON.

**The Man Nominated by the Republicans for Vice President.**

Levi P. Morton is descended from George Morton, one of the Puritan fathers, who landed at Plymouth, New England, in 1623, and is a son of the late Rev. Daniel Morton. His birthplace was Shoreham, Vt., where he first saw the light on May 16, 1824. Having a strong preference for a business career, when 16 years of age he was placed in a country store.

By the time he attained his majority he was made a partner by his employer. In 1849 he removed to Boston, where he was admitted as a partner in a wealthy mercantile firm. This good fortune was due to his ability as he had neither adequate capital nor influential friends to gain him the promotion.

Five years after he made New York his residence, and opened a place of business in that city. Prosperity attended him, and in 1863 he founded the banking houses of Morton, Bliss & Co., New York, and Morton, Rose & Co., London.

Mr. Morton was elected to Congress from the Eleventh district of New York in 1878, as a Republican. His majority was over 7,000 votes. He was re-elected two years after. President Garfield nominated him as minister to France, which was unanimously confirmed by the Senate in March, 1881.

The vacant seat thus created in the House of Representatives was filled by Roswell P. Flower after a memorable contest, which gave this gentleman his first distinction in American politics. In May, 1881, Mr. Morton was appointed Honorary Commissioner General to the Paris International Exhibition of Electricity.

Dartmouth College gave him the honorary degree of LL. D. in July of the same year. He is in the prime of life and the nominatian was received with much enthusiasm all through the Empire state.

## AT MORTON'S HOME.

**An Ovation Tendered the Coming Vice-President at Rhinebeck, N. Y.**

NEW YORK, June 26.—The *Herald* prints the following dispatch from Rhinebeck, N. Y: When Harrison's nomination for President became an assured fact, a reporter interviewed Mr. L. P. Morton, the New York banker, whose nomination for second place on the ticket then seemed assured.

"How do you regard Harrison's nomination?" queried the reporter.

"I regard Gen. Harrison's nomination as the strongest that could have been made by the National Republican convention. It will place Indiana in the Republican columns, and with the Republican party in New York united as it is to-day, I can not for a moment doubt a Republican victory in November.

"Beyond this expression regarding the effect of the nomination of Gen. Harrison you must excuse me from any further response to your questions."

At 9:30 p. m. the news of Levi P. Morton's nomination for Vice President was received here. Almost in an instant the streets were filled with an enthusiastic crowd, and the boom of cannon and the rattle of firecrackers resounded in every direction.

"Levi P. Morton was nominated on the first ballot," rose the cry, and it was caught up like magic. Flags were thrust out to hang in listless folds in the humid air, and a brass band, composed of local talent, raised such a racket that residents in Rondout, three miles away, across the Hudson, heard and knew the cause thereof.

A reporter was the first to apprise Mr. Morton of his nomination. He was sitting on the spacious veranda in the rear of the Huntington mansion when a reporter mounted the broad steps.

"Mr. Morton," said the reporter, "I may be the first to announce that you were nominated for Vice President by the Republican Convention on the first ballot."

"Is that so?"

"Isn't that nice?" said Mrs. Morton, who was at his side in an instant, as he tore a telegram open. Mr. Morton's fingers trembled somewhat, but his face was as calm as ever.

"May I ask if you will accept the nomination?"

"I certainly could not decline the nomintion with which I have been honored by the representatives of the Republican party in convention assembled," was Mr. Morton's reply.

At this moment prominent people from the vicinity began to flock in, and the nominee for Vice President and his charming wife were overwhelmed with congratulations till late in the evening.

## THE PLATFORM.

**A Paragraph Added After Much Discussion After the Nomination of the Vice President.**

Mr. Boutelle, of Maine, then arose and said that in behalf of a large number of delegates he desired to move to suspend the rules and adopt a resolution to be added to the Republican platform.

Mr. Oliver, of Pennsylvania, arose to the point of order that it was not now in order to offer a resolution at this time.

The chairman stated that Mr. Boutelle's motion was one to suspend the rules, which would require to be seconded by two states, and could only be agreed to by a two-thirds vote.

Then Mr. Boutelle proceeded to talk in regard to the firesides of the nation, when an objection was made that debate was not in order.

The chair sustained this point, but stated that it was in order for the gentleman from Maine to read the resolution for information. But to this there was a chorus of objections, and Mr. Oliver, of Pennsylvania, standing on his chair and gesticulating wildly, declared that all resolutions should be referred to the committee on Resolutions. "Stand by your platform," he yelled, amid a storm of cheers and hisses.

The chair became angry and commanded the gentleman to take his seat, stating that if he did not do so instantly the sergeant at-arms would be directed to take him into custody. "There's going to be order here," declared the chair emphatically, but the round of cheers which greeted the declaration rather weakened its strength. For some minutes all was chaos. The gavel of the chairman sounded an incessant rataplan, the gentleman from Pennsylvania stood on his chair and shouted, the galleries yelled and cheered, and hissed, while the numerous sergeants-at-arms were utterly powerless to check the uproar.

In the confusion, Mr John Stone, of New York, sought to get the floor, and and Mr. Husted raised the point of order that nothing could be done except to vote upon the motion to suspend the rules, and that Mr. Boutelle had no right to proceed either with a speech or to read the resolution.

The chair ruled that the point of order was not well taken. Then amid further confusion, Mr. Oliver of Pennsylvania, immediately appealed to the chair and created a scene of great confusion. He gesticulated and would not take a seat at the chair's request. He did not desire to have the resolution read. The chair sent down the sergeant-at-arms to Mr. Oliver, who succeeded finally in getting that gentleman to take his seat.

A delegate appealed from the chair's decision, but his appeal was not seconded.

Senator Hiscock said that it was absolutely necessary that the resolution be read for information. The Republican party was not afraid to meet any question.

Finally quiet was restored, and Mr. Boutelle read the resolution as follows:

"The first concern of all government is the virtue and sobriety of the people and the purity of their homes. The Republican party cordially sympathizes with all wise and well-directed efforts for the promotion of temperance and morality."

As soon as this was read there was a rush from the various states to second the motion and after some time the question was put and the resolution adopted by a rising vote, only one delegate from Maryland recording himself in the negative.

A vote of thanks was then tendered to the chairman and other members of the convention, and then, on motion of Mr. Hiscock, the convention at 8:52 adjourned without day.

## WORD FROM BLAINE.

**He Congratulates Harrison and Predicts Success.**

INDIANAPOLIS, June 25.—Gen. Harrison to-night received the following:

LUILITHGOW, SCOTLAND, June 25.

To Gen. Harrison, Indianapolis.

I congratulate you most heartily upon the work of the National Convention. Your candidacy will recall the triumphant enthusiasm and assure the victorious conclusion which followed your grandfather's nomination in 1840. Your election will seal our industrial independence as the declaration of '76, which bears the honored name of your great grandfather, sealed our political independence.

JAMES G. BLAINE

# GROVER IS NOTIFIED

## OF HIS NOMINATION AT ST. LOUIS.

**He is Glad to Accept the Standard of the Democracy and Enter a Battle for Free Trade and Pauper Labor.**

## TO NOTIFY GROVER.

**The Committee Ready to Officially Break the News to Him.**

WASHINGTON, June 26.—The National Democratic committee, and the Notification committee appointed by the late Democratic convention to notify the President and Vice-President of their nomination for President and Vice-President met at the Arlington Hotel to-day.

The Notification committee met at 10 o'clock with Hon. A. P. Collins, of Massachusetts, in the chair, and Hon. Thomas S. Pettit, of Kentucky, as secretary. The proceedings was conducted in secret session.

The committee adjourned at 12 o'clock, and it was announced that it had decided to notify the President at 2 o'clock this afternoon and also to leave Washington to-morrow evening for Columbus, O., to notify Mr. Thurman.

A letter of notification was submitted to the committee by Mr. Jacob, of Kentucky, and was accepted by the committee. The letter was signed by all those present.

The committee also accepted an invitation from Secretary Whitney to visit his country home at Grasslands to-morrow afternoon.

The notification committee accompanied by the members of the National Democratic committee and the Columbia Democratic club, of the District of Columbia, met at the Arlington hotel at 3 o'clock this afternoon and forming into pairs marched to the White house.

They were ushered into the East room and ranged themselves in a circle in the south end of the room. Palms filled all the windows and alcoves in that portion of the room and potted plants decorated the mantles.

The President was notified of their arrival and descended to the East room accompanied by the following friends:

Mrs. Cleveland, Rev. Wm. N. Cleveland, the President's brother and wife, of Forestport, N. Y.; Mrs. W. E. Hoyt, the President's sister, of Fayetteville, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Lamont, Mr. W. S. Bissell, of Buffalo, (all of whom were present at the notification of his first nomination.) Mr. Bayard, Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild; Mr. and Mrs. Whitney; Mrs. Endicott; Mr. Vilas; Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson; Mr. Benjamin Folsom and Speaker Carlisle.

Their approach was the signal for a general clapping of hands on the part of the visitors, and as soon as the party had taken their places Gen. Collins stepped forward and addressed the President.

Mr. Collins, in a very flowery speech, officially notified the President of his nomination at St. Louis.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S REPLY.

The President, in reply, said: "I cannot but be profoundly impressed when I see about me the messengers of the national Democracy, bearing its summons to duty.

"The political party, to which I owe allegiance both honors and commands me.

"It places in my hand its proud standard and bids me bear it high at the front, in a battle which it wages, bravely because conscious of the right, confidently because its trust is in the people, and soberly because it comprehends the obligations which success imposes.

"The message which you bring awakens within me the liveliest sense of personal gratitude and satisfaction and the honor which you tender me is pleasing and so great that there might well be no room for any other sentiment, and yet I cannot rid myself of grave and serious thoughts, when I remember that party supremacy is not alone involved in the conflict which presses upon us, but that we struggle to secure and save the cherished institutions, the welfare and happiness of a nation of freemen. Familiarity with the great office which I hold has but added to my apprehension of its sacred character and the consecration demanded of him who assumes its immense responsibilities.

"It is the repository of the people's will and power. Within its vision should be the protection and welfare of the humblest citizen; and with quick ear it should catch from the remotest corner of the land, the plea of the people for justice and for right.

"For the sake of the people he who holds this office of theirs should resist every encroachment upon its legitimate functions and for the sake of the integrity and usefulness of the office it should be kept near to the people and be administered in full sympathy with their wants and needs.

"This occasion reminds me most vividly of the scene when four years ago I received a message from my party similar to that which you now deliver with all that has passed since that day. I can truly say that the feeling of awe with which I heard the summons then is intensified many fold when it is repeated now.

"Four years ago I knew that our chief executive office, if not carefully guarded, might drift, little by little, away from the people to whom it belonged, and become a perversion of all it ought to be; but I did not know how much its moorings had already been loosened.

"I knew four years ago how well devised were the principles of true Democracy for the successful operation of a government by the people and for the people; but I did not know how absolutely necessary their application then was for the restoration to the people of their safety and prosperity.

"I knew then that abuses and extravagance had crept into the management of public affairs; but I did not know their numerous forms nor the tenacity of their grasp. I knew then something of the bitterness of partisan obstruction, but I did not know how bitter, how reckless, and how shameless it could be.

"I knew, too, that the American people were patriotic and just; but I did not know how grandly they loved their country nor how noble and generous they were.

"I shall not dwell upon the acts and the policy of the administration now drawing to its close.

"Its record is open to every citizen of the land, and yet I will not be denied the privilege of asserting at this time that in the exercise of the functions of the high trust confided to me, I have yielded obedience only to the constitution and the solemn obligation of my oath of office.

"I have done those things which, in the light of the understanding God has given me, seemed most conducive to the welfare of countrymen and the promotion of good government.

"I would not, if I could, for myself, nor for you, avoid a single consequence of a fair interpretation of my course.

"It but remains for me to say to you and through you to the Democracy of the nation that I accept the nomination which they have honored me, and that I will in due time signify such acceptance in the usual formal manner."

The President's remarks were made in an earnest and emphatic manner, and were frequently interrupted by applause. This closed the speech-making, and then all present proceeded to the state dining room, to partake of light refreshments. Afterwards the committees became the guests of the the Columbia club, and were driven about the city.

—Nervous, Debility, Seminal Weakness, etc. Prompt and effective treatment by latest methods. Address Medical Bureau, Box 161, Toledo, Ohio.

## FEARFUL FLOODS.

**Two Towns in Mexico Depopulated—700 People Drowned.**

CITY OF MEXICO, June 26.—(Special.)—Telegraphic communication which has been interrupted for several days by the floods, have been restored, and the particulars of the terrible disaster on the line of the Mexican Central railway, particularly at Leon and Silao, are obtained.

During thd past ten days the table lands between here and Zacatecas have been visited by unprecedented rains. Every mountain rivulet along the Central railway for more than 200 miles has been converted into a destructive torrent, and the valleys present the appearance of lakes.

"Many cities and towns have been inundated, and Leon and Silao have been partially destroyed. The first intimation received in this city of the disaster in the north, was a telegram from Silao dated the 18th instant. It said: "It commenced raining heavily here yesterday afternoon and continued all night, raising the Silao river out of its banks, breaking at the north end of the town and passing through the streets with irresistible force and volume.

"Most houses here being of the adobe style, as soon as they were saturated with water they began to fall. About 325 houses have been destroyed. The station buildings are occupied by homeless people, who are unable to obtain anything to eat except watermelons and fruit found floating in the water.

"The rain has been general and the whole country around Silao is flooded. Several dykes have given away. It still continues raining."

On the 20th it was learned that the floods had been more destructive in Leon than in Silao.

It seems that on Monday the river broke over its dykes and notwithstanding all efforts to check its course it made rapid headway and finally flooded the city. As the rain fell the river rose rapidly, its volume of water flowing into the town, gradually wearing away the foundations of buildings, which commenced to fall as night came on.

Monday night brought to that city one of the most terrible scenes ever witnessed in any country. People believing themselves secure from the flood went to bed in those parts of the town where the water had not found its way. The steady downfall of rain, with the extensive water bed of the outlying country, increased the flow of the river and rapidly extended its channel until over half of Leon was under water.

Houses tumbled in rapidly, having been worn away by the water, and the loss of life commenced, unparalleled in the history of any of the great inundations of modern times.

As the buildings fell the unfortunate sleepers were either crushed to death or drowned. One whole night of terror followed. Men, women and children fled to the streets in their night clothes, some to find shelter on higher ground, and others to be swept away by the flood.

On Tuesday morning rain was still falling, and there had been no perceptible decrease in the stream of water. A mammoth lake extended its length and breadth to all points of the compass. Its monotanous appearance was occasionally broken by half submerged houses and high lands cropping above its anything but placid surface.

Where the houses had stood the night previous, water was surging in its flight to lower ground. Groups of people who had been forced by impending danger to seek flight without clothes were standing about in the rain crying and deploring their losses.

All houses which the flood left intact were opened to the unfortunates, who were provided with everything that was available at the time. The loss of life up to this writing had reached into hundreds, but the threatening danger had closed the channel of communication, and the hushed voices denoted nothing but fear for the future.

All night it poured until Wednesday morning saw the lake surrounding the city undiminished in size, with steady rain disturbing its surface.

In the afternoon, however, it ceased raining, and the waters commenced to recede. The people recovered from their fright, though water was still covering a portion of the city.

It is estimated that 700 persons perished.

There is a strong stench from the heaps of rubbish that once formed houses, and one is led to believe that there must be bodies buried under them. There are also bodies still floating in the water.

One hundred and eleven bodies have been recovered, without moving any ruins of the houses, wherein are supposed to be hundreds of bodies buried.

The destroyed houses are estimated at $2,000, and the loss at $2,000,000.

Many other towns have been badly damaged, but loss of life is only reported from Silao and Leon. The Mexican Central has suffered very severely. Several washouts occurred between Calientas and Leon, but they have now been repaired, and trains are now running from El Paso as far south as Leon to Irapuato, a distance of 39 miles.

The management of the road has from the first displayed extraordinary energy, and at present all the available workmen throughout the adjoining countryare now employed in the work of repairing.

The state of Guananjuato and the federal government are doing much to succor the victims of the flood. Furthermore, subscriptions of money, food and clothes are being sent from here. The last reports from Leon are heart rending. The whole population are busily working into the ruins of the fallen houses.

Nearly everybody has lost relatives or friends, and those who have not, have seen their earthly possessions disappear in a night. The estimate of loss of life and property given are the smallest reported, and are certainly within the bounds of truth.

The very last statement just received places the number of houses destroyed in Leon at 2,224 and the homeless families at more than 1,000. More than 250 bodies have been recovered from the ruins, and there is no probability that the entire number will fall short of 700.

FIFTEEN HUNDRED DROWNED.

EL PASO, Tex., June 26.—Information has been received from the flooded district in Mexico that 1,500 lives were lost by the inundation, and that 1,000 bodies have been recovered.

Leon is a city of 100,000 inhabitants and a large part of it is in ruins. The Mexican collector of customs at Paso del Norte received an official dispatch stating that one hundred miles of the Mexican Central railroal is impassible.

### A Falling Bridge.

SWANTON, O., June 26.—(Special.)—The bridge across Swan Creek, south, fell at sundown last night, under the weight of a huge threshing engine, belonging to Mr. Louk. The engineer must have had a narrow escape. A big crowd is there this morning to look at the wreck. The county commissioner is considering the situation.

### Taken from Jail and Lynched.

CHARLESTON, Ills., June 26.—William Moore, the colored man who assaulted Mary A. Bingardiner, at Mattoon, Saturday night, was taken from the county jail at Charleston and lynched by masked men. Moore's victim is from Shelbyville, Ills., and is only 16 years old.

"Try Ayer's Pills"

For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Gout. Stephen Lansing, of Yonkers, N. Y., says: "Recommended as a cure for chronic Costiveness, Ayer's Pills have relieved me from that trouble and also from Gout. If every victim of this disease would heed only three words of mine, I could banish Gout from the land. These words would be—'Try Ayer's Pills.'"

"By the use of Ayer's Pills alone, I cured myself permanently of rheumatism which had troubled me several months. These Pills are at once harmless and effectual, and, I believe, would prove a specific in all cases of incipient

**Rheumatism.**

No medicine could have served me in better stead."—C. C. Rock, Corner, Avoyelles Parish, La.

C. F. Hopkins, Nevada City, writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for sixteen years, and I think they are the best Pills in the world. We keep a box of them in the house all the time. They have cured me of sick headache and neuralgia. Since taking Ayer's Pills, I have been free from these complaints."

"I have derived great benefit from Ayer's Pills. Five years ago I was taken so ill with rheumatism that I was unable to do any work. I took three boxes of Ayer's Pills and was entirely cured. Since that time I am never without a box of these pills."—Peter Christensen, Sherwood, Wis.

**Ayer's Cathartic Pills,**

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

★ Wives and Daughters. ★

You have often seen them with pale faces, poor appetite, head and back ache, symptoms common to the sex. Fathers and mothers, lose no time in securing Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y.

A GRATEFUL WOMAN.

Mrs. J. H. Giles, of Everett, Pa., says: I suffered for many years from Kidney and Gravel troubles. Besides I had other complaints common to my sex. No physician or medicines at home did me any good. I finally began using Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, made in Rondout, N. Y. A few words tell the result. I am a happy and perfectly well woman once more. Thanks to Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy,

Rondout, N. Y. Price, $1; 6 for $5.

## A STRANGE STORY.

**A Gang of Tramps who Kidnap Boys and Hold Them for Ransom.**

CANTON, O., June 26.—(Special.)—E. Lentzenhaiser, who mysteriously disappeared from his home seven weeks ago, has just returned, ragged and dirty, and relates a remarkable tale. He says that on the day of the disappearance a tramp approached him at the Fort Wayne depot, and pulling out a handkerchief held it to his face.

He became unconscious, and when he recovered was in a cattle car with three tramps and two other boys. He was kept in the car until Altoona was reached, when he and his companions were taken to a hut in the woods, where there were ten other boys and two tramps guarding them. They had been kidnapped and held for ransom. All attempts at escape were in vain until one night by feigning sleep he managed to elude his captors and escape.

He was pursued and one of the tramps fired a shot that missed him. Young Lautzenhaiser reached Altoona and informed the police, who arrested the tramps and set the boys free.

### Lucky Cairoites.

It was reported freely that two prominent citizens of this city, Mr. Gus Botto and Mr. Henry Stout, held two-tenths of ticket 65,349, which drew the third capital prize of $20,000 in the drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery Co. on the 8th inst., giving each of them the nice sum of $1,000 for one dollar invested. Such reports are frequently circulated after a drawing, when there is no foundation for them, theretore in order to be able to satisfy the public in regard to this particular report, a reporter was dispatched to interview Messrs. Botto and Stout on the subject. He found the report correct; they had drawn as stated, and their draft for the amount their tickets called for, made through the City National Bank, was promptly honored, thus adding a thousand apiece to their assets, although they needed it not, for both of the gentlemen are in very comfortable circumstances, the owners of valuable real estate in the city and enjoying large incomes from their respective business occupations. Mr. Botto is proprietor of the Opera restaurant and saloon, one of the largest and most popular houses in its line of trade in the city, and Mr. Stout is a contractor and builder, and practical stone and brick mason, who is seldom without several large contracts on his hands. Although the prizes might have dropped into more needy hands, they could not have fallen to those more worthy of Fortune's favors.—*Cairo (Ills.) Argus*, May 21.

## DEMOCRATIC CLUB BADGE.

**A Rooster, a Bandana and the Public Office Chestnut.**

BALTIMORE, June 25.—The Baltimore members of the General Committee having in charge the arrangements for the national convention of the League of Democratic Clubs, which is to be held in Baltimore, commencing on July 4, have adopted a metallic badge for that occasion, a fac simile of which is to be presented to President Cleveland. The badge is of white metal. It has for a back-ground the representation of a bandana handkerchief, in the center of which are likenesses of Cleveland and Thurman. Above the heads of the two candidates are the words, "Public office is a public trust." This is suspended from a crowing rooster. The whole is two inches long by one and one-fourth wide. The copy of this badge to be presented President Cleveland is of solid gold. It will be presented in a plush case on Monday to the President by Senator Gorman and Congressmen Raynor and Rusk.

### Half Fare on the Lake Shore Railway July 3rd and 4th.

The Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway will sell Special Excurson Tickets at half fare (one fare for the round trip) to and from all stations on its line and branches, July 3rd and 4th; good to return up to July 5th inclusive. This will be a rare opportunity to go somewhere and celebrate the glorious Fourth at a nominal expense. Purchase your tickets early at and avoid the rush at the stations. Ample accommodations for all will be provided on above days.

### Boiler Explosion.

EFFINGHAM, Ill., June 26.—A boiler exploded at Hogues mill, west of here, Saturday afternoon, killing two men and seriously injuring three others.

# Publishers' Column.

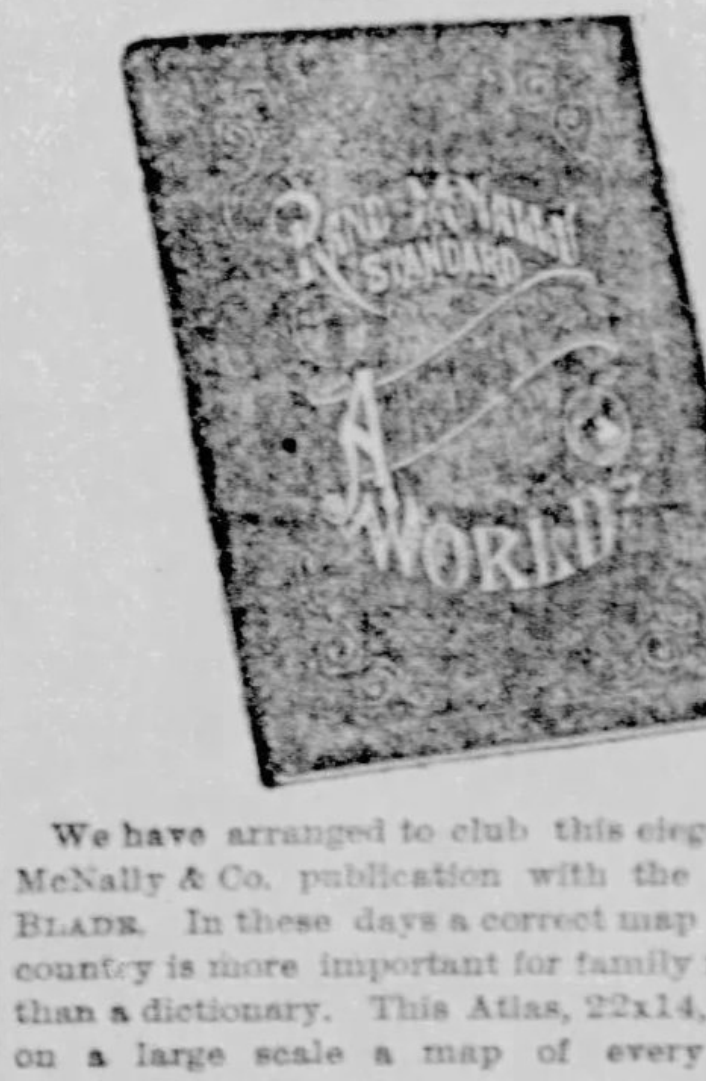
PORTRAIT OF GEN. SHERIDAN.

The BLADE portrait of Gen. Sheridan is the best one ever published, and the finest of all the portraits of eminent men issued by the Blade Co. We have made arrangements in anticipation of a large demand for this portrait. Sent postpaid by mail in heavy pasteboard tube on receipt of 25 cents. Agents will write for wholesale terms.

FAMILY HOUSEHOLD BIBLE.

We have secured a bargain in a large purchase for cash, of a standard edition of the Bible. It contains the old and new Testaments with marginal references, and the psalms of David in metre. It is printed in large type, and size by 10 when closed, convenient for every-day reading. The retail price is $3.00. We wil send a copy postpaid by mail for $1.50. Or the Weekly BLADE one year, and a copy of the Bible for $2.40.

STANDARD ATLAS OF THE WORLD



We have arranged to club this elegant Rand McNally & Co. publication with the WEEKLY BLADE. In these days a correct map of every country is more important for family reference than a dictionary. This Atlas, 22x14, contains on a large scale a map of every country in the world. Also engravings and colored diagrams. This Atlas is modern, bound in cloth and gilt; retails at $4.50. We will send the BLADE one year, and atlas, by mail, on receipt of $3.50. For $4.50 we will send atlas and two copies of BLADE one year. For $5.00 we will send atlas and three copies of BLADE one year. To those now taking the BLADE we will mail a copy of the atlas on receipt of $2.50. For a club of ten yearly subscribers and $10 we will mail a copy of the atlas free.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.

The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz. up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

STEEL ENGRAVING OF BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

We have a few copies left of this elegant $10 steel-plate engraving, which has heretofore been described at length in the BLADE. We have sent out several thousand in connection with the BLADE, and they have all given excellent satisfaction. Until our stock is exhausted or until further notice, we will send to any address one of these engravings and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $2.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munckacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail to our readers at 25 cents each. Address the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

**No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?**

**No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?**

**No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?**

**No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?**

**No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.**

These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well. Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage.

| | |
|---|---|
| Three copies of either | 6 cents. |
| Six copies | 10 cents. |
| Twenty-five copies | 30 cents. |
| One Hundred copies | One dollar. |

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

Address, (enclosing cash,) BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portraits which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

| | |
|---|---|
| Any one portrait | $ 25 |
| The five divines | 80 |
| The four generals | 65 |
| The entire set of ten | 1 40 |

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

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Over a Million Distributed.
CAPITAL PRIZE, $300,000

L.S.L.

Louisiana State Lottery Company

Incorporated by the Legislature in 1868, for Educational and Charitable purposes, and its franchise made a part of the present State Constitution, in 1879, by an overwhelming popular vote.

Its GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWINGS take place Semi-Annually (June and December), and its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS take place on each of the other ten months in the year, and are all drawn in public at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

*"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Quarterly Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."*

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early
Commissioners.

*We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.*

R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
PIERRE LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

GRAND MONTHLY DRAWING
In the Academy of Music, New Orleans,
Tuesday, July 10, 1888.
CAPITAL PRIZE, $300,000.

100,000 Tickets at Twenty Dollars each. Halves, $10; Quarters, $5; Tenths, $2; Twentieths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 PRIZE OF | $300,000 is | $300,000 |
| 1 PRIZE OF | 100,000 is | 100,000 |
| 1 PRIZE OF | 50,000 is | 50,000 |
| 1 PRIZE OF | 25,000 is | 25,000 |
| 2 PRIZES OF | 10,000 are | 20,000 |
| 5 PRIZES OF | 5,000 are | 25,000 |
| 25 PRIZES OF | 1,000 are | 25,000 |
| 100 PRIZES OF | 500 are | 50,000 |
| 200 PRIZES OF | 300 are | 60,000 |
| 500 PRIZES OF | 200 are | 100,000 |
| APPROXIMATION PRIZES. | | |
| 100 Prizes of | $500 are | 50,000 |
| 100 Prizes of | $300 are | 30,000 |
| 100 Prizes of | $200 are | 20,000 |
| TERMINAL PRIZES. | | |
| 999 do. | 100 are | 99,900 |
| 999 do. | 100 are | 99,900 |
| 3,134 Prizes amounting to | | $1,054,800 |

NOTE—Tickets drawing Capital Prizes are not entitled to Terminal Prizes.

☞ FOR CLUB RATES, or any further information desired, write legibly to the undersigned, clearly stating your residence, with State, County, Street and Number. More rapid return mail delivery will be assured by your enclosing an Envelope bearing your full address.

Send POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders, or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed

M. A. DAUPHIN,
New Orleans, La.
or M. A. DAUPHIN,
Washington, D. C.

Address Registered Letters to
NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK,
New Orleans, La.

REMEMBER That the presence of Generals Beauregard and Early, who are in charge of the drawings, is a guarantee of absolute fairness and integrity, that the chances are all equal, and that no one can possibly divine what number will draw a Prize.

REMEMBER, also, that the payment of Prizes is GUARANTEED BY FOUR NATIONAL BANKS of New Orleans, and the Tickets are signed by the President of an Institution, whose chartered rights are recognized in the highest Courts; therefore, beware of any imitations or anonymous schemes.

FOR SALE—I have for sale, cheap, the following BARNES "Hand Circular Rip Saw," "No. 7 foot power Scroll Saw," "Mortising" and "Tenoning" Machines, "Cut off Saw" Machine, with cutter head, Knives, Emery Wheel and saw to fit same. Also, one 6½ Horse Power Engine and Boiler. All work good as new. Write for Particulars. WM. E. SULLIVAN, Roodhouse, Ills.

A Teasing Love Letter, will read two ways; 15 versions of love, and 3 of the funniest pictures ever issued, 10c. Sure to suit. P.O. box 2374, N.Y.

CAMPAIGN BADGES—Samples and terms to the trade or agents 10c. Am. Novelty Co., Hartford, Ct.

MUSIC SEND 10 CENTS for one, or 30 cents for MUSIC four choice pieces music. Regular price $1.85. Pres. Cleveland's March, Litho. Portrait, Schleiffarth, 40 Cts. Gen. Boulanger's March, Great hit, Rosewig, 35 Cts. Sweetheart Waltzes, Gypsy Baron, Strauss, 75 Cts. Call Me Back Schottische, Very Popular, Fisher, 35 Cts. Catalogue of 2153 pieces music mailed free. Send for it. S. B. HUYETT, St. Joseph, Mo.

*AGENTS, ATTENTION!*

Enclose five cents in postage stamps for the great Republican Campaign Chart, printed in colors, size, 22x28, containing the likenesses of the candidates, the party platform and rattling melody for campaign use. Address Hitchcock's Printing and Publishing House, 385 6th ave., New York.

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Farmers, Mechanics and Workingmen, when you want a pair of Over-Pants that are properly cut, easy fitting and that will Never Rip, ask for and get the Newburgh; also Newburgh Never Rip Pantaloon in Wool, Jeans, Cottonades, &c. Pantaloons, $1 to 3.50; Over Pants, 75c. to $1. If your Pants rip in wear you get your money back. Sold by one first-class dealer in every town. M'f'g by WHITEHILL & CLEVELAND, Newburgh, N.Y.

PRETTY AS A GIRL!

THE METROPOLITAN, Literary Monthly, in its fourth year, with over 500,000 circulation, to add 100,000 more subscribers this Summer, has purchased a large importation of artistically decorated Japanese fans of superior quality, for subscription premiums. For only 30 cents we will send this charming literary monthly one year, and one of these beautiful fans, by mail, post-paid. Over 200 large pages of choice reading, and a valuable fan, for only 30 cents. Send stamps or postal note. Address THE METROPOLITAN, 32 Vesey St., New York.

200 Cute, Curious, Catchey Pictures 10cts. P. O. BOX 2633, New York

To Introduce them, one in every County or Town furnished reliable persons [illegible] promise to show it. American Music Box Co., 7 Murray St., N. Y.

TANSY PILLS!

Perfectly safe and always effectual. Never fail to afford speedy and certain relief. Particulars (sealed) 4c. Wilcox Medicine Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED Big commission on our New Book, "OUR ALBUM OF AUTHORS;" contains 100 sketches and 60 portraits. Over 100,000 already sold. Best selling book of the year. Write for terms and mention this paper. Address ELLIOTT & BEEZLEY, Chicago, Ill., or Philadelphia, Pa.

A GENTLEMAN who suffered years from Piles and has been effectually cured will send full directions for self treatment. Simple and unfailing. Free to all. Edward Slater, 38 Clinton st. Cincinnati, O.

# Nasby's Books.

We have been deluged with letters inquiring for Mr. D. R. Locke's books, and have been compelled, in consequence, to make arrangements as rapidly as possible to supply the demand. Below is given a list of all the published books written by Mr. Locke. We own the plates of a portion of these, and new editions are being printed as rapidly as possible. We have made arrangements with the publishers of the others, by which special editions are being prepared for us. The list comprises the following:

## "NASBY IN EXILE."

The travels of D. R. Locke in Europe, one of the most entertaining books of travel ever written. Profusely illustrated; 700 pages. Original price, $3.50. Present price, postpaid by mail, $1.25, or with BLADE one year, $2.10.

## "STRUGGLES OF PETROLEUM V. NASBY."

This is a very fine volume of about 700 pages, with full-page illustrations by the famed artist, Thomas Nast. It contains the very best of the "Nasby" letters which were written during the war, and is prefaced by an autobiography of "Petroleum V. Nasby," written specially for the book. Its former retail price was $3, but we will send it by mail, postpaid, for $1.50. Or, we will send one copy, postpaid, and a copy of the Weekly BLADE for one year on receipt of $2.00.

## "HANNAH JANE."

This tender and true poem, one of the very finest in the English language, is here produced in an *edition de luxe*, square 8vo., on fine, heavy, tinted paper, profusely illustrated with full-page wood-cuts of the highest grade, bound in extra cloth and gilt. We will send one copy by mail, postpaid, for $1.50; or, we will send a postpaid copy and the Weekly BLADE one year on receipt of $1.75.

The following books we are having issued with paper covers, so that they can be afforded at a cheap price and have a wide circulation:

## "SWINGIN' ROUND THE CIRKLE."

This embraces the celebrated series of "Nasby" letters published during President Johnson's tour through the country just after the war, and comprises some of the best of the "Nasby" letters ever written. We will send this book, postpaid by mail, for 50 cents; or this book and a copy of the Weekly BLADE for one year for $1.25.

## "EKKOES FROM KENTUCKY."

This book embraces another series of the "Nasby" letters, written during the early period of the war, and contains some of the strongest letters Mr. Locke ever wrote. We will send this book, postpaid by mail, for 50 cents, or this book and a copy of the Weekly BLADE for one year for $1.25.

## "ABOU BEN ADHEM."

This book is not made up of "Nasby" letters, but contains a series of articles by Mr. Locke in another style of humor. A better book than Æsop's Fables; one of the very best books ever written by Mr. Locke. We will send one of these books, postpaid by mail, on receipt of 50 cents; or one copy and the Weekly BLADE for one year for $1.25.

## "A PAPER CITY."

This is a novel by D. R. Locke, founded on the abnormal growth of Western towns under the influence of a "boom." Mr. Locke, in this novel, describes the methods employed by boomers of Western cities, by platting a town in the middle of a prairie, on paper, and selling lots by various methods. A very timely book. We will send one copy, postpaid by mail, on receipt of 50 cents; or one copy and the Weekly BLADE for one year for $1.25.

Our readers will notice that we have made a very low price on these books in connection with the Weekly BLADE, for the reason that we desire each sale to bring us a new subscriber. If you are already a subscriber and want one of these books, obtain a new subscriber, and thus obtain the book for almost nothing.

The following are other books of our publication, which we are prepared to furnish, postpaid by mail, at prices announced:

## ANDERSONVILLE:

**A Story of Southern Prisons.**

This book by John McElroy, who was eighteen months in Andersonville and other Southern prisons, has had a sale enjoyed by but very few. It is a record of the author's terrible experience in those hells upon earth, and is written in a style that is absolutely fascinating. It is the only true record of the sufferings endured by our soldiers in the military prisons. Regular price, $3. We now send it by mail for $1.25; with Weekly BLADE one year, $2.10. A new edition just out. Every soldier and every soldier's son should read this wonderful book.

## OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES,

the best book of recipes, and the most reliable, ever printed. It has always sold for $3. Price now, postpaid by mail, $2; or, with BLADE one year, $2.85.

## HEALTH AND BEAUTY,

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## SOCIAL ETIQUETTE,

another book for the young of both sexes, by the same author. All the forms and observances of good society, with the reasons for and the philosophy thereof, are plainly stated. Every young person should have this book, as well as a great many old ones. Price, $1, postpaid by mail, or, with BLADE one year, $1.85.

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THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

# The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

## HOME TALKS.

### ART OF CONVERSING.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

"I am so tired of this Babel of sounds!"

I looked at the speaker in surprise. She was an elegant—I was about to say—society woman, but the expression as it is commonly understood would do her an injustice. Gifted and beautiful, with enough of the world's pelf to enable her to give no thought to the morrow's food and clothing, she possessed many friends and hosts of admirers, and her presence was eagerly sought for at all social entertainments. The exclamation just noted was made at the close of one of these affairs, where she had seemed to be the brightest and merriest of all of the gathering.

"What is the matter?" inquired I, after a vain effort to digest her outbreak.

"Just this. I have spent from two to three hours with the best people the city affords. They are intelligent, and many of them what may be called cultivated, and yet though there was a very Babel of tongues, I do not recall a single sentence worth remembering, nor a single subject discussed that was not personal, unless perhaps it might have been the weather. Why is it that we cannot have an imitation of the famed French salons in this country? Why is there nothing like brilliant conversation in our gatherings, nothing save a constant flow of small talk that is sometimes bright and sparkling, it is true, but for the most part inane and common place?"

Why indeed? I could not but think after she had ceased, of all the cultivated people I know, persons who study and read, and appreciate what they read, who have active brains which are ever ready to work, who think to a definite purpose, and can often put their thoughts well upon paper, but who cannot carry on a conversation for a half hour without halting and stumbling, or jumbling the words together so that all brilliancy that might dwell in them are utterly lost. Comparing the spoken idea with the same one clothed in written diction, and it could hardly be recognized.

Good talkers are exceedingly rare; good conversationalists even more so. It is possible to be the one without the other, for the first requires a retentive memory, a pleasant voice and a fluency of diction, while the latter must have in addition, the accomplishment of listening well, and also the ability to compare ideas quickly and make deductions easily.

One reason why there are so few persons who can converse gracefully, as well as intelligently, is because it is never studied as is any other accomplishment. There seems to be a strong objection against considering the power as an art to be acquired by care and an effort of the intellect, for the idea is that to be interesting what is said must be spontaneous, otherwise it becomes artificial and strained, losing all its fascination.

To a certain extent this is true. We can not imagine anyone sitting down to talk by rule, when the subject may veer to the four points of the compass within a half hour, and he who might show that he was endeavoring to do so would be written down an unmitigated bore.

That, however, is not necessary. No one ever thought of classing Madame de Stael as anything but the most delightful companion in conversation, and yet perhaps, there was never anyone who gave more attention and thought to what she would say to those she met socially, and the manner in which she should say it. She could talk "by rule" and yet so utterly conceal the fact that it seemed spontaneous, and there is where the skill to be gained lies.

Of course there are natural differences in individuals. Some have what might almost be called a "trick" of attracting and interesting at the outset, something which another with all senses alert to catch and hold it in his possession, can never acquire. And yet this power is far more general than it is thought to be, the only trouble being that it is not trained to expression. Those who lack it entirely are the dull, cold, unsympathetic people, and every advantage of personal beauty, wealth and position can never make them popular in the true sense of the word.

There is no question of the possibility of a far greater number of good conversationalists in the social circles of to-day, than is now found, but the art must be made a study like anything else worth having. And what a power it may be made, over riding every other attraction. This one thing is often the key to the greatest success in life. Its importance can hardly be over-estimated considered with reference to its effect upon society, could it become more general.

A little book recently issued upon this subject gives some of the principles that are to be taught, beginning with the children, and one of the very first things is the cultivation of a sweet, clear voice. The author is right in saying that this goes a long way in constituting man or woman a pleasant talker. In public places one is attracted or repelled from strangers merely by the tones of the voice in chance speaking. I have known intelligent persons to carry on a conversation for a considerable length of time, in the matter of which they had no shadow of interest, merely for the pleasure of listening to a musical voice. Careful and persistent training from the youth up will produce wonders in this direction, while a naturally good gift may be ruined by habitual overstraining, loud, rough talking, or a tempetuous mode of speech. The old Greeks set it down as an axiom that a loud, harsh voice betokened bad breeding. That may be somewhat severe, and yet there is a world of truth in their judgment. Rarely, indeed, do we find a highly cultivated lady or gentleman with harsh, grating tones in the voice, while on the contrary it is the most common thing among the ignorant and uncultivated. Of course there are exceptions to all general rules.

Given, however, a sweet voice, an intonation the opposite of intense accent, or those provincialisms in pronunciation which are so numerous, and which must be also the fruit of early education, and a good foundation has been laid for acquiring the art of conversation. Facility of expression must next be learned—the ability to put in well-chosen words the thought to be conveyed, to do this without hesitation or stumbling, and with an entire absence of that useless repetition of words which usually results from an inability to catch the right one desired to express the meaning. One gives a sort of twang to the conjunction "and" that interlards their speech with astonishing frequency; another says with every other breath, "you know"; a third hems! and hems! and goes back and forth in the effort to find the lacking expression to fit in at that precise place; each one having some form peculiar to himself of covering his hesitancy, and all of them detracting from the graces of conversation. Here again, careful training is requisite, not only in youth, but continued until the habit is fairly formed and firmly fixed.

Of course a good conversationalist must have a fair knowledge of what is under discussion, but as I am not writing an exhaustive treatise upon the subject, I let that part of it go without saying.

One thing more. Perfection of easy conversation involves an absolute avoidance of all personalities. Not only that, but it demands a subtle deference to another's opinions, while maintaining one's own; a manner that never irritates or offends even though not an iota of ground is yielded. A writer in an article upon Madame Necker, puts it in this way: "That which suggests an opinion rather than asserts it and softens opposition by a flavor of banter." Conversation often fails in its purpose of entertainment, through the dogmatism of some participator, who may be right, but makes that right repellant by his manner.

## FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

Star Cushion.—The following very pretty one is described by a writer in *Arthur's Home Magazine*: Cut from cardboard a star six and a half inches across from the upper to the lower point, and four inches from side to side across the center. Cover it first on the back side with cambric, folding it over to the front and catching it across with a few long stitches from one part to another, thus gaining a good edge to sew the covering to around the points.

Pad the upper side with fine cotton or hair about an inch and a half deep, except near the edge where it is quite thin, and baste on a cambric cover to keep it in shape.

The velvet cover, considerably larger than the cardboard on which the rose and foliage has been embroidered, is next added, being careful to fit it as smoothly as possible along the sides of the points, disposing of any extra fullness in tiny plaits at the corners, turn the edges under and baste it to the cambric. Shape a satin cover for the back side like the cardboard, allowing a seam's width to turn in, and overhand it to the velvet around the edge. If it is designed for a gift a name or monogram written on the back, worked with fine silk in outline stitch, would be nice; also a little satchet-powder sprinkled in the cotton. Satin ribbon bows complete the cushion; the ribbons by which it is suspended are secured to the lining high up on the back, so that it falls flatly against the wall. Pretty brocade remnants or pieces of figured silk are often used to cover such ornaments, arranged so that a cluster of flowers or leaves takes the place of the embroidery. They may be made much smaller, if preferred. One covered with soft bright cashmere and suspended by a twisted wool cord tipped with tassels, would be pretty, especially if a similar cord were used to outline the edge.—Frances H. P.

Decorative Work on Fabrics—Design for Cushion Top, Rose Bud and Leaves.—This design, perforated pattern No. 918, is suitable for decorating a blue plush or black satin cushion top. The size of the pattern is 6x6. Stamp the design with white powder. The following paints will be needed: One tube silver white, one tube lemon yellow, one tube chrome greene, one tube emerald green, one bottle pale drying oil. For working on the plush, fine French bristle brushes Nos. 1, 2 and 4 will be needed. For working on satin, long handled camel's hair brushes in the same numbers.

First take out some white paint, add to it a little pale drying oil. With this paint your entire design. When this coat is dry the natural colors may be laid on.

The rose may be retouched with pure lemon yellow, adding a little pale drying oil to the paint. The leaves and stems may be painted in two shades of green, mixing chrome and emerald and shading in a little lemon yellow. The leaves should afterwards be veined with burnt sienna, and a very light touch of sienna added to the stems. If painting on the satin use rose madder, heightened with white for the rose and tip of bud. A catalogue will be sent on receipt of six cents postage. Questions in regard to this department answered if accompanied by stamped envelope for reply.—Mrs. E. S. L. Thompson, Winchester, Ind.

## KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Lace Edge and Inserting.—Cast on 15 stitches, and knit across plain. 1st row—s 1—k 1—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 1—t t o—n—k 3—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 1—t t o—k 2; 2d row—k 2—p 1—k 1—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 3—p 1—k 1—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 2; 3d row—s 1—k 1—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 2—t t o—n—k 2—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 2—t t o—n—k 2—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 2—t t o—k 2; 4th row—k 2—p 1—k 2—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 3—p 1—k 2—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 2; 5th row—s 1—k 1—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 3—t t o—n—k 1—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 3—t t o—k 2; 6th row—k 2—p 1—k 3—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 2—p 1—k 3—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 2; 7th row—s 1—k 2—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 4—t t o—n twice—t t o—p 2 tog—k 6; 8th row—cast off 3—k 2—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 1—p 1—k 4—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 2. Repeat from first row.

Crocheted Ruche.—This is very pretty made of knitting silk and edged with tinsel. One can use silk and tinsel of any shade they desire. Make a chain the length of dress collar, and 5 ch. to turn. First row—1 l tr in 6 st from hook *—2 ch—skip 2—1 l tr in next st *—repeat from * to *, to end of ch—this makes a row of open squares. Second row—ch 3—5 l tr in top of squares *—4 l tr in the side of the same square, 2 l tr in the bottom of next square—4 l tr in the side of same square—6 l tr in top of next square *—repeat from * to *. I have made this as plain as I can, but if there are any that cannot understand it, I will send them a sample, provided they send a self-addressed and stamped envelope.—Abbie Pew, Woodston, Rooks Co., Kansas.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

About an Old Subscriber.—My venerable but now sainted father, Mr. Richard Cheyney, whose name is yet upon the subscription list of the Blade, on the morning of October 5, 1887, bade adieu to the dear ones of earth and passed over the mystic sea into the beautiful land beyond sorrow and shadow.

A strange sadness comes over me when receiving the Blade and observe that it is addressed to one who will never peruse its columns again! To one whose spectacles are lain aside, and whose chair is forever vacant.

"Where the River of Life runs purling along,
 And flowers their sweets are exhaling,
Where angels pour forth their seraphical song
 That driveth away all bewailing."

"I know that they are happy with their angel plumage on." Yet I sometimes think that if only one of the dear departed were permitted to visit us and tell us how it is over there we could more calmly wait until our "summons came." But God knows best, and this is not the sphere where spirits dwell, when absent from the body.

Prof. O. N. Stoddard says: "We do not say what spirit is, but what it is not. It is immaterial—not matter. We cannot, we dare not enter that charmed circle and say what spirit is. God is a spirit, certainly in a higher, if not in a different sense from what we are. We are to have a spiritual body; but all we know of matter affords no clear idea of what a spiritual body is. Alas, how these great questions do rise up from the dark unknown and press for a solution! Be patient, O soul; the answer will come by and by like the sweetness of evening bells."

My father was one of the pioneers of Wayne county; he was born October 6, 1803, and died October 5, 1887. Thus one by one the links that most directly connect the present with the past are severed. The landmarks are fast passing away. I regret very deeply the death of the editor, D. R. Locke. He was truly one of earth's noblemen. He would have rendered great service during the coming campaign. The Nasby letters will be wanting. The great and humble must yield to the silent Conqueror. The brave editor and some of his subscribers have met in the heavenly sanctum.

The first ballot my father cast for a Presidential candidate was for John Quincy Adams in 1824, and he voted for every Whig and Republican Presidential candidate since that time, the last time for the Hon. James G. Blaine.—Amanda Cheyney.

Spicy Letter, From the Pine Woods.—And so "Farmers Daughter" wants to hear again from the lady in the pine woods! Well, what can I say that will be of sufficient interest to escape the waste basket? All the forest is a brilliant green, for even the "evergreens" come out in spring costume, while the myriads of wild flowers cause one to think that shattered rainbows have fallen on the grass. The wild strawberry blossoms, and big blue violets are so thick, it is hard to step without treading on them. The large yellow violets grow in damp spots, and we sometimes find pure white ones. I found a bunch of beautiful purple fringed orchids not long since and carefully transplanted them. And my husband brought me a root of snow white "blue bell" the other day. The variety seems endless as enchanting, and quite beyond description. How would "F. D." like to "go a fishin'" and take out from 50 to 75 speckled beauties in two hours time? If she will happen in about the time my big platter of brown crispness is ready to go on the table, I'll make her think she has "struck" something even better than venison and pheasant, and that is seldom found.

But there is a drawback even to the delight of tempting the beautiful, many colored fish from the rushing, foaming water. That shining delusion of satan's own planting, the poison ivy, lieth in wait for the unwary, and though you but look upon it, it "stingeth like an adder and biteth like a serpent," and its effects linger with you all the years of your life. I would suggest that, after applying whatever lotion is used, and it is nearly dry, an application of magnesia or starch—never use so-called face powders, will do much to ease the burning smart, and make contact with clothing much less painful. Ounce of prevention, stay out of the woods. But, if, like myself, you can't do that, rub the face and hands with the following mixture and dust well with magnesia: 2 oz. best glycerine, 1½ oz Bay rum, ½ oz. rosewater, as much chlorate of potassa as will lie on a silver dime. I have used this for years, and in spite of work and weather can keep my hands soft and smooth.

Bands of Indians, with "kloochmen," pappooses and ponies, go by almost every day, on their way to Calispel valley for their annual camos digging and horse-racing. The squaws will dig and dry the camos, a root resembling an onion in appearance, but of an oily, nutty flavor, rather pleasant in taste. The bucks will sit around, gamble, and race in a small way until the grand pow-wow in June, when much property, animate and inanimate, will change hands, "kah-kwa Boston-man." They call all white men "Boston-man." Talk about "Yankee enterprise!" It has not been wholly monopolized by the white man. One of our red brothers goes to the head of our lake, takes out and drys tons of fish, then "packs" it to the valley during the big races, and sells to the other Indians. He has a ranch, and plenty of stock.

As usual, parties who want to keep the country pretty much to themselves, started rumors of Indian troubles this spring, but they have no foundation whatever. There is no noticeable rush, but the country is being settled, and a railroad is surveyed up through this part of it, and promises to be built soon.

In spite of all that can be printed, written or said, people come out here with the vaguest possible ideas of what this country really is. Some, deceived by rose-colored accounts sent out, sell or give away all they have in the East, and on reaching here, feeling strange and homesick among scenes so utterly unlike those they left, they go back thoroughly disgusted, to begin again amid old scenes, or, if as happened with many, they have not the means to do that, they try to get along here, lacking both courage and contentment, and their success is uncertain. Others, more wary, do not burn their ships behind them so hastily, and when they have made up their minds they can place themselves in accord with new conditions, they identify themselves with the chosen section, and make by far the best and largest class of citizens. They compel success, and make name and place of which they may well be proud. But we have another class, and a numerous one, whose preconceived idea of us is, that, being so far from the hub of creation, we must be semi-barbarians at least. They come out here with an air of deliberately stepping beyond the pale of propriety and proceed to study us. Like the visitors who went to the Dutch "Kermesse," they manage to stay long enough to "satisfy a modest amount of shocked curiosity," then shake the dust of the far West from their feet and return to their conservative peck measures, which differ from ours only in being very "high" and narrow, and consequently lacking generous latitude. As they have also shook the dollars from their pockets in the transit, we are resigned. We like our country well enough to stay with it.

And some of us have lived almost long enough to fully appreciate dear Miss Bouton's exultant recapitulation of what women have won from the world during the past 25 or 40 years. I can only add my hurrah to swell the echo of her glad words, for they will cheer and comfort many.

Yes, we women have all the legal rights that men possess, save that we are exempt from jury duty—thanks to our Democratic friends. They made a big fight against the suffrage bill, making jury duty this prime objection. Result: they gave us equal rights, and saved us from unpleasant duty. But, girls, do not imagine Washington territory is therefore a paradise of privileges. With the mountains of ignorance and error, as well as the mountains material round about and in our midst, there are many places where the shadows lie deep and dense. Young women do not know their rights, and many more dare not claim them. Long years of political submission and unquestioning obedience have left small room for "self-development." The right to hardship, privation, loneliness—endurance is theirs without dispute. In many communities are women who for weeks and months never see the face of another woman, who even endure the pains and perils of childbirth with no aid from sisterly sympathy, and whose state of mind I make no attempt to describe. The men? O, they are moving about the country, never at a loss for change of scene, if it's only to "see a man." You couldn't expect all the family to endure stagnation! But you see there is much to be learned and gained, even here.

Several have asked me how I managed about dressmaking out in the woods. Bless you! I don't! I have no time to make, and no strength to carry the many folded, much be-draped costumes now in vogue. And if I had, I should consider them in very bad taste in a place like this. O, don't fear but I have orthodox feathers to fly in, on my rare visits to the "city." But pretty flannels in winter, ditto calicos and ginghams for summer, fill all demands for dress on a ranch. Sometimes I use the princess style for heavier ones, as it is easily fitted, can be made quite plain, but will admit of endless variations in plaits, draperies and trimmings generally. But my favorite is the never-enough-praised Mother Hubbard. It can be used for everything except the delightfully airy, thin goods, which we can't wear at all here. Whether it be worn with sash, belt, cord or apron-string, it suits all occasions. Quaint effects can be secured by various finishings. As the sleeves, cut rather wide, gathered in at the top, plaited to fit the arm loosely to the elbow, finished with ruffle or turn-back cuff they look well. Tucks, hems, etc., may be stitched with colored silk and ribbons worn to match. I have laid my pretty laces away, and I never wear linen collars, but smooth hair, white neckwear, and clean pocket handkerchief I do insist on. No woman has the moral right to make a guy of herself, either to follow the fashion or of her inability to do so. Circumstances will do much to excuse, but she should consider it her duty to be clean and neat, and to make the most of what good looks have been given her. Her husband may never seem to notice anything but omission, but he does see and note, and some time may be betrayed into a compliment of courting days.—Jeanie J.

About Pot-Pourri.—As the season for roses is at hand, I thought some of the readers of the Household would be interested in my recipe for pot-pourri, which is pronounced the perfection of fragrance, and it is said will retain this property for twenty years:

When the rose season is at its height, gather from day to day the very finest of the rose petals, the common old sweet-scented varieties are the best. The weather should be dry and sunny, and they should be gathered in the morning as soon as the dew is off. Use none that appear decayed. When two quarts have been collected, take a large porcelain bowl, over the bottom of which strew a layer of fine table salt; then strew on a couple of handfuls of leaves; then salt, then leaves, till all are used. Cover a layer of salt over the tops, and press the mass down gently with a plate which fits within the bowl. Let them remain one week, turning and mixing them each day after the first twelve hours (adding, if you wish, a few fresh leaves daily); they must be separated thoroughly and exposed to the air during the process. When the entire mass appears moist and water seems drawn from the leaves, add one ounce and a half of allspice and cinnamon, equal parts, and put it into an ornamental jar, in which it is to be kept, adding the following ingredients: Half an ounce of cloves, one-half ounce cinnamon, one-half ounce each of nutmeg, mace, allspice, orange and lemon peel, one-eighth of an ounce black pepper, one-half ounce anise seed and root, the last sliced. All the spices should be coarsely powdered, (do not use ground spices.) Add, also, three grains musk, one eighth ounce of oil of rose geranium, lavender or any essential oil preferred, a few drops of any and several essential oils, any extracts for the handkerchief, an ounce and a half of orris root—half of it in thin slices and half granulated. Keep tightly closed for a month after the final mixing, frequently stirring and shaking the jar. Never allow the mixture to become dry or freeze, and always when the mass appears dry, moisten with some one of the fragrant waters—violet, rose or Florida water, or extracts for the handkerchiefs, as preferred. The petals of fragrant flowers as they come into bloom may be added to the jar. They may be added yearly, and rose leaves as at first mixed. Open the jar whenever the perfume is desired, and it will permeate through the house, filling it with delicious odors.

Now will some one please tell me some pretty way to make a photograph case, not one in which the pictures will be very much exposed and oblige.—Portia Belle.

## INQUIRIES.

Will "Poor Missourian," who says she is an invalid and wants some work that she can do in bed, send her address to me? I want to write to her, and don't know any other way to get her name and address.—Miss Sarah Lindsay, Holt, Beaver Co., Pa.

I would like to ask any of the Blade family if they would kindly send me a few birds eggs, one of each kind, from the country near their homes. Please label each with its name, and pack carefully in cotton. I will pay postage.—Hattie L. Melchert, Kossuth, Des Moines Co., Ia.

Can any one send a good recipe for curling the hair? There was one in the Blade about two years ago which I should like.—H. H. M., Keenesaw, Nebraska.

My stock of seed is exhausted. Will you please state this in your paper?—S. L. Leach, Westminster, N. Y.

Will some one please give the author of the declamation entitled "A Strange Death-Bed," and where can I secure the declamation?—Dot, Blairstown, Ia.

We, the colored people, are trying to organize a society called the Brothers and Sisters of Charity, so I write for information. Will some of the Blade readers please send us a constitution for the Brothers and Sisters of Charity? Address Miss Virginia Fluker, Tyner Station, Tenn.

I would like to correspond with some nice old lady who wants a home. We are three in family and have just started on a small fruit and garden farm, we have two cows. My work is not so very hard but I am not strong so it seems hard to me, and I am not able to hire and pay the wages girls demand, but if I could find some nice old lady (not so very old) who is quite healthy and willing to do what she could it would please me very much. Address Mrs. Flora Prink, No. 1103 Madison street, Eau Claire, Wis.

Will the lady that said she would send recipe for keeping butter good please send it to the Household?—Lily Jane.

Our correspondent offers some religious papers to those who desire, but as she gave no address it was useless to send offer.—Ed.

Will some one of the members of the Household tell me how to bleach a white straw hat. Will some one tell how to make a pretty paper holder out of paste board; also let us hear from "Moss Rose" again.—Florida Flower, Daytona, Fla.

## ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

M. G. O.—John G. Whittier's home is in Amesbury, Mass.

It is impossible to publish the lines requested by Mr. John W. Payne and sent by R. A. Borthesick. They should have been forwarded directly to the inquirer. Should the latter choose to send address and postage, the lines will be inclosed to him.

E. M. W.—Write to the Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa., for information. Of course it depends upon the school in which you wish to study. That mentioned is Allopathy.—Ed.

I saw in the Blade of May 17, an inquiry for a place on the face of the earth where a poor mortal could go and be relieved of hay fever. I am a resident of Riverside, Calif. I came from Michigan eighteen months ago. I was troubled with asthma in its worst form, and I can truly say I am not troubled with it here, and have not known a case of hay fever here, and the longer I live here, the better I like the country, and the climate is delightful. I can be out of doors nearly every day in the year. Riverside is a city of about 4,000 inhabitants, and not a saloon in it, and in Southern California, too, just think of that.

The scenery is grand. I can look from my window over the tops of the orange trees, laden with golden fruit, to the snow-capped mountains beyond. I have never seen as beautiful a place, with the semi-tropical fruits and flowers, and the mocking birds to sing to us. If there are any sufferers who wish to write to me and ask any questions about the country, I will answer them, provided they send stamps to cover the expense. I have received letters from nearly every state in the Union.—Mrs. G. Butterfield, Riverside, Calif.

Please tell "Crosby," (who wished to know in Household, May 17, of some place that would benefit hay fever) that southern California cured me.—John M. Smith.

If Geneire will get some yellow ochre to cream her lawn she will find it is satisfactory. Dissolve in cold water, put in the rinse same as blueing till the desired shade is obtained. It does lace curtains handsomely. Try it ladies.—Jennie D. Smith, Columbus, Kansas.

Please say to Patient Writer in the Household department of the Blade to bake some wheat bread until it is almost a char, beat it up fine and use it as a tooth powder. Also raw Irish potatoes is good. My gums were in the same fix. They would bleed, be raw and sore, then fester and leave my teeth loose. Do not expect a cure in a few days. Keep up the use of this burnt bread for four or five months and I think you will see a change.—A Subscriber.

"Mary," plants grown in the house are best kept in good shape by pinching the end buds of those shoots that grow too vigorously. This is much better than allowing a few shoots to grow until they need support and then cutting them back.

In taking up plants from the garden for house culture, it is best to cut back at least one-half, and after potting in good soil, water at once, and put in a cool, shaded place.

Nearly all kinds of plants may be easily rooted in bottles of water, or in saucers or other earthen dishes in which is placed sand that is kept very moist, so that water will stand upon the surface. These must be kept in a warm place and occasionally in the full sunshine. When fully rooted, put in good soil in small pots—thumb-pots. Cuttings should generally be made of the soft growth, about two or three inches in length, cut at any convenient point with a sharp knife.—Ex.

"Reader" can procure a small quantity of flax of—Mrs. J. J. Martin, Erieville, Madison Co., New York.

## RECIPES.

To Pickle Ripe Tomatoes.—One peck of ripe tomatoes, 1 oz. of cloves, 1 bottle of ground mustard, 6 onions, 10 grains of pepper, salt and vinegar. Pick your tomatoes before they are quite ripe, as they will ripen entirely while standing in salt. Stick each tomato full of holes with a fork or pointed stick; lay them in layers of salt five or six days; take them out of the salt, put them carefully in your jars with spices, etc., and cover them with cold cider vinegar. They will be fit for use in two weeks.—S. C. Morris, Archer, Florida.

Gold Cake.—For "Weeping Willow"—ingredients.—2 cupfuls of sugar, 4 eggs, 1 cupful of butter, 1 cupful of sweet milk, 3 cupfuls flour, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder, flavoring to taste, either lemon or vanilla. How to mix: Cream the butter and sugar together, add the yolks of eggs, beat it well and then add the milk; stir well, then put in the flour, well sifted, in the last cup of which sift the baking-powder; add flavoring, and lastly the white of eggs, beaten until they will slice. Bake in a tubed pan one hour, in a moderate oven. For frosting take the whites of two eggs, beat until they will slice, add 1 cupful sugar, and when the cake is done, spread over and set in the oven to harden. This is a splendid recipe, and if you follow directions you can not fail to have nice cake. It makes a large cake. It will also make very nice jelly cake, baked in jelly tins, or a nice white cake by leaving out the yolks of eggs and adding more flour. The yolks of eggs, thickened with sugar, are very nice for making flowers, etc., on fancy cakes, where yellow is wanted.—Irene.

Ginger Cookies.—2 eggs, 2 cupfuls New Orleans molasses, 1 cupful of sugar, 1 cupful of lard or butter, 1 tablespoonfuls of ginger, 3 teaspoonfuls of soda, ⅔ of a cupful of sour milk, flour enough to make a dough stiff enough to roll out well. Bake in a moderate oven.

Cream Pie.—1 pint of thick sweet cream, 1 egg, 2 scant tablespoonfuls sifted flour, 3 tablespoonfuls of sugar, lemon flavoring to taste, bake with one crust in deep pan in moderate oven. This makes a pie fit for a king. Above quantity makes one pie.—Irene.

Washing Made Easy.—Having tried different washing machines and different kinds of soap and various compounds we have never found any compounds to equal this. Tell it to the washerwoman. One pound Babbitt's potash, 2 ozs. salts of tartar, boil in a gallon of soft water; cool, then add 2 ozs. aqua ammonia; put in jar and cork tight. One-half teacup for a common washing after having soaked the clothes over night. Soap the dirty spots before putting into boil.

—Impurities of the blood often cause great annoyance at this season; Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, and cures all such affections.

# Our Young Folks.

## BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Flora Churchman
Chas Sexton
Eva Pearce
Lida Sexton
Sada Sexton
Mary Jane Sexton
Freddie Jones
Winnie Burghart
Edwin B Samson
Belle Doyle
Kate Williams
Mary Smith
Samuel Adams
Josephine Berry
Lucille Bradford
Kittie Fisher
Clyde Fisher
Lucy Smoot
Baby Churchman

Names this week, 19. Total 23,756.

The above embraces all names received up to June 21.

## SPRING-SONG FOR THE CHAUNCEY HALL KINDERGARTEN.

MISS LUCY WHEELOCK.

Old Mother Earth woke up from sleep,
 And found she was cold and bare;
The winter was over, the spring was near,
 And she had not a dress to wear!
"Alas!" she sighed with great dismay,
 "Oh, where shall I get my clothes?
There's not a place to buy a suit,
 And a dressmaker no one knows."

"I'll make you a dress," said the springing grass,
 Just looking above the ground;
"A dress of green of the loveliest sheen,
 To cover you all around."
"And we," said the dandelions gay,
 "Will dot it with yellow bright;"
"I'll make it a fringe," said Forget-me-not,
 "Of blue, very soft and light."
"We'll embroider the front," said the violets,
 "With a lovely purple hue;"
"And we," said the roses, "will make you a crown
 Of red, jewelled over with dew."
"And we'll be your gems," said a voice from the shade,
 "Where the ladies' ear-drops live—
Orange is a color for any queen,
 And the best that we have to give."

Old Mother Earth was thankful and glad,
 As she put on her dress so gay;
And that is the reason, my little ones,
 She is looking so lovely to-day.

## MARIE'S OFFERING.

BY MRS. O. M.

"Not a single flower can I get to lay on the altar to-morrow, not a wee small gift for le bon Dieu. Ah! but he will think I care little for him."

And Marie's dark eyes filled with tears which she had much ado to keep from falling into the milk she was warming for her baby brother, who was regarding her with solemn eyes from his rude crib in the corner. It was seldom that the child's brave spirit yielded beneath the burdens laid upon it; but to-day the proverbial "last straw" had been added. The good Cure had bidden all the children in the primitive congregation to which he ministered, to bring all the flowers they could obtain, and heap them on and around the altar of the old gray church, as "an offering of a sweet savor unto the Lord;" and in every cottage and upon the corners of the streets as they passed to and from school, the children gathered in knots, chattering eagerly of their plans and the fragrant gifts they intended laying upon the altar. Wreaths, crosses, hearts and other pretty devices, daintily woven baskets to be filled with lovely blossoms, were devised and discussed many times during the day. The day after to-morrow would be Sunday, so to-morrow before sunrise troops of happy children would start out to search through the neighboring woods and fields for flowers and "ribbon grass," wherewith to prepare their yearly offering. They had stopped on their way home from school to tell Marie of their plans and to bid her be ready in time to accompany them, but for the first time during her twelve merry springs, Marie was obliged to say them nay. It did seem too cruel a disappointment to be borne, for not only did Marie delight in a ramble with her young companions, she also truly loved le bon Dieu, and had long counted herself his own cherished lamb. And now not to be able to show her affection by bringing so much as a single flower to lay on his altar; for little Marie lived with her mother, the poor crippled gardner and the wee baby brother, in two rooms of a tenement house, and you may be quite sure that not so much as one blade of grass had the courage to show its face above the hard trodden ground about these premises, so there was no hope of her obtaining a blossom unless she could join the children. When little Jean's milk was ready, Marie took it too him, holding it carefully to his lips, lest a drop should be spilled, then laying him down on his pillow, she gently rocked him until the heavy lids fell over the blue eyes and the boy was safe in sleepy land.

"Child, child," called a weak voice from the inner room, "canst come to mother now?"

Quickly Marie's small brown hands brushed away the tears, then she ran to the pump which stood just outside the door and dashed the cool water over her face and hands, until with clear bright eyes and sweetly smiling mouth, brave little Marie was ready to go to the sick woman whose sole comfort she knew herself to be. But a mother's eyes are sharpened by the love she bears her child and Mere Jeanneton saw below the surface a sorrow tugging at the young heart-strings.

"What is it, *ma mie*, art fretting because there will be no grand bouquet for the altar next Sunday?"

Marie tried to make light of the matter, fearing lest her sick mother should deem herself the cause of the trouble, and grieve over it and thus make herself worse.

"Nay, ma mere, surely there will be flowers enough without the few I could bring."

"Ah! my child, thou canst not deceive thy mother. Dost forget that mothers have the double sight, the first that God gives to all, and the second that love gives?"

Then drawing Marie's sweet face down to her own pale face, she tenderly embraced and kissed her, saying as she did so:

"May *le bon Dieu* bless thee for a dear, unselfish, faithful daughter, and make up tenfold to thee all thou art losing by the side of thy poor sick mother, and accept thy gift, *ma chere enfant*."

"Amen," said a deep strong voice, and looking up suddenly, they beheld the burly form of the good old Cure filling up the doorway.

"Come hither, little nurse, and see what the kind old lady who lives in the grand house on the hill has sent to the sick mother. Ah! here is a sight to dry up the tears in bright eyes," as Marie exclaimed joyfully over the contents of a large basket, which stood on the kitchen table. "Now see how quickly thou canst warm up some of this nourishing broth, and while it is heating, give Mere Jeanneton a spoonful or two of this strengthening jelly."

When the sick woman had been thus tenderly cared for, and was watching with love-lit eyes her little daughter, as she tripped softly back and forth from one room to the other, putting the dishes that had been used back in their places on the shelves, placing the dainties left in the basket in the safest spot she could find; the Cure called the child to his side and said with grave earnestness:

"Little daughter, can it be that thou wast grieving because there was no time to spare for flower-picking for children's day?"

"Ah! no, cher ami, but because I shall have no gift to lay upon the altar to show le bon Dieu how much I love him; indeed that was all." And again the dark eyes filled with tears.

"And thou wast sorrowing for lack of a few paltry flowers, wherewith to show thy love for God, when day by day thou art bringing him a gift a hundred-fold more precious, in the loving care bestowed upon thy mother; the patience with which thou dost watch over thy little brother and the poor grand-mere when she is with thee. Ah! dear child, never fear but le bon Dieu will accept thy gift of loving, obedient service, in tenderly watching over thy mother and innocent baby brother, aye and prize it, too. Flowers wither away, leaving but a handful of withered leaves, while the fragrance of thy gift, dear child, will never grow less, but will rise like sweet incense continually before God."

So little Marie was comforted concerning her gift, although she could not be spared to join the merry children who trooped past on the following day. A joyful surprise was planned for her on Sunday. After the simple, but impressive services at the church were concluded, two children, her particular friends, tripped up to the flower embowered altar, and after a whispered consultation with the good-natured Cure, bore off in triumph the largest and most beautiful basket there, which they carried to the door of Mere Jeanneton's rooms and setting cautiously within, away they ran, but not so fast as to deprive them of hearing Marie's scream of delight. Ah! it was a very happy day for the dear child, it was indeed.—*Advocate and Guardian.*

## LITTLE DICK'S SPECIAL.

"A shine for a dime! A shine for a dime!"

Over and over the shrill cry rang through the streets and the small boy with the block slung over his shoulder kept a sharp lookout for muddy boots and ready customers. A merry whistle, a bright, happy face, and a well worn but also well patched suit, with a loving, cheerful heart underneath—these were the make-up of little Dick. His mother called him Richard because that was his father's name, but every one else who knew him called him little Dick. He and his mother had had quite a struggle since the father's death to pay the debts and the rents and the small expenses of food and clothing besides taking care of the old grandfather; but they were coming through all right now, and Dick sometimes had a whole five-cent piece to put in the collection plate Sunday evening. He never went to church in the morning because he staid at home with his grandfather while his mother went to church, and he never went to Sunday school because his grandfather liked him to sit by his bed Sunday afternoons and read to him, but he always went to church Sunday evenings, and perhaps did as much listening and learning in one service as some people do in three. Dick had learned for one thing that there was a happiness in giving. He loved to give. Indeed, as an eminent divine once did, he used to empty his pockets before leaving home of all but his five or three or one-cent piece for fear he might put something in the plate which ought to be spent for his mother or grandfather. So, when one night the minister announced a "special free-will offering" for the next Sabbath evening, little Dick longed to have something special to give, something even more special than a five-cent piece. He noted carefully what the minister said about bringing in the tithes. He listened closely when he went on to explain about the tithe being one-tenth; and Dick thought he understood all about it. All through the week little Dick thought about it and wondered how he could save up the special; but whether because the weather was fair and boots not so muddy, or whether because that was the week that his grandfather's rheumatic medicine must be renewed, Saturday morning found him again on the streets with no prospect yet of any special beyond a five-cent piece.

"A shine for a dime! A shine for a dime!" he shouted in the pauses of the tune he was whistling. His regular customers had all been served and two or three extras besides, and still he kept up the whistle and the call.

"Well, chap! I guess my shoes need something of that sort."

Dick's block was down in a second, and his blacking and brushes ready for work the moment the speaker was ready to put up his foot. He was one of the tip-tops; Dick could see that the minute he looked at his fine cloth suit and pointed toes.

"You have muscle, I see," he said as little Dick rubbed and brushed and polished with a will until the sun himself would have felt flattered by his reflection in the two points.

"A job like that deserves special notice and special pay," he continued, carefully select the piece he wished from his handful of change.

"There, you have earned all of that and more, too." The gentleman handed Dick a quarter and walked quickly away. He was out of sight directly, leaving little Dick with a rejoicing heart, only sorry that he had no chance to speak his thanks. Again he shouldered his block and the whistle and the shout sounded louder and merrier.

When Dick got home that night he had to do some hard calculating. He was no arithmetician, for he had never been to school a day in his life, but with the aid of his mother and grandfather in the one-tenth he succeeded in arranging his affairs to his satisfaction. He emptied the little box in which he kept his earnings upon his grandfather's bed and placed the coins in a row of tens, counting slowly and carefully as to make no mistake. With the 25 cents which the fine gentleman had given him there was just one dollar and fifteen cents. One dollar he had rightly earned, the fifteen cents had been a gift. He consulted with his mother whether he could not give ten cents of his own earnings—that would be his tenth, and then surely he might give the extra fifteen cents which he had not really earned besides. He would give that whole quarter just as it was, he decided.

"A whole quarter! That will be a special, won't it, mother?" he exclaimed with pardonable pride.

His mother would not hinder him, although she knew that the rent would soon be due again and she had not earned as much with her washing that week as usual. She would let the plate pass by her in the morning and Dick should put it all in in the evening. So little Dick ran to church with a happy heart the next evening, his "special" snugly hid in his jacket pocket. He sang the hymns with all his might and prayed with all his understanding, and when the plate came around put his "special" in very quickly so that he would have time to see how big it looked beside a five-cent piece.

"Five times as big," he thought with a little delighted chuckle, he knew as much arithmetic as that.

Then he tried to keep a sober face while the minister preached about the widow's mite, but could not help feeling glad that his gift had been more than a mite, and he thanked the stranger again in his heart, for without his help the "special" would have been only ten cents instead of twenty-five.

The stranger himself had gone to church that evening. He had taken a lady with him, and when the collection was taken had carelessly dropped a dollar bill on the plate. The lady thought as little Dick did, of his generosity. But when the church treasurer was counting the money the next day he found among the collection a counterfeit quarter, and nobody knew, nobody but God, that little Dick had put it there; and nobody knew, nobody but God and the gentleman stranger, how little Dick had gotten it; but God did know, and laid in his treasure house a whole good quarter as little Dick's offering, and accepted only the counterfeit as the gift of the stranger.

To the sight of men the deed covers the motives, but God looks from the other side, and the motive hides the deed.—*E. L. B., in New York Observer.*

## THE FOUNDER OF GIRARD COLLEGE.

Stephen Girard was a remarkable man, and one who certainly holds a place among the prominent men of America. He was the son of a distinguished naval officer, and was born in Bordeaux, France, in the year 1750. In 1774 he sailed for New York, and, in 1776, first arrived in Philadelphia. In the latter place he was very successful in all his ventures, and so the Quaker City became his home. Girard was a man who would not brook disobedience. He sent a young supercargo to the Dead Sea in charge of a cargo, with orders to sell it at a port which he named. The enterprising young man, finding he could make $6,000 more by selling his cargo at another port, did so, expecting to please his master by his business capability, and proudly handed Mr. Girard the extra thousands. But the Frenchman, so far from showing delight, informed the officer that his disobedience would compel him to dispense with his services in future.

In 1793, the yellow fever broke out in Philadelphia. There were 4,031 deaths in the city from August 1 to November 9. Here the nobility of Girard was shown, for when many of the rich fled, he remained and performed most humble and self-sacrificing offices for the sick and the dying, devoting many hours every day to nursing in the hospital. In Mr. Ingram's "Life of Girard" is quoted an extract from the *United States Gazette* of 1832, in which a merchant records that he saw a carriage drive up to a house during the pestilence. "A short, thick-set man stepped from the coach and entered the house," and on emerging from it "his arm was around the waist of a sick man, whose yellow face rested" upon his shoulder, as he carried the invalid, and the sick man's feet were "dragging helpless along the pavement." He was driven to the hospital in the carriage of the man whom Philadelphia looked upon with dislike. A few years later Girard opened a bank bearing his own name. We learn from Ingram, that during the war of 1812 "Girard's bank was the very right hand of the national credit, for when other banks were contracting, it was Girard who stayed the panic by a timely and liberal expansion, and frequent were the calls made upon him by the government for temporary loans, which calls were invariably responded to immediately." In 1814 Girard risked his whole fortune, at a time when all the prominent capitalists held back and failed the government in its time of need.

Girard was a warm friend of Joseph Bonaparte, the brother of Napoleon I. They dined together very often in the merchant's quiet home in Philadelphia. Prince Murat and Baron Lallemand were also intimate with Girard, who had few friends among the natives of the country of his adoption. When he died, in 1831, at the age of 81, the city gave him a public funeral. Flags were hung at half-mast, and a civic prossession marched through the streets to do honor to his memory.—*Alice Maude Fenn, in St. Nicholas.*

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# The Sunday School

## The Golden Calf.

LESSON II.—SUNDAY, JULY 8, 1888.

LESSON TEXT:

(Exod. 32: 15-26.)

Golden Text:—Little children, keep yourselves from idols.—I John, 5:21.

15. And Moses turned, and went down from the mount, and the two tables of the testimony were in his hand; the tables were written on both their sides; on the one side and on the other were they written.

16. And the tables were the work of God, and the writing was the writing of God, graven upon the tables.

17. And when Joshua heard the noise of the people as they shouted, he said unto Moses, There is a noise of war in the camp.

18. And he said, It is not the voice of them that shout for mastery, neither is it the voice of them that cry for being overcome; but the noise of them that sing do I hear.

19. And it came to pass, as soon as he came nigh unto the camp, that he saw the calf, and the dancing; and Moses' anger waxed hot, and he cast the tables out of his hands, and brake them beneath the mount.

20. And he took the calf which they had made, and burnt it in the fire, and ground it to powder, and strew it upon the water, and made the children of Israel drink of it.

21. And Moses said unto Aaron, What did this people unto thee, that thou hast brought so great a sin upon them?

22. And Aaron said, Let not the anger of my Lord wax hot; thou knowest the people, that they are set on mischief.

23. For they said unto me, Make us gods, which shall go before us; for as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we wot not what is become of him.

24. And I said unto them, Whosoever hath any gold, let them break it off. So they gave it me: then I cast it into the fire, and there came out this calf.

25. And when Moses saw that the people were naked, (for Aaron had made them naked unto their shame among their enemies,

26. Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said, Who is on the Lord's side? let him come unto me. And all the sons of Levi gathered themselves together unto him.

### ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Two tables; tables that were written on both their sides; on the one side and on the other were they written (v. 15.) God doesn't write all words for man's guidence on one tablet, nor does he write on only one side of any tablet he uses. There is a God-word tablet and a man-word tablet to be examined in every sphere of knowledge; and all the writing on either of these tablets cannot be seen at the same time, and without its observer's being at the pains to turn the tablet over so as to see its other side. Just here is where many a student of truth makes a mistake which carries itself into all his studies and their results. If he is a scientist, he is likely to see only the tablet of material facts. If he is a theologian, he is likely to see only the tablet of biblical teachings. In either case, he only looks at one tablet of God's writing, to the ignoring of the other tablet. Yet how confidently the one man points to the tablet of his studying, and says, "The writing on this is the writing of God!" And how confidently also the other man points to the tablet of his studying, with the assertion, "The writing on this is the writing of God!" God wrote both the tablets, and the writing on the one is the complement of the writing on the other. But he who reads them both must see to it that he knows what is written on the other side of each of them, before he feels competent to decide on the substance of God's recorded messages to man.

It is not the voice of them that shout for mastery, neither is it the voice of them that cry for being overcome; but the noise of them that sing do I hear (v. 18). It is in the tone, rather than in the words, that men evidence their spirit in the voicing of their emotions. Not what they say, but the tone in which they say it, shows how they feel, as they speak out at any time from their innermost being. Moses was soldier enough to know the difference between a shout of victory and a cry of dismay, and between both of these and a sound of rejoicing praise; nor does it require the experience of Moses to know as much as this. Even a child in arms understands by the tone of its mother's or his nurse's voice whether he is commended or blamed; and any one of us feels the force of a change of tone in a loved one's voice as keenly as we feel an angry blow. We can help or hurt by a tone; and we are disclosing ourselves to others by our tones of voice at all times. How careful we ought to be to speak in a right tone! But the only way by which we can be sure of speaking in a right tone, is by having a right spirit. If we feel just right,—or if we don't,—our voice will show it. Of that we may be sure.

And Moses's anger waxed hot, and he cast the tables out of his hands, and brake them beneath the mound (v. 19.) There are times when a quick instinctive judgment, with its correspondent action, is truer to the right and safer than long deliberation over the proper thing to do. If you see a stout man whipping his delicate wife with a cart-whip, or kicking a puny child before him on the street, it is not at all to your credit if you are ready to wait for a full hearing of both sides of the case before you have a judgment in the premises which will justify you in interfering between the parties. It is a good thing to have one's anger wax hot, and to act under the impulse of the moment—when one's anger ought to wax hot and when one ought to act under the impulse of the moment. But in order to act with the wisdom and prudence of Moses, one must have such wisdom and prudence as Moses had. It requires a well-balanced character to get mad discreetly.

And I cast it into the fire, and there came out this calf (v. 24). It does seem strange that good gold, when melted, should cool into the form of a calf. The trouble evidently was not in the gold; for gold is the best of metals. Nor was the trouble in the heating and the cooling; for they are processes which are consistent with the highest refining of good gold. Probably the trouble was in the mold into which the heated metal was poured and permitted to cool. If the mold was of the calf shape, it was the most natural thing in the world that the gold should come out a calf. Aaron seemed to think that he was not to blame for the outlandish shape of the good gold which he simply heated and poured out to cool. But any man is responsible for the shape of that for which he has picked out the model. No matter how good is the original metal of your son's or your daughter's character and temperament, if you turn that metal, while it is warm and flux, into the calf-mold, of fashionable society, or of a God-less school or college, you mustn't be surprised if your son or daughter comes out a calf. If you want a better shape for your son or your daughter than a calf shape, you must get your son or daughter into a better mold than a calf mold.

Whoso is on the Lord's side, let him come unto me (v. 26.) The Lord's side is the side to be on, at every cost, and whoever is on the other side. If the high-priest is not on the Lord's side, then we must be ready to oppose the high-priest. The question is not, Which is the orthodox side? Which is the conservative side? Which is the radical side? Which is the liberal side? Which is the popular side? Which is the safe side? but, Which is the Lord's side? That question answered, our position ought to be taken fearlessly—for the present contest. If we keep to the Lord's side, we may one day be in company with a certain set of men, and the next day against them; but that ought not to influence our action. Men change; God never changes. It will not do to say, Our denomination, or our party, or our country, is always on the Lord's side; therefore we must always stand by that. The proper way to do, is to find out which is the Lord's side to-day, and then take sides with the Lord, even if we have to differ with old friends and with dear ones.—*H. Clay Trumbull, in S. S. Times.*

## How the Women are Gaining.

Paris Letter in the London Telegraph.

The women are coming to the front more than ever in France. They are not only *jolies mondaines*, who set the fashions and are miracles of "make up," but they are pushing their way everywhere among the males. We have lady doctors, lady stock brokers, lady reporters, and recently a lady defended her father in a law court with acumen worthy of an ancient forensic hand. Now the Sorbonne has awarded for the first time to a woman a diploma of *Docteur es sciences*. The recipient of this honor is a modest young lady, named Mlle. Leblois, daughter of a Strasbourg pastor, and she is described as a veritable prodigy of learning, being as "great a dab" at the differential calculus as some of her sisters are at the lighter and gayer science of coquetry. Mlle. Leblois was loudly applauded when her name was read out for the exceptional prize which she has gained for her remarkable erudition.

Countless as the Stars.

The number of people who are suffering from catarrh, consumption, or some form of bronchial affection almost exceeds belief. The steps by which a simple affection of the nasal passages or of the throat leads to consumption and death are known to every observing man and woman. Drs. Starkey & Palen, No. 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., arrest all diseases of this character by a prompt application of their Compound Oxygen. Chronic cases yield to its persistent use, and the vigorous restoration which promptly sets in astonishes the most skeptical. They make no charge for consultation, and will frankly tell any patient whether they believe his or her case can be benefited. They send free to all applicants an interesting pamplet on the subject.

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## ARTISTS' FEMALE MODELS.

### Women Said to Dislike to Pose for Their Own Sex

Paris Letter to Chicago Tribune.

What a vast expanse of canvas is covered with paint every year. M. Bouguereau tells me that reckoning from the number of artists represented at the Salon he estimates that there are fully 8,000 professional picture painters in Paris to-day. Think of it! Eight thousand men and women trying to earn their living with their brushes! If they produce an average of six pictures each in a year, which is a low estimate, we have 48,000 pictures annually turned out in Paris alone. Of this army of painters more than one-third are women, among whom is scarcely one artist of importance. The "Women's Union of Painters and Sculptors" is a flourishing society, now seven years old, and boasting of more than two hundred members. But on the entire roll there is hardly a name that would be recognized outside of Paris; or indeed outside of a limited part of Paris. Most of them are estimable women personally, and clever, conscious artists. Indeed, their work averages about as good as that of their male competitors. But simply because they are women they are sniffed at and their work is slighted.

I heard, by the way, a curious fact about them. One great difficulty under which they labor pertains to securing models. It is hard for them to get any models at all, and almost impossible for them to get models in the nude. Why this is I can not imagine. And yet it is so. The young woman who thinks nothing of posing naked for a male artist, or for a room full of young men at once, positively refuses to undrape herself for a lady painter. Male models are more obliging, though only a few of them are willing to pose in the nude for women. The result is that many lady artists who wish to paint nude subjects have to content themselves with copying from other pictures and photographs.

## What One Woman Knew About Missionary Efforts.

A very pretty commentary upon the intelligent way in which much philanthropic work is done was afforded the other day by a vivacious lady who is often concerned in such labor. She was relating to a friend how much difficulty she and a few other pious souls had in raising a sum of money sufficient to send a female missionary to Constantinople.

"We did have to work so hard," she said pathetically. "People absolutely refused to be interested. We held fairs and made people buy things; and we had parlor concerts and actually forced our friends to take tickets; and we sewed and we begged subscriptions. But now we've got the money, it is worth all our trouble to see the zeal of the young lady we are going to send out. Of course, she won't introduce religion at first, until she's won their regard; but she's bought a Turkish grammar, and she is so eager to begin to civilize the Turks, and she has such clever ideas about how to go to work, too."

"But how will she go to work?" the friend inquired. "What will she teach them first?"

"Oh, all sorts of nice things," the other returned rapturously. "Things that tend to elevate. She'll teach them to—to—why, to eat with knives and forks and not to have harems and to sit on chairs."

Her friend asked no more questions.—*Boston Courier.*

—G. M. Scott, of Okolona, Miss., wrote to Dr. Shallenberger:

"Your Antidote for Malaria is certainly the best thing for chills and fever that has ever been sold in the South. I have been selling it for twelve years, and know it to be the best medicine I have ever dealt in. It is perfectly harmless, and a sure cure in every case. Sold by Druggists.

## Gossip for Women.

The Empress of Japan is rapidly becoming proficient on the piano.

Queen Louise, of Sweden is threatened with a return of the cancerous trouble which nearly took her life a year ago.

Isabella, Ex-Queen of the Spaniards, when she appears abroad, wears a costume very much the same as that of a nun.

Queen Victoria has commissioned an English artist to paint her portrait that she may send to Prince Bismarck a pleasing souvenir of her visit to Berlin.

Mlle. Marie Van Zandt has returned to Paris, after a brilliant engagement at Moscow. She is a great social favorite at the French Capital, but will not sing publicly there.

The beautiful young Hessian Princess who has just been married to Prince Henry, of Prussia, is known here and in England as Princess Irene; but in Germany she is always called Princess Ella. She is the most popular member of a rather unpopular family, but her personal charms and worth would make her an ideal anywhere.

Mrs. Richard Colbeck, a handsome woman, belonging to an excellent family in Mersea, Mich., recently eloped with Robert Burkitt, her nephew. The couple are supposed to have gone to British Columbia. Mrs. Colbeck is 38 and the mother of two children, one of whom she took with her. Burkitt is only 23. Mr. Colbeck, who is 40, has started after the couple, with unadulterated justice as his declared object.

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## A Chinaman's Carriage.

Portland has a Chinaman who has set up his own private carriage, and it would be safe to say that no other city in America can say the same; probably no city in the world can, for it is not customary for the Emperor of China, or any of his grandees, to use horses or carriage. The man referred to is Seid Back, a well-known Front street merchant, who was seen taking an airing in a neat road cart behind a quiet pony, which he lately purchased. Seid Back has not only invested in a horse and carriage, but has several valuable pieces of real estate in the city; owns stock in several corporations which yield handsome dividends, and is among the subscribers to the new hotel. He is well-known and has good standing among business men.—*Portland Oregonian.*

## Evil Result of Thinking.

Pittsburg *Chronicle*: "Sire."

"Yes, Daniel."

"Why that cloud-cast brow and that apprehensive look? Is not everything serene?"

"I am writing my letter of acceptance, Daniel, and—and—thinking."

"What! You thinking?"

"Yes, Daniel, I was thinking that it is, after all, possible to be defeated in November—kicked out, as it were, when I might have adhered to my original single-term idea, and retired from office with a claw—I believe that is the correct Greek word."

And Dan and Grover fell on each other's neck and wept bitterly over the direful possibility.

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# TALMAGE IN KANSAS,

## PREACHES TO A LARGE AUDIENCE.

### "The Constellations of the Redeemed," His Subject—Christian Workers Shall Reign Forever and Ever—We Shall Choose Our Associates in Heaven.

WINFIELD, Kan., June 24.—Uncounted multitudes were present to-day at a great outdoor meeting held in this place, where the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., was the preacher. Not only this but adjoining states were represented in the congregation and the occasion will be long remembered. The text was: "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."—Daniel xii, 3, and the subject: "The Constellations of the Redeemed." Dr. Talmage said:

Every man has a thousand roots and a thousand branches. His roots reach down through all the earth; his branches spread through all the heavens. He speaks with voice, with eye, with hand, with foot. His silence often is thunder, and his life is an anthem or a doxology. There is no such thing as negative influence. We are all positive in the place we occupy, making the world better or making it worse, on the Lord's side or on the devil's, making up reasons for our blessedness or banishment; and we have already done a mighty work in peopling heaven or hell. I hear people tell of what they are going to do. A man who has burned down a city might as well talk of some good that he expects to do, or a man who has saved an empire might as well talk of some good that he expects to do. By the force of your evil influence you have already consumed infinite values, or you have, by the power of a right influence, won whole kingdoms for God.

It would be absurd for me to stand here, and by elaborate argument, prove that the world is off the track. You might as well stand at the foot of an embankment, amid the wreck of a capsized railroad train, proving by elaborate argument that something is out of order. Adam tumbled over the embankment sixty centuries ago, and the whole race, in one long train, has gone on tumbling in the same direction. Crash! crash! The only question now is, By what leverage can the crushed thing be lifted? By what hammer may the fragments be reconstructed?

I want to show you how we may turn many to righteousness, and what will be our future pay for so doing.

First—We may turn them by the charm of a right example. A child, coming from a filthy home, was taught at school to wash its face. It went home so much improved in appearance that its mother washed her face. And when the father of the household came home, and saw the improvement in domestic appearance, he washed his face. The neighbors happening in, saw the change, and tried the same experiment, until all that street was purified, and the next street copied its example, and the whole city felt the result of one schoolboy washing his face. That is a fable, by which we set forth that the best way to get the world washed of its sins and pollution is to have our own heart and life cleansed and purified. A man with grace in his heart, and Christian cheerfulness in his face, and holy consistency in his behavior, is a perpetual sermon; and the sermon differs from others in that it has but one head, and the longer it runs the better. There are honest men who walk down Wall street, making the teeth of iniquity chatter. There are happy men who go into a sick room, and by a look, help the broken bones to knit, and the excited nerves drop to calm beating. There are pure men whose presence silences the tongue of uncleanness. The mightiest agent of good on earth is a consistent Christian. I like the Bible folded between lids of cloth, of calfskin, or morocco, but I like it better when, in the shape of a man, it goes out into the world—a Bible illustrated. Courage is beautiful to read about; but rather would I see a man with all the world against him confident as though all the world were for him. Patience is beautiful to read about; but rather would I see a buffeted soul calmly waiting for the time of deliverance. Faith is beautiful to read about; but rather would I find a man in the midnight walking straight on as though he saw everything. Oh, how many souls have been turned to God by the charm of a bright example!

When, in the Mexican war, the troops were wavering, a general rose in his stirrups and dashed into the enemy's lines, shouting: "Men, follow!" They, seeing his courage and disposition, dashed on after him and gained the victory. What men want to rally them for God is an example to lead them. All your commands to others to advance amount to nothing so long as you stay behind. To affect them aright you need to start for heaven yourself, looking back only to give the stirring cry of "Men, follow!"

Again: We may turn many to righteousness by prayer. There is no such detective as prayer, for no one can hide away from it. It puts its hands on the shoulder of a man ten thousand miles off. It alights on a ship mid Atlantic. The little child cannot understand the law of electricity, or how the telegraphic operator, by touching the instrument here, may dart a message under the sea to another continent; nor can we, with our small intellect, understand how the touch of a Christian's prayer shall instantly strike a soul on the other side of the earth. You take ship and go to some other country, and get there at 11 o'clock in the morning. You telegraph to New York, and the message gets here at 6 o'clock in the same morning. In other words it seems to arrive here five hours before it started. Like that is prayer. God says: "Before they call I will hear." To overtake a loved one on the road you may spur up a lathered steed until he shall outrace the one that brought the news to Ghent; but a prayer shall catch it at one gallop. A boy running away from home may take the midnight train from the country village and reach the seaport in time to gain the ship that sails on the morrow; but a mother's prayer will be on the deck to meet him, and in the hammock before he swings into it, and at the capstan before he winds the rope around it, and on the sea, against the sky, as the vessel plows on toward it. There is a mightiness in prayer. George Muller prayed a company of poor boys together, and then he prayed up an asylum in which they might be sheltered. He turned his faced toward Edinburgh and prayed, and there came a thousand pounds. He turned his face toward London and prayed, and there came a thousand pounds. He turned his face toward Dublin and prayed, and there came a thousand pounds. The breath of Elijah's prayer blew all the clouds off the sky, and it was dry weather. The breath of Elijah's prayer blew all the clouds together, and it was wet weather. Prayer, in Daniel's time, walked the cave as a lion tamer. It reached up and took the sun by its golden bit and stopped it. We have all yet to try the full power of prayer. The time will come when the American church will pray with its face toward the west and all the prairies and inland cities will surrender to God; and will pray with face toward the sea, and all the islands and ships will become Christian. Parents who have wayward sons will get down on their knees and say: "Lord, send my boy home," and the boy in Canton shall get right up from the gaming table, and go down to the wharf to find out which ship starts first for America.

Not one of us knows yet how to pray. All we have done as yet has only been pottering and experimenting. A boy gets hold of his father's saw and hammer, and tries to make something, but it is a poor affair that he makes. The father comes and takes the same saw and hammer, and builds the house or the ship. In the childhood of our Christian faith we make but poor work with these weapons of prayer, but when we come to the stature of men in Christ Jesus, then, under these implements the temple of God will rise and the world's redemption will be launched. God cares not for the length of our prayers, or the number of our prayers, or the beauty of our prayers, or the place of our prayers; but it is the faith in them that tells. Believing prayer soars higher than the lark ever sang; plunges deeper than diving bell ever sank; darts quicker than lightning ever flashed. Though we have used only the back of this weapon instead of the edge, what marvels have been wrought! If saved we are all the captives of some earnest prayer. Would God that, in the desire for the rescue of souls, we might in prayer lay hold of the resources of the Lord Omnipotent.

We may turn many to righteousness by Christian admonition. Do not wait until you can make a formal speech. Address the one next to you. You will not go home alone to-day. Between this and your place of stopping you may decide the eternal destiny of an immortal spirit. Just one sentence may do the work. Just one question. Just one look. The formal talk that begins with a sigh, and ends with a canting snuffle, is not what is wanted, but the heartthrob of a man in dead earnest. There is not a soul on earth that you may not bring to God if you rightly go at it. They said Gibraltar could not be taken. It is a rock, sixteen hundred feet high and three miles long. But the English and Dutch did take it. Artillery, and sappers, and miners, and fleets pouring out volleys of death, and thousands of men, reckless of danger, can do anything. The stoutest heart of sin, though it be rock, and surrounded by an ocean of transgression, under Christian bombardment may be made to hoist the flag of redemption.

But is all this admonition and prayer and Christian work for nothing? My text promises to all the faithful eternal luster. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever."

As stars, the redeemed have a borrowed light. What makes Mars and Venus and Jupiter so luminous? When the sun throws down his torch in the heavens the stars pick up the scattered brands and hold them in procession as the queen of the night advances; so all Christian workers, standing around the throne, will shine in the light borrowed from the Son of Righteousness—Jesus in their faces, Jesus in their songs, Jesus in their triumph. Christ left heaven once for a tour of redemption on earth, yet the glorified ones knew he would come back again. But let him abdicate his throne and go away to stay forever, the music would stop, the congregation disperse, the temples of God be darkened, the rivers of light stagnate and every chariot would become a hearse and every bell would toll, and there would not be room on the hill sides to bury the dear of the great metropolis, for there would be pestilence in heaven. But Jesus lives, and so all the redeemed live with him. He shall recognize them as his comrades in earthly toil, and remember what they did for the honor of his name and for the spread of his kingdom. All their prayers and tears and work will rise before him as he looks into their faces, and he will divide his kingdom with them; his peace—their peace; his holiness—their holiness; his joy—their joy. The glory of the central throne reflected from the surrounding thrones, the last spot of sin struck from the Christian orb, and the entire nature a tremble and a flash with light, they shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

Again: Christian workers shall be like the stars in the fact that they have a light independent of each other. Look up at the night, and see each world shows its distinct glory. It is not like the conflagration, in which you cannot tell where one flame stops and another begins. Neptune, Herschel and Mercury are as distinct as if each one of them were the only star; so our individualism will not be lost in heaven. A great multitude—yet each one as observable, as distinctly recognized, as greatly celebrated, as if in all the space, from gate to gate, and from hill to hill, he were the only inhabitant; no mixing up—no mob—no indiscriminate rush; each Christian worker standing out illustrious—all the story of earthly achievement adhering to each one; his self-denials, and pains and services, and victories published. Before men went out to the last war, the orators told them that they would all be remembered by their country, and their names be commemorated in poetry and in song; but go to the graveyard in Richmond and you will find there 6,000 graves, over each one of which is the inscription, "Unknown." The world does not remember its heroes; but there will be no unrecognized Christian worker in heaven. Each one known by all; grandly known; known by acclamation; all the past story of work for God gleaming in cheek, and brow, and foot, and palm. They shall shine with distinct light as the stars, forever and ever.

Again: Christian workers shall shine like the stars in clusters. In looking up you find the worlds in family circles. Brothers and sisters—they take hold of each other's hands and dance in groups. Orion in a group. The Pleiades in a group. The solar system is only a company of children, with bright faces, gathered around one great fireplace. The worlds do not straggle off. They go in squadrons and fleets, sailing through immensity.

So Christian workers in heaven will dwell in neighborhoods and clusters. I am sure that some people I will like in heaven a great deal better than others. Yonder is a constellation of stately Christians. They lived on earth by rigid rule. They never laughed. They walked every hour, anxious lest they should lose their dignity. But they loved God, and yonder they shine in brilliant constellation. Yet I shall not long to get into that particular group. Yonder is a constellation of small hearted Christians—asteroids in the eternal astronomy. While some souls go up from Christian battle and blaze like Mars, these asteroids dart a feeble ray like Vesta. Yonder is a constellation of martyrs, of apostles, of patriarchs. Our souls, as they go up to heaven, will seek out the most congenial society. Yonder is a constellation almost merry with the play of light. On earth they were full of sympathies and songs, and tears and raptures and congratulations. When they prayed, their words took fire; when they sang, the tune could not hold them; when they wept over a world's woes, they sobbed as if heart broken; when they worked for Christ, they flamed with enthusiasm. Yonder they are—circle of light! Constellation of joy! galaxy of fire! Oh, that you and I, by that grace which can transform the worst into the best, might at least sail in the wake of that fleet and wheel in that glorious group, as the stars, forever and forever!

Again: Christian workers will shine like the stars in swiftness of motion. The worlds do not stop to shine. There are no fixed stars save as to relative position. The star most thoroughly fixed flies thousands of miles a minute. The astronomer, using his telescope for an Alpine stock, leaps from world crag to world crag, and finds no star standing still. The chamois hunter has to fly to catch his prey, but not so swift is his game as that which the scientist tries to shoot through the tower of observatory. Like petrels mid Atlantic, that seem to come from no shore, and be bound to no landing place—flying, flying—so these great flocks of worlds rest not as they go, wing and wing, age after age, forever and ever. The eagle hastes to its prey, but we shall in speed beat the eagles. You have noticed the velocity of the swift horse under whose feet the miles slip like a smooth ribbon, and as he passes the four hoofs strike the earth in such quick beat your pulses take the same vibration. But all these things are not swift in comparison with the motion of which I speak. The moon moves fifty-four thousand miles in a day. Yonder, Neptune flashes on eleven thousand miles in an hour. Yonder, Mercury goes one hundred and nine thousand miles in an hour. So, like the stars, the Christian worker shall shine in swiftness of motion. You hear now of father or mother or child sick one thousand miles away, and it takes you two days to get to them. You hear of some case of suffering that demands your immediate attention, but it takes you an hour to get there. Oh, the joy when you shall, in fulfillment of the text, take starry speed, and be equal to one hundred thousand miles an hour. Having on earth got used to Christian work, you will not quit when death strikes you. You will only take on more velocity. There is a dying child in London, and its spirit must be taken up to God: you are there in an instant to do it. There is a young man in New York to be arrested from going into that gate of sin: you are there in an instant to arrest him. Whether with spring of foot or stroke of wing, or by force of some new law that shall hurl you to the spot where you would go, I know not; but my text suggests velocity. All space open before you, with nothing to hinder you in mission of light and love and joy, you shall shine in swiftness of motion as the stars forever and ever.

Again: Christian workers, like the stars, shall shine in magnitude. The most illiterate man knows that these things in the sky, looking like gilt buttons, are great masses of matter. To weigh them, one would think that it would require scales with a pillar hundreds of thousands of miles high, and chains hundreds of thousands of miles long, and at the bottom of the chains basins on either side hundreds of thousands of miles wide, and that then omnipotence alone could put the mountains into the scales and the hills into the balance. But puny man has been equal to the undertaking, and has set a little balance on his geometry, and weighed world against world. Yea, he has pulled out his measuring line, and announced that Herschel is thirty-six thousand miles in diameter, Saturn seventy-nine thousand miles in diameter and Jupiter eighty-nine thousand miles in diameter, and that the smallest pearl on the beach of heaven is immense beyond all imagination. So all they who have toiled for Christ on earth shall rise up to a magnitude of privilege, and a magnitude of strength, and a magnitude of holiness, and a magnitude of joy; and the weakest saint in glory becomes greater than all that we can now imagine of an archangel.

Brethren, it doth not yet appear what we shall be. Wisdom, that shall know every thing; wealth, that shall possess everything; strength, that shall do everything; glory, that shall circumscribe everything! We shall not be like a taper set in a sick man's window or a bundle of sticks kindled on the beach to warm a shivering crew, but you must take the diameter and the circumference of the world if you would get any idea of the greatness of our estate when we shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

Lastly—and coming to this point my mind almost breaks down under the contemplation—like the stars, all Christian workers shall shine in duration. The same stars that look down upon us looked down upon the Chaldean shepherds. The meteor that I saw flashing across the sky the other night, I wonder if it was not the same one that pointed down to where Jesus lay in the manger, and if, having pointed out his birthplace, it has ever since been wandering through the heavens, watching to see how the world would treat him. When Adam awoke in the garden in the cool of the day he saw coming out through the dusk of the evening the same worlds that greeted us on our way to church to-night.

In Independence hall is an old cracked bell that sounded the Declaration of Independence. You cannot ring it now; but this great chime of silver bells that strike in the dome of night ring out with as sweet a tone as when God swung them at the creation. Look up at night, and know that the white lilies that bloom in all the hanging gardens of our King are century plants—not blooming once in a hundred years, but through all centuries.

The star at which the mariner looks to-night was the light by which the ships of Tarshish were guided across the Mediterranean and the Venetian flotilla found its way into Lapanto. Their armor is as bright to-night as when, in ancient battle, the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. To the ancients the stars were symbols of eternity.

But here the figure of my text breaks down—not in defeat, but in the majesties of the judgment. The Bible says they shall fall like autumnal leaves. It is almost impossible for a man to take in a courser going a mile in three minutes; but God shall take in the worlds, flying a hundred thousand miles an hour, by one pull of his little finger. As, when the factory band slips at nightfall from the main wheel, and the smaller wheels slacken their speed, and with slower and slower motion they turn until they come to a full stop, so this great machinery of the universe, wheel within wheel, making revolution of appalling speed, shall, by the touch of God's hand, slip the band of present law and slacken and stop. That is what will be the matter with the mountains. The chariot in which they ride shall halt so suddenly that the kings shall be thrown out. Star after star shall be carried out to burial amid funeral torches and burning worlds. Constellations shall throw ashes on their heads, and all up and down the highways of space there shall be mourning, mourning, mourning, because the worlds are dead. But the Christian workers shall never quit their thrones—they shall reign forever and ever. If, by some invasion from hell, the attempt were made to carry them off into captivity from heaven, the souls they have saved would rally for their defense, and all the angels of God would strike with their scepters, and the redeemed, on white horses of victory, would ride down the foe, and all the steep of the sky would resound with the crash of the overwhelmed cohorts tumbled headlong out of heaven.

## BUSINESS INACTIVE.

### R. G. Dun & Co.'s Report for the Past Week.

NEW YORK, June 23.—Following is R. G. Dun & Co's review of trade for the week ending to-day:

The country is waiting and the inaction in trade closely resembles midsummer dullness. Anxiety about crops has in a great measure abated.

Financial securities have but little present influence because the narrowing industrial and commercial demands leave large accumulations unemployed at all financial centers. The political uncertainty engrosses the attention and there is little prospect that it will diminish until the ballots have been counted in November. A volume of business still continues, which would have been called large a few years ago, but falls more than 10 per cent below that of last year.

The reports of exchanges show a decrease of 11 per cent in the aggregate in comparison with last year and a decrease of 7 per cent outside of New York, with 23 out of 38 cities reporting a shrinkage.

At St Louis, Kansas City and New Orleans there are gains, but at Philadelphia a decrease of 10 per cent, at Cincinnati 16, at Chicago 7, at Boston 6 and at New York 12 per cent.

The shrinkage in volume of business is accompanied by a decline in prices of commodities generally, and advance in prices of securities.

Grain goes down and stocks go up with some reason when crop prospects decidedly improve, and the favorable weather of late has changed Northwestern expectations materially.

Wheat, corn and oats have each declined about 3½ during the past week without the heavy trading which would mark the downward tendency as generally speculative in character.

Lard has fallen 30c per cwt with no material change in hogs; oil has declined 3c, butter ⅛c, eggs 1c and coffee ½c, but cotton is 3-16c stronger, the present demand having more influence than the prospective yield. The general average of prices has declined during the week about three-quarters of 1 per cent.

Reports from interior points are uniformly favorable in tone, for the prospect is considered cheering, but at most points the present transactions are decreasing in volume.

Money is nowhere in as sharp demand and the complaints of slowness in collections are much less numerous this week. Good crops give confidence as to the future, even where inactivity is now most noticeable.

In the more important branches of trade no great change is seen.

Cotton goods are in steady but moderate demand; print goods are strong at 4c for 64's; but transactions in men's and women's woolen goods are moderate, with prices ruling below last year's where foreign competition is felt.

The wool market halts because holders offer new wool sparingly at present quotations, having faith in better prices after the fear of a change of tariff has passed.

It is thought there is some improvement in the boot and shoe trade and the movement is fairly good.

Just now the iron market has been considered in connection with the recent improvement in the demand for securities.

The stock market has advanced about $1.25, but with indications that the prevailing speculative influence promise only a temporary advance.

More significant is the enlarging demand for investment securities, and particularly for bonds for new and promising roads, and yet the demand is apt to appear for a time whenever inactivity checks the employment of money in trade or industry.

Rail rates prevailing are low and tend lower; the competition of water rates is severe, and the average lake rate for May, 2.1c per bushel is the lowest on record except in one year, while the average canal rate, 3.3c, is the lowest on record, and at one time grain was taken at 2⅜c, the lowest rate yet known from Buffalo to New York.

The theory that railroad building is to be large this year is met by the stubborn fact that sales of steel rails to June 1 have been only 875,000 tons, against 1,614,545 tons last year to the same date, and shipments only 448,149 tons, against 747,141 tons last year. Increasing anxiety to sell pig iron is noted; the Bethlehem furnaces have been banked and the Pennsylvania steel works will stop for repairs in July. In a word, current prices are to many works unremunerative.

The outgo of gold has not been large and has been more than met by treasury disbursements in the purchase of bonds and otherwise, which have exceeded receipts by about $5,000,000 for the week.

Nevertheless, foreign trade continues in such shape that gold must go abroad largely, unless the outward movement of securities continues unchecked.

In three weeks exports from New York have fallen 8¾ per cent below last year's, while there has been an increase here of imports of 6 per cent.

Money is everywhere in abundant supply, and it will doubtless be the policy of the treasury to prevent any stringency, but unless business becomes much more active little effort to that end will be needed for the next two months.

The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days number for the United States 176, and for Canada 28, or a total of 204, as compared with 232 last week and 235 the week previous to the last. For the corresponding week last year the figures were 197. The Pacific States, with 40 casualties, and Canada with 28, furnish one-third of the total number of failures this week.

# The Farm.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### Crops in Iowa.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—With 100 to represent the basis of average crop, corn rates about 90 per cent., oats 120, broom corn and rye 100, meadows 85, potatoes 125, apples 110, grapes, raspberries and blackberries 125, gardens 100. We have something to apprehend from chinch bugs. Fine showers recently. Corn late, but growing rapidly and will stand near an average. Wire worms not so severe as formerly. An overgrowth of oats straw.—M. J. BURR, Chariton, Iowa.

### The Gopher.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will some of the readers of the BLADE FARM please tell me how to get rid of the ground squirrel or gopher? It is quite a pest in this new country, and we would be glad to rid ourselves of it.—BLADE READER, Madrid, Neb.

## INFORMATION WANTED.

### Salt for Cows.

F. D. Tobert, Wisconsin: To your question, "How much salt should be fed to cows," our reply is as much as they will take. Do not put it in the feed, unless in small quantities. The way to feed salt to cows is to have lump salt placed where the cows may lick at it at will. They will take no more than is required to promote health. The animals must have salt. Salt is essential to a full flow of milk. Without it the milk comes less copiously than if given as above stated. It furnishes the soda necessary to hold the cheesy part of the milk in solution.

### Hens' Nests.

Reader, Denver, Colorado: A good way to make nests for hens, is to take boards 12 inches wide, place them on edge 15 inches apart, and put partitions in at certain distances. Fill the bottom of each partition to the depth of four inches with saw dust, and on this put a little hay.

### Destroying Insects on Plants.

J. T., Lansing, Mich.: It is claimed by those who have tried it, that by boiling the leaves and stems of the potatoes, and sprinkling the juice on plants, it will destroy insects. Try it.

### Component Parts of Cream.

W. J. Inderfer, Columbiana county, Ohio: Dr. Voelcker gives the following analysis of cream: Water, 64.80; butter (pure fatty matter), 35.40; caseine and milk sugar, 7.61; mineral matters (ash), 2.19—100.00. He says that on an average one quart of good cream yields from 13 to 15 ounces of commercial butter. Perfectly good cream is frequently spoiled in the churn, unless the greatest care is taken to properly clean the churn, as when the wood once absorbs milk taint, it is a hard matter to again restore the churn so that it will make sweet, unadulterated butter.

### Blood Poisoning.

A. S. P., Delaware county, Iowa: Your colt that was cut on a wire fence has been afflicted with blood poisoning. Give him half a drachm each of sulphate of copper and iodine daily for a week, and rub the swollen leg with this: Iodine, half an ounce; glycerine and mercurial ointment, of each, two ounces; olive oil, six ounces.

### Parturient Fever.

Mrs. C. W. McC., Clarion county, Pa.: We think your cow is suffering from parturient fever. This is an inflamation of the tissues adjacent to the womb, occurring after calving, resulting in brain trouble, apoplexy, congestion of the spinal cord, etc. It sometimes results in blood poisoning and death. If possible, give her a purge, namely sulphate of magnesia, half a pound, croton oil, 15 drops. Give in a quart of water. If there is paralysis of the muscles of the gullet and the above cannot be administered, injections of soap and water must be repeatedly thrown up the rectum. When the cow is attacked with great nervous excitement give hydrate of chloral and powdered sugar, of each two ounces. Mix in a quart of warm water and repeat in two hours if quiet is not restored. After the worst symptoms have passed give carbonate of ammonia, one ounce; water, one pint. In all cases of this kind a veterinary should be called, if one is to be had in your vicinity, as the case is a very serious one.

### Laminitis.

F. D. L., Rogers City, Mich.: We think you judge correctly that your horse has been slightly foundered. In addition to this, you describe action that indicates corns in both feet. However this movement may accompany founder. We advise you to have your smith examine the feet carefully for corns. Tap the feet slightly with a hammer and if corns are present the horse will flinch when the tender spot is touched. At all events the shoes must be removed and the feet put in linseed meal poultices. These should be made soft and kept on for a full day. Then apply fresh ones for at least another full day. The feet must be pared down well and the holes opened up. Rasp off the quarters, and do not touch the frog. Rasp the toe off in the shape of an inverted V, and apply a little fly blister to the coronet. Repeat the blister in about a week. The horse should be turned out in pasture when the ground is soft. If this cannot be done, keep him in a stall where the fore feet may rest on soft ground. If you must use the animal, shoe with shoes that have no caulks, level on the bearing surface. Rub on the hoof the following: Tar, Burgundy pitch and mutton suet, of each equal parts. The foot should be bathed every other day for about eight or ten times in a tub of water. By following the above, in about five weeks the foot will become more natural in shape, and contraction will cease by the spreading of the foot. If you find corns, write again, and we will tell you what to do. Contraction is often the result of bad shoeing.

### Raising Calves.

John Nelson, Colorado:—Stock raisers have different ideas regarding the proper way to raise calves. A successful stock grower says: "As a general rule, I let the calf suck the cow for three days, then I take it away; and after it has been twelve hours without food, I give it some new milk—about ten pounds, if I can get him to eat it. If, while the calf is running with the cow, you can handle it a little, so as to make it tame, it will learn to eat much easier. I am a large, stout man, and can easily hold a calf. If the calf is tame, so that it will come up to you and suck your hand, you can get it to eat the first time without much trouble; but if it is not tame, I get a-straddle of the calf, back him up in a corner, hold the pail between my knees, put one finger in the calf's mouth, and with the other hand hold the calf's head in the pail, and keep doing so until the calf commences to suck. Sometimes he will begin right off, and others will refuse for maybe ten minutes; but I never had one but what would suck after a while. By the third time I feed him I commence to take my finger out of his mouth, and do so more and more until he drinks without having a finger to suck. I feed entirely on new milk for ten days, then give about half new and half twelve-hours-old skimmed milk (using the cream I take off the milk for the table;) then, after another ten days I drop the new milk, having done so by degrees, and feed half twelve-hours old of skimmed milk and half skimmed milk. I work it so for a little while; but soon give him all skimmed milk, giving about eleven or twelve pounds a feeding, and feed twice a day, without any meal or bran. I give in winter all the hay they want, keeping it before them all the time. After a calf is three months old you can give some meal or shorts, if you wish, but do not think it is best if it can have plenty of milk. I feed calves until about five months old, and then commence to wean them by degrees. If calves scour while they are being fed milk, I give them about two teaspoonfuls of salt. In the summer I feed them their milk cold, and it is generally thick, sour milk. In the winter I warm it a little—about milk warm or blood-heat. It is well to handle your calves some while they are eating, so as to make them tame, and that is one advantage of raising them by hand, for they are generally tame.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### Parchment Paper.

The *Dairy World* has the following editorial remarks:

"Like many other now admitted valuable additions, it has suffered by the ignorance and pecuniary interests of those who should not have greeted its coming with scant courtesy, but as a welcome guest. It is the first, best effort made for many hundred years to provide a wrap that in all points is acceptable. It is better than muslin, as it is non-porous; and as for that poor apology for a wrapper, wax paper, no wide-awake dairyman will risk his reputation or his goods by using it. With muslin at 3½ to 4 cents per yard, parchment paper affords to the consumer a saving of nearly two-thirds in cost of wrappers, which in large dairies amount yearly to a sum sufficient to clothe or educate a child, besides giving to enterprising dealers a fair profit for carrying and handling.

"Only he 'who is so blind as not to see,' will refuse to use this valuable substitute. While it is paper, yet it is the purest linen and cotton fibre, translated by scientific chemistry and made more acceptable. We have studied the merits of the parchment paper, and knowing it to be a good thing and comes to stay, in spite of croakers or biased dealers, unhesitatingly assert the time is not far distant when every consumer will recognize its value.

"No maker of butter can afford to risk his reputation, by sending his goods to market not fully protected. Many a choice lot has sold for less than its value, because forsooth some careless shipper or dealer has allowed the contents of the case to absorb odors prejudicial to its flavor. Parchment paper, by its non-absorbent qualities, prevents this trouble.

"Note, you are not asked to use a high priced article, but one that is pure, clean, strong and serviceable, at a moderate price—saving your money, time and labor. Tens of thousands now testify to its great value, and many testimonials are on file attesting to its advantages."

### Care of Farm Machinery.

The wear and tear of farm machinery, especially mowers, reapers, threshers and others with swift running gear, is immense. Much of this may be saved by covering from the rain and dew when in the field. This, however, is only one of the integers causing deterioration. It has been computed that fully 20 per cent. of the value of harvesting machines is yearly lost by failure to keep the bearing surfaces properly oiled. This, however, is not because too little oil is used. It is that the bearings, especially those working rapidly, do not receive oil often enough, and when oiled they get too much.

The use of oil is to keep the bearing surfaces apart so they may not grind together. Oil causes the friction surfaces or bearings to slide or roll one on the other without coming together. Hence only the best oil, that will not gum, should be given. In this judgment must be used. Good oil quickly spreads, and the bearings being reasonably close friction is reduced to a minimum. If too much oil is used it runs to waste and is lost. If not enough is given friction and undue wear ensues. The gear and bearings grind upon each other, the metal heats, expands and a very little time will destroy the integrity of the machine.

The first thing, therefor, the farmer should study, is to find the exact quantity of oil required, and to become acquainted with the time necessary to wear out oil upon each particular bearing. Once this study is made, very little difficulty will be experienced. There is no one thing that the operator should give more attention to than this, among other matters connected with the working of farm machinery. The cost of harvesting machinery is great. With care, many years of good service may be gotten. It is the small savings that help to make profits in any business. It is not less so on the farm than among other classes of business men, and the best and most prosperous farmers are those who use good business judgment in the management of their every day affairs.—*Prairie Farmer.*

### The Chinch Bug.

A special bulletin issued by the department of Agriculture at Washington, states the approximate damage to barley, rye, millet, etc., by this pest last year at about $60,000,000. Wheat and rye was attacked first, then barley, oats, corn, grass, millet, sorghum and broom corn.

The dry season of 1887 was favorable to the chinch bugs—one of the true bugs by the way—but the probability is that the late rains have largely decimated them. In relation to areas visited by the bug last year, all Iowa suffered except the northwest portion of the state. In proximation to this, are wide areas of exemption from Central Minnesota through Dakota and Northern Nebraska. Eastern Minnesota, Southern Wisconsin, suffered severely. As showing approximate damage in the regions suffering most severely, Wisconsin lost 1,804,250 bushels of corn, 3,000,490 bushels of wheat, 1,742,750 bushels of oats; Minnesota, 2,169,720 bushels of corn 9,745,750 of wheat, 2,438,620 of oats, and Iowa 22,020,240 of corn, 6,977,620 of wheat, 4,462,920 of oats lost by the depredations of the chinch bug.

### The Ohio Experiment Station.

Mr. W. J. Green, horticulturist at the Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station, Columbus, Ohio, under the direction of Charles E. Thorn, gives a summary of the work of last year in which we find:

Of the newer varieties of strawberries thus far tested at this station, the following have given the most promising results, viz.: Bubach, Gold, Jessie and Ohio.

The following seem worthy of further trial, viz: Itasca, Jewell, Ontario, Summit and Warfield.

The following are classed as doubtful, or not sufficiently tested to justify an opinion, viz.: Belmont, Bomba, Carmichael, Covell, Crimson Cluster, Gandy, Henderson and Lida.

Of the newer raspberries, the following are classed as promising, viz.: Carman, Earhart, Golden Queen, Hilborn and Johnston's Sweet.

The following are classed as doubtful, or not yet fully tested, viz.: Rancocas, Nemaha, and Springfield.

Crimson Beauty and Hansell are found unsuited to the soil and climate of this station.

Of the newer potatoes the largest yield obtained at this station over a period of three seasons (266.8 bushels per acre) has been from Lee's Favorite. Empire State and Early Ohio came next, ranking above Early Rose, which has yielded 205.4 bushels per acre for the same period.

Larger yields of potatoes have invariably been obtained from planting whole than cut potatoes; but a portion, at least, of this increase has been offsett by the greater cost of the seed and the larger per cent. of small potatoes in the produce.

Complete fertilizers have given the largest increase in yield on potatoes. The application of phosphoric acid (in superphosphate and bone meal) appears to have been attended with profit, while that of nitrogen alone (in nitrate of soda and ammonia) has resulted in loss, as has also that of potash alone.

The importance of careful selection of seeds is forcibly shown in the experiments with tomatoes, in which the Acme, selected with a view to earliness, for several seasons has outstripped other strains of that variety by about ten days.

### Cotton Seed Oil.

The fact that cotton seed furnishes a bland, and in some respects peculiar oil, adapting it especially for mixing it with other fats, particularly in the adulteration of lard, has caused its preparation for use to be largely extended in the South. Formerly it was left to rot in the soil, or at best it was used in its crude state as a fertilizer. In fact, formerly millions of tons were annually dumped into the Mississippi river, that are now made into two valuable products: the oil and the residue; the cake, nearly as valuable whole, if not quite so, for feeding farm animals as is linseed cake.

In relation to this matter the Atlanta *Constitution* gives some significant figures, showing values, that may now be credited indirectly to the cotton crop, by the mills at Atlanta alone. These are:

Fifteen thousand tons of seed used to give: Hull 15,000,000 pounds; meal, 10,331,250 pounds; oil, 4,668,750 pounds; lint cotton, 300,000 pounds.

The meal is worth at the rate of $6 for 700 pounds, or $88,603.58.

The oil is worth thirty cents a gallon, or seven and a half pounds, or $186,750.

The lint is worth $18,000, making a total of $293,353, and that doesn't include the 15,000,000 pounds of hull.

It is stated that the capacity of the Atlanta mill will be doubled next year, but since the whole output of cotton seed products is in the hands of a so-called trust, where one mill is allowed to increase production others must be curtailed.

A ton of seed contains 1,000 pounds of hull, used for stock feeding, 300 pounds of oil, worth thirty cents a gallon, and 700 pounds of cake or meal. The cake is also a valuable fertilizer, as it contains phosphates and nitrogenous substances. Estimating the value of the cotton crop at $300,000,000 the new uses for the seed is stated to have added a hundred million to its value and to the public wealth.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

### Farm Notes.

A. P. Reed thinks sulphur will keep off the parent butterfly of the cabbage-leaf.

So long as farmers allow the highways to grow weeds and briars, efforts to exterminate the noxious weeds will be of little avail.

No matter about a late spring, for it is summer that makes good full crops after the start, that may be as favorable in a late as in an early spring.

One rod of fence on a farm beyond real need is a tax wholly unnecessary, but multiplied by a hundred, or a thousand, it becomes burdensome, or even ruinous.

In the busy days of June and July farmers' gardens are apt to be neglected. Better employ an extra hand a few days than to be deprived of a good garden.

The young farmer who thinks he can carouse safely about half the night after working a full day in the field, and take no harm from it, will not be a young man long.

Farmers who must have hired men to help them in their farm work ought not to forget their overworked wives. There is as much need of extra workers in the kitched as on the farm.

O. M. Tinkham thinks the unusual fatality among sheep this spring is caused by grub in the head. Now is the time to put tar on their noses to prevent the same trouble next year.

In feeding calves we should remember nature, and feed often and warm the milk to 80 or 90 degrees. It is only when calves are fed only once or twice a day that there is any danger of overfeeding.

The first and best resource for farm fertilizers is the farm itself, its stables, its vegetable matter that can be spared for working into the soil, its waste reduced by decay, all it has that can be so appropriated.

Farming cannot be learned alone from books and newspapers. It is necessary to take hold of the farm implements with both hands, that a practical knowledge be attained, and then it will require years to learn it thoroughly, with a good assurance of success.

Do not try to force young peach trees by by the use of strong nitrogenous manures. Too much liquid manure will kill them. The best material to use as a fertilizer around young peach trees is wood ashes. After they are two years old an application of ground bone may be given.

It has been thoroughly proved that any man who can keep his swine healthy can, in a term of years, with fair management, make swine-growing profitable. This being true, too much pains can hardly be taken to maintain health and prevent the introduction of disease.

Country boys ought to be taught the use and value of mony. Many a farmer's boy is growing up to manhood with no knowledge of business, but little education and self reliance. Such young men will be illy prepared to enter into the active pursuits of life.

Do not plant asparagus roots too close together. If given plenty of room the roots will soon fill up the vacant spaces, have greater feeding capacity and produce larger stalks. A liberal application of manure should be used both in fall and early spring on the beds.

Ruta-bagas and cow-beets can be transplanted as well as any plant. Pinch off the top root and the longest leaves, put the plant in a hole, and press the soil firmly around it. Vacant spots in the field or garden may be filled in this way. Wet days are best.

Farmers who have no time to read or cannot digest more than is contained in a little cheap monthly paper must have very limited mental digestive powers. Good sensible reading is about as necessary in this age of enlightenment as wholesome food and sleep.

The Illinois state entomologist, Prof. Forbes, has written to the agricultural board that he finds cut-worms more numerous this year through central and southern Illinois than he has ever known them before. The fact is due, doubtless, to the dry weather of the last three years. The root web-worm is also especially abundant, and likely to join with the cut-worm in doing serious mischief when corn is planted after grass.

## A RELIGIOUS CRANK.

### He Involves a Tennessee Community in a Whirl of Excitement by Preaching the Coming of a New Christ in the Person of a Negro, Who is Worshipped as a God.

CHATTANOOGA, June 20.—Soddy, a mining village below here, has a sensation that has for the time being paralyzed business, attracted thousands of people and necessitated the presence of an armed force to prevent violence and bloodshed that are imminent. For several months G. W. Patterson, who claims to be a regularly ordained minister, has been holding meetings there. From the first he had a following which grew in fanaticism and numbers. He became bolder and bolder in his preaching, until finally he announced the coming of Christ a second time.

A negro named A. J. Brown, a helper of Patterson's, was announced as the one who was to be the incarnation of Christ. Strange to say, there were many believers, and when Brown announced that in order to complete his work he must go into the mountains and fast 40 days, enthusiasm knew no bounds. Brown disappeared, and so far as outsiders know, was not in communication with any of his dupes.

Last Sunday was the day fixed for the expiration of the long fast, and a vast multitude assembled. A human sacrifice in the person of Allie McLang had been prepared. The day was rainy and gloomy, but the faithful regarded this as a good omen.

In the afternoon Brown suddenly appeared and a wonderful scene ensued. Men and women embraced and bowed down to him. His feet were kissed and sick and lame asked for healing. The proceedings became so sacrilegious that outsiders interfered, and a bloody fight followed. Brown and Patterson only escaped death by rushing to the latter's house, where they barricaded themselves. Disorder continued far into the night. Brown's followers claimed only his great goodness prevented him from slaying all his assailants. On Monday letters bearing skull, crossbones and coffin were sent to Patterson, Brown and their leading followers, ordering them to leave the county at once on pain of death.

Patterson at once sent to Sheriff Connors for help. The sheriff went on Tuesday, and learned that the citizens had determined to drive the fanatics out, and the 21st is fixed as the limit of their stay. The wildest stories are afloat. It is said that Brown has raised one dead person, and it is charged that two human sacrifices have been offered. Excitement reached such a pitch to-day that the sheriff sent 50 armed men there. The prospect are for the biggest and bloodiest tragedy this section has known for years.

## GETTING ALARMED.

### Democrats Frightened Over the Delay in the Fuller Case.

WASHINGTON, June 21.—The Democrats are getting alarmed at the delay of the consideration of the nomination of Fuller for Chief Justice.

They say that the case has been delayed too long already, and they now fear that an Illinois senator, who favored Mr. Fuller, has determined to vote against him. Senator Vest is reported as seriously meditating over a motion to have the Judiciary committee discharged from the consideration of the case, and he is being urged to have this done before it is too late.

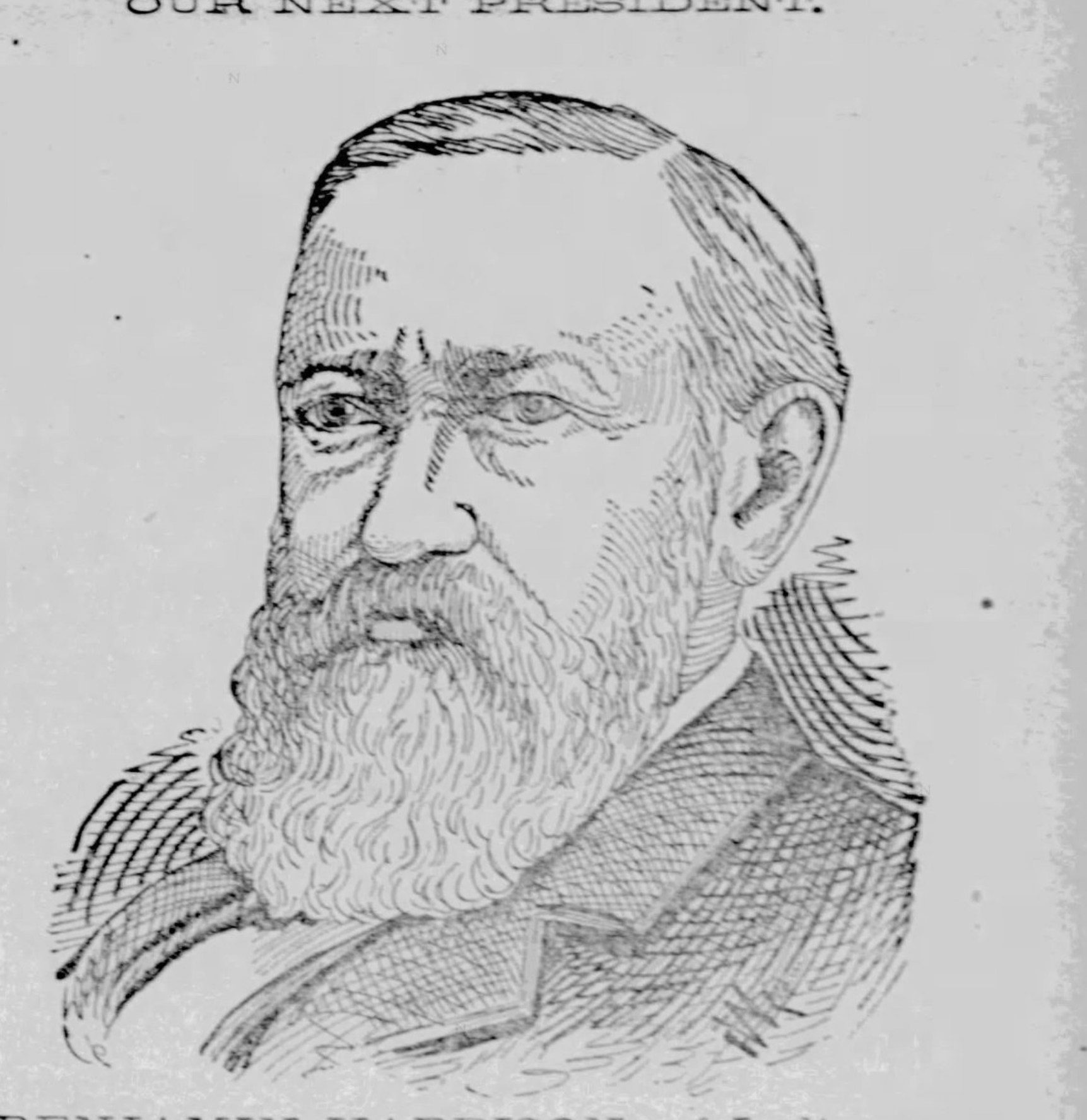
There would be a great deal of talk over the Fuller case if the convention at Chicago did not occupy the minds of the Democrats so much. The real reasons for laying the matter aside are, of course, secret, but it is safe enough to say that the Republican members of the committee have just cause to go slowly. They have much material before them relating to Mr. Fuller's political career during and since the war. The objections which confront the administration's candidate are many.

So far as his fitness for the high office is concerned, it is truly asserted that it is open to severe criticism. His ideas of state's rights and his record on the slavery question are held against him. The Democrats want him, praise him up and glorify the administration for the appointment made; but now that the records are being unearthed, they are getting frightened and want the present hoodwinking and painstaking Judiciary committee discharged from all considerations of the case. If Mr. Fuller is confirmed, it will be, in common parlance, "by the skin of his teeth."

### Pacific Coast Failure.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 20.—Savage & Co., proprietors of the Enterprise foundry, one of the oldest firms on the Pacific coast, have assigned. The liabilities are not stated, but are estimated at $100,000; assets at $150,000. The failure is due to low bids on work. Many contracts are now on hand.

## OUR NEXT PRESIDENT.



BENJAMIN HARRISON, of Indiana.

# HARRISON---MORTON

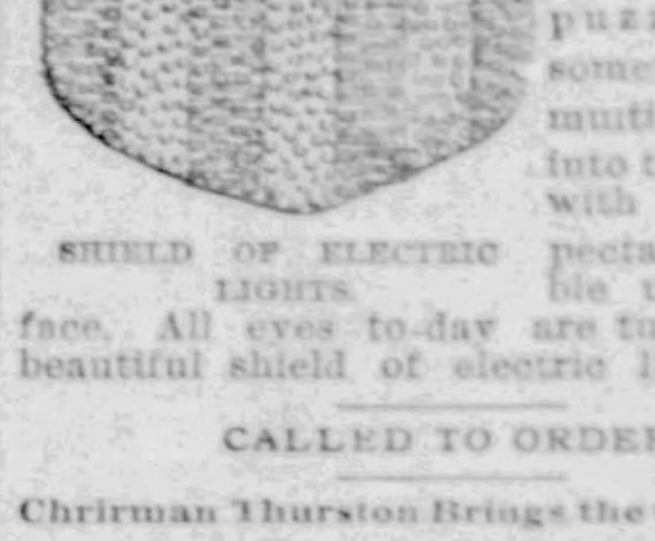
## THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEES.

### Full History of the National Convention at Chicago, Continued from the Latest Reports Published in the Blade of Last Week.

## THE SECOND DAY.

### The Convention Assembles to Hear Reports of Committees.

CONVENTION HALL, June 20.—(Special.)—The great convention hall fills more rapidly this morning than yesterday. The uncompleted details in the arrangement of seats compelled the sergeant-at-arms to keep the crowd out yesterday until nearly noon. To-day there is nothing wanting, and the eager, expectant puzzled but somewhat weary multitude flows into the building with great expectation visible upon every face. All eyes to-day are turned to the beautiful shield of electric lights.



SHIELD OF ELECTRIC LIGHTS.

## CALLED TO ORDER.

### Chirman Thurston Brings the Convention Down to Business.

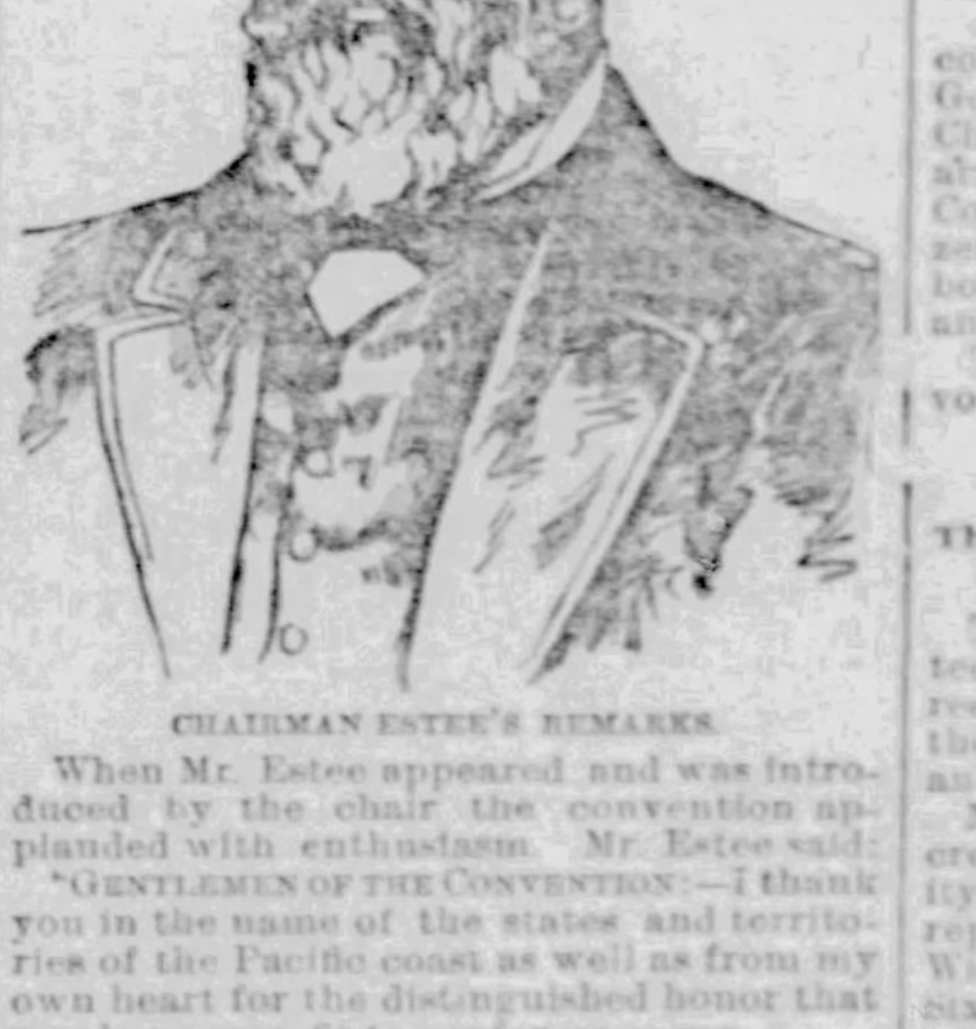
CONVENTION HALL, CHICAGO, June 20.—(Special.)—The galleries to-day again show many empty seats. The ticket business has been fearfully mismanaged, and from some reason the tickets do not get into the hands of enough spectators to fill the hall. Business started off in a lagging manner, and the convention evidently needs a strong guiding hand, if business is to be pushed.

The convention was called to order by Chairman Thurston and a hush fell upon the assemblage when the Rev. Stephen A. Northrop, of Fort Wayne, Ind., lifted up his voice in prayer.

After the prayer, Chairman Thurston said that there had been forwarded to him resolutions referring to the formation of the platform, which the chair said would be referred to the committee on resolutions.

Governor Foster of Ohio, Chairman of the committee on permanent organization, then stepped upon the platform and read the unanimous report of the committee. He was given an enthusiastic reception by the audience, and as he stated that M. M. Estee, of California, was selected for permanent chairman of the convention, the cheering broke forth afresh. Gov. Foster proceeded to read the list of vice-presidents as selected by the various state delegations.

The report was adopted without dissent, and the chairman appointed Gov. Foster of Ohio; Senator Foley, of Nevada, and Mr. George B. Sloane, of New York, a committee to escort Mr. Estee to the platform from his seat in the California delegation.



CHAIRMAN ESTEE'S REMARKS.

When Mr. Estee appeared and was introduced by the chair the convention applauded with enthusiasm. Mr. Estee said:

"GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION:—I thank you in the name of the states and territories of the Pacific coast as well as from my own heart for the distinguished honor that you have seen fit to confer upon me.

"I appreciate to the fullest extent the grave responsibilities devolving on me, and it being a Republican convention, I shall ask in all things its charitable judgment and its candid and earnest support.

"Gentlemen of the convention, following so illustrious a gentleman as your temporary chairman, I shall not attempt to detain you by any lengthened speech. I only want to say to you that we live so far from the center of the Republic, over on the Pacific shore, that I cannot even guess who your nominee is going to be. [Laughter.] Of course you all know. I say further to you, gentlemen of the convection, that I am not able to say exactly what your platform will be.

But the people of the country have echoed its sentiments and the rattle of the skirmish line was heard only two weeks ago from Oregon." [Here the speaker was interrupted by a sound of applause, and at the suggestion of some enthusiastic individual in the gallery, three hearty cheers were given for Oregon.]

"God willing," resumed Mr. Estee, "next November you will hear from Cleveland's Appomattox all over this republic. [Applause.] Friends and gentlemen of the convention, again thanking you for the high honor you have conferred upon me, and impressing you with the belief, with all my heart and soul, that our duties are of the gravest and most solemn character, and trusting from the depth of my soul that every act may be done to promote the best interest of our common country and advance the great Republican party. I will call for the next order of business. [Applause.]

ORDER OF BUSINESS.

First—Report of the committee on Credentials.

Second—The report of the committee on Resolutions.

Third—The naming of the National committee.

Fourth—Naming candidates for President.

Fifth—Balloting.

Sixth—Presentation of candidates for the Vice Presidency.

Seventh—Balloting.

The report also gives Dakota 10 votes and Washington Territory 6 votes, and the other territories and District of Columbia 2 each.

The rules recommended are substantially similar to those adopted by the last National convention.

The only essential changes are two, one is that instead of adopting Cushing's manual as a guide for the parliamentary proceedings of the convention the rules of the House of Representatives is recommended as far as applicable.

The most essential change is that it is recommended that an executive committee consisting of nine members may be chosen by the national committee to conduct the affairs of the party.

## TOOK A RECESS.

### The Resolution and Credential Committees Hold the Convention.

The chair called for the report on the committee on credentials as the next order of business.

Mr. Horr, of Michigan, moved a recess be taken until 8 o'clock to-night which was agreed to and at 2:10 o'clock the convention took a recess.

The reason for the recess was that the credentials committee had sent a sub-committee of three to the convention to notify it that the full committee will report on contested cases at 8 p. m. The committee expects to be in secret session till that hour. It is now on Virginia.

## THE WORK AT NIGHT.

### Routine Work—Sympathy for Germany in Her Bereavement.

CHICAGO, June 21.—(Special.)—At 8:20 last evening the convention was called to order. The auditorium was uncomfortably crowded, and the atmosphere in the hall was stifling. The fluttering of thousands of fans did not have the effect of causing a breath of air to stir.

The secretary then read a telegram received from the Republican State Central committee of California, sending greeting to the convention and returning grateful thanks for the honor bestowed on the Pacific coast by the selection of M. M. Estee as permanent chairman.

Chairman Estee announced that as the limit of time for speaking was five minutes, all speakers would be called to order on time, except in the presentation of candidates for the Presidential nomination, and so would the convention hereafter be called to order on time.

Mr. Harris, of North Carolina, suggested the adoption of the following resolution, which had been agreed upon by the committee on resolutions, as an expression to be passed, not as a part of, but along with the platform to be adopted to-morrow:

"We tender to the German people our heartfelt sympathy in the double loss they have recently sustained in the decease of the great man under whose reign Germany has become an united nation, and that other great man, his liberal minded, peace loving and noble son."

Adopted by a rising vote.

## AMERICA'S DEAD.

### Tribute to the Memory of Grant, Logan, Arthur and Conkling.

Mr. Pitcher asked unanimous consent for the introduction of a resolution expressing regret at the death of Gen. U. S. Grant, John A. Logan, Chester A. Arthur and Hon. Roscoe Conkling. The resolution was read, as follows:

"WHEREAS, It has pleased an all wise Providence, since the last National Republican convention, to remove from the scenes of earth four of America's most distinguished sons, whose names have been associated with her history for more than a quarter of a century, and whose distinguished military services, exalted private virtues and noble character have shed glory upon her name; and

WHEREAS, It is becoming and proper that this nation, while humbly bowing to the dispensations of infinite wisdom, should in such cases testify its sense of the worth and exalted character of the illustrious dead by tributes of respect to their memories and cherishing the recollection of their virtues; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, By the National Republican convention, that it deplores the loss of Gens. U. S. Grant, John A. Logan and Chester A. Arthur, who so often led our armies to victory, and of the Hon. Roscoe Conkling, the fearless statesman and citizen of New York (applause) as a calamity both to the cause of Republican principles and the interests of the nation.

The resolution was adopted by a rising vote.

## MAHONE KNOCKED OUT.

### The Test Showed Sherman's Strength to be 269 Votes.

The chairman of the credentials committee made his report, which, among other recommendations, favors the admission of the Wise district delegates from Virginia, and the four Mahone delegates-at-large.

Mr. Russell, of North Carolina, from the credentials committee, presented a minority report which dissents from the majority report in favor of the admission of the Wise delegates from the Second, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth and Tenth districts, who, it is claimed, were elected by pretended conventions never called by the state committee. This report also favors the admission of the Mahone delegates from the Second, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth and Tenth districts.

After hours of discussion the majority report was adopted, and the Mahone defeat assured.

A TEST VOTE.

The first night session of the Republican National convention ending shortly before midnight to-night, brought at the last moment the first approximate test of the strength of any Presidential candidate on a roll call. It showed that John Sherman could muster at least 269 votes. The roll call was on the Virginia contest, and a vote for the Mahone men was taken to mean a vote for Senator Sherman. Ohio tried to disguise the fact that a test vote was being taken, and split her vote even. Counting Ohio solid for Sherman, however, his aggregate on the roll would be as stated—269 votes.

## THE THIRD DAY.

### The Convention Rapped Down to Business at 10:05.

CONVENTION HALL, CHICAGO, June 21.—(Special.)—Yesterday Chairman Estee said he would call the convention to order on time. He found it difficult at 10 o'clock to keep his word. As a matter of fact at that hour there was no convention before him to be called to order. There were less than 100 delegates in their seats and not 1,000 people in the whole hall.

The chair says he will keep his word, and notwithstanding the gaping, open spaces in the delegate's seats, he raps sharply with his gavel at five minutes past the hour, asks the delegates to take their seats and calls the convention to order.

The invocation was delivered by the Rev. Thomas E. Green, of Chicago, who thanked the Almighty for the past, with its weight of history, for the present with its magnificent sweep of possibilities, and for the rich hope of the future. He invoked the Divine blessing upon the convention and prayed that its proceedings might be characterized by wisdom.

At the conclusion of the prayer, the chairman touched the electric bell as a signal for the band to render some selections, but there was no response, the members of the band not yet having put in an appearance.

Under the direction of the chairman, the

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is a peculiar medicine. It is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries, and other well-known and valuable vegetable remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion and process, giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative power not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures where other preparations fail.
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the best blood purifier before the public. It eradicates every impurity, and cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Boils, Pimples, all Humors, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, General Debility, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Complaints, overcomes that tired feeling, creates an appetite, and builds up the system.
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Has met peculiar and unparalleled success at home. Such has become its popularity in Lowell, Mass., where it is made, that whole neighborhoods are taking it at the same time. Lowell druggists sell more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than of all other sarsaparillas or blood purifiers. Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

MUSTANG LINIMENT
SHOULD ALWAYS BE KEPT IN SHOP, KITCHEN, STABLE AND FACTORY!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
HEALS INFLAMMATION, OLD SORES, CAKED BREASTS & INSECT BITES!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES SWINNEY, SADDLE AND HARNESS SORES IN HORSES & MULES!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES RHEUMATISM, LAME BACK AND STIFF JOINTS. RUB IN HARD!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES FOOT ROT, SHOULDER-ROT, SCREW-WORM AND SCAB IN SHEEP!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES HOLLOWHORN, CAKED BAGS, GRUB & HOOF DISEASE IN CATTLE!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES PILES, BURNS, CUTS, CORNS, BRUISES, CHILBLAINS & FROSTBITES

MUSTANG LINIMENT
IS FOR MAN & BEAST. PENETRATES MUSCLE & FIBRE TO THE VERY BONE.

secretapy proceeded to call the roll of states in order that the delegations might designate the member to represent each state upon the National Committee.

## RESOLUTION COMMITTEE.

### The Report Presented by Chairman McKinley, of Ohio.

This work having been disposed of, Chairman McKinley arose from his seat in obedience to the chairman's question as to whether the committee on Platform was ready to report. The convention recognizing one of the dark horses in the presidential race, and a popular one also, cheered lustily, and when Mr. McKinley advanced to the platform to read his report, the applause redoubled, and became almost an ovation.

WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

In a clear, distinct voice Mr. McKinley read the committee's report, which was adopted, as follows;

## THE PLATFORM.

### The Document Upon Which the Party is Ready to Do Battle.

The Republicans of the United States, assembled by their delegates in National convention, pause on the threshold of their proceedings to honor the memory of their first great leader, the immortal champion of liberty and the rights of the people—Abraham Lincoln; and to cover also with wreaths of imperishable remembrance and gratitude the heroic names of our later leaders who have more recently been called away from our councils—Grant, Garfield, Arthur, Logan, Conkling.

May their memories be faithfully cherished. We also recall with our greetings and with prayer for his recovery the name of one of our living heroes whose memory will be treasured in the history, both of Republicans and of Republic—the name of that noble soldier and favorite child of victory, Philip H. Sheridan.

In the spirit of those great leaders, and of our own devotion to human liberty, and with that hostility to all forms of despotism and oppression which is the fundamental idea of the Republican party, we send fraturnal congratulation to our fellow Americans of Brazil, upon their great act of emancipation, which completed the abolition of slavery throughout the two American continents.

We earnestly hope that we may soon congratulate our fellow citizens of Irish birth upon the peaceful recovery of home rule for Ireland.

THE UNION FOREVER.

We reaffirm our unswerving devotion to the national constitution and to the indissoluble union of the states; to the autonomy reserved to the states under the constitution, to the personal rights and liberties of citizens in all the states and territories in the Union and especially to the supreme and sovereign right of every lawful citizen, rich or poor, native or foreign-born, white or black, to cast one free ballot in public elections and to have that ballot duly counted.

FREE AND HONEST POPULAR BALLOT.

We hold the free and honest popular ballot and the just and equal representation of all the people to be the foundation of our Republican government, and demand effective legislation to secure the integrity and purity of elections, which are the fountains of all public authority. We charge that the present administration and the Democratic majority in Congress owe their existence to the suppression of the ballot by a criminal nullification of the constitution and laws of the United States.

THE AMERICAN SYSTEM OF PROTECTION.

We are uncompromisingly in favor of the American system of protection; we protest against its destruction as proposed by the President and his party. They served the interests of Europe; we will support the interests of America. We accept the issue and confidently appeal to the people for their judgement.

The protective system must be maintained.

Its abandonment has always been followed by general disaster to all interests, except those of the usurer and the sheriff.

We denounce the Mills bill as destructive to the general business, the labor and the farming interests of the country, and we heartily endorse the consistent and patriotic action of the Republican representatives in Congress in opposing its passage.

CONDEMN FREE WOOL.

We condemn the proposition of the Democratic party to place wool on the free list, and we insist that the duties thereon shall be adjusted and maintained so as to furnish full and adequate protection to that industry.

The Republican party would effect all needed reduction of the National revenue, by repealing the taxes on tobacco, which are an annoyance and burden to agriculture, and the tax upon spirits used in the arts, and for mechanical purposes; and by such revision of the tariff laws as will tend to check imports of such articles as are produced by our people, the production of which gives employment to our labor, and release from import duties those articles of foreign production (except luxuries) the like of which cannot be produced at home.

If there shall still remain a larger revenue than is requisite for the wants of the government, we favor the entire repeal of internal taxes, rather than the surrender of any part of our protective system, to the joint interests of the manufacturers.

AGAINST FOREIGN CONTRACT LABOR.

We declare our hostility to the introduction into this country of foreign contract labor, and of Chinese labor, alien to our civilization and our constitution; and we demand the rigid enforcement of the existing laws against it, and favor such immediate legislation as will exclude such labor from our shores.

AGAINST TRUSTS.

We declare our opposition to all combinations of capital organized in trusts or otherwise, to control arbitrarily the condition of trade among our citizens; and we recommend to Congress, and the state legislatures in their respective jurisdictions, such legislation as will prevent the execution of all schemes to oppress the people by undue charges on their supplies, or by unjust rates for the transportation of their products to market.

We approve the legislation by Congress to prevent alike, unjust burdens and unfair discriminations between the states.

PUBLIC LANDS FOR AMERICAN CITIZENS.

We reaffirm the policy of appropriating the public lands of the United States to be homesteads for American citizens and settlers, not aliens, which the Republican party established in 1862, against the persistent opposition of the Democrats in Congress, and which has brought our great western domain into such magnificent development.

TO RESTORE UNEARNED RAILROAD LANDS.

The restoration of the unearned railroad land grants to the public domain for the use of actual settlers which was begun under the administration of President Arthur should be continued.

WHERE THE PRAISE IS DUE.

We deny that the Democratic party has ever restored one acre to the people, but declare that by the joint action of Republicans and Democrats about twenty-eight millions of acres of unearned lands, originally granted for the construction of railroads, have been restored to the public domain, in pursuance of the conditions inserted by the Republican party in the original grants.

We charge the Democratic administration with failure to execute the laws securing to settlers title to their homesteads, and with using appropriations made for that purpose to harrass innocent settlers with spies and prosecutions under the false pretense of exposing frauds and vindicating the law.

IN FAVOR OF THE TERRITORIES.

The government (by Congress) of the territories is based upon necessity only, to the end that they may become states in the Union; therefore, whenever the conditions of population, material resources, public intelligence and morality are such as to insure a stable local government therein, the people of such territories should be permitted, as a right inherent in them, to form for themselves constitutions and state governments and be admitted into the Union.

Pending the preparation for statehood, all officers thereof should be selected from the bonafide residents and citizens of the territory wherein they are to serve.

South Dakota should of right be immediately admitted as a state in the Union under the constitution framed and adopted by her people, and we heartily endorse the action of the Republican Senate in twice passing bills for her admission. The refusal of the Democratic House of Representatives, for partisan purposes, to favorably consider these bills, is a willful violation of the sacred American principle of local self government, and merits the condemnation of all just men.

ENABLING ACTS SHOULD PASS.

The pending bills in the Senate for acts to enable the people of Washington, North Dakota and Montana territories to form constitutions and establish state governmentst, should be passed without unnecessary delay.

The Republican party pledges itself to do all in its power to facilitate the admission of the territories of New Mexico, Wyoming, Idaho and Arizona to the enjoyment of self government as states, such of them as are now qualified as soon as possible and the others as soon as they may become so.

POLYGAMY SHOULD BE CRUSHED.

The political power of the Mormon church in the territories as exercised in the past is a menace to free institutions, too dangerous longer to be suffered. Therefore, we pledge the Republican party to appropriate legislation asserting the sovereignly of the nation in all territories where the same is questioned, and in furtherance of that end to place upon the statute books legislation stringent enough to divorce the political from the ecclesiastical power and thus stamp out the attendant wickedness of polygamy.

IN FAVOR OF A DOUBLE STANDARD.

The Republican party is in favor of the use of both gold and silver as money, and condemns the policy of the Democratic administration in its efforts to demonetize silver.

We demand the reduction of letter postage to one cent per ounce.

FREE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

In a republic like ours, where the citizen is the sovereign and the official the servant, where no power is exercised except by the will of the people, it is important that the sovereign—the people—should possess intelligence.

The free school is the prime motor of that intelligence which is to preserve us a free nation; therefore the state or nation, or both combined, should support free institutions of learning, sufficient to afford to every child growing up in the land the opportunity of a good common school education.

TO BUILD UP THE MARINE.

We earnestly recommend that prompt action be taken by Congress in the enactment of such legislation as will best secure the rehabilitation of our American merchant marine, and we protest against the passage by Congress of a free ship bill, as calculated to work injustice to labor by lessening the wages of those engaged in preparing materials as well as those directly employed in our ship yards.

REBUILD THE NAVY.

We demand appropriations for the early rebuilding of our navy; for the construction of coast fortifications and modern ordnance, and other approved modern means of defence for the protection of our defenseless harbors and cities; for the payment of just pensions to our soldiers; for necessary works of national importance in the improvement of harbors and channels of internal coastwise and foreign commerce; for the encouragement of the shipping interests of the Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific states, as well as for the payment of the maturing public debt.

This policy will give employment to our labor, activity to our various industries, increase the security of our country, promote trade, open new and direct markets for our produce and cheapen the cost of transportation.

We affirm this to be far better for our country than the Democratic policy of loaning the government's money without interest to pet banks.

The conduct of foreign affairs by the present administration has been distinguished by its inefficiency and its cowardice.

DEMOCRATIC INEFFICIENCY.

Having withdrawn from the Senate all pending treaties effected by Republican administration, for the removal of foreign burdens and restrictions upon our commerce, and for its extension into better markets, it has neither effected nor opposed any others in their stead.

Professing adherence to the Monroe doctrine, it has seen with idle complacency the extension of foreign influence in Central America, and of foreign trade everywhere among our neighbors.

It has refused to charter, sanction or encourage any American organization for constructing the Nicaragua canal, a work of vital importance to the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine, and of our national influence in Central and South America, and necessary for the development of trade with our Pacific territory with South America and with the islands and further coasts of the Pacific ocean.

THE FISHERIES FAILURE

We arraign the present Democratic administration for its weak and unpatriotic treatment of the fisheries question and its pusillanimous surrender of the essential privileges to which our fishing vessels are entitled in Canadian ports under the treaty of 1818, the reciprocal maritime legislation of 1830, and the comity of nations, and which Canadian fishing vessels receive in the ports of the United States.

We condemn the policy of the present administration and the Democratic majority in Congress towards our fisheries as unfriendly and conspicuously unpatriotic, and as tending to destroy a valuable national industry and indispensible resource of defense against a foreign enemy.

The name of American applies alike to all citizens of the Republic, and imposes upon all alike the same obligation of obedience to the laws. At the same time that citizenship is and must be the panoply and safeguard of him who wears it, and protect him whether high or low, rich or poor, in all his civil rights.

It should and must afford him protection at home, and follow and protect him abroad in whatever land he may be on a lawful errand.

THE DESERTERS OF 1884.

The men who abandoned the Republican party in 1884, and continue to adhere to the Democratic party, have deserted not only the cause of honest government, of sound finance, of freedom and purity of the ballot, but especially have deserted the cause of reform in the civil service.

We will not fail to keep our pledges because they have broken their's, or because their candidate has broken his. We therefore repeat our declaration of 1884, to wit:

THE CIVIL SERVICE.

The reform of the civil service auspiciously begun under the Republican administration, should be completed by the further extension of the reform system already established by law, to all the grades of the service to which it is applicable.

The spirit and purpose of the reform should be observed in all executive appointments and all laws at variance with the object of existing reform legislation should be repealed, to the end that the dangers to free institutions which lurk in the power of official patronage may be wisely and effectively avoided.

GRATITUDE TO THE SOLDIERS.

The gratitude of the nation to the defenders of the Union cannot be measured by laws. The legislation of Congress should conform to the pledges made by a loyal people, and be so enlarged and extended as to provide against the possibility that any man who honorably wore the federal uniform shall become an inmate of an alms-house or dependent upon private charity.

In the presence of an overflowing treasury it would be a public scandal to do less for those whose valorous service preserved the government.

CLEVELAND'S PENSION VETOES DENOUNCED

We denounce the hostile spirit shown by President Cleveland in his numerous vetoes of measures for pension releif, and the action of the Democratic house of representatives in refusing even a consideration of general penson legislation.

In support of the principles herewith enunciated we invite the co-operation of patriotic men of all parties, and especially of all working men whose prosperity is seriously threatened by the Free Trade policy of the present administration.

## THE NOMINATIONS.

### The Ball Opened and the Favorite Sons Trotted Out.

CONVENTION HALL, June 21.—(Special.)—The chairman stated the next ordor of business to be the naming of candidates for President. This was greeted with great applause.

Then came another enthusiastic time on the unanimous rising vote by which the report was adopted.

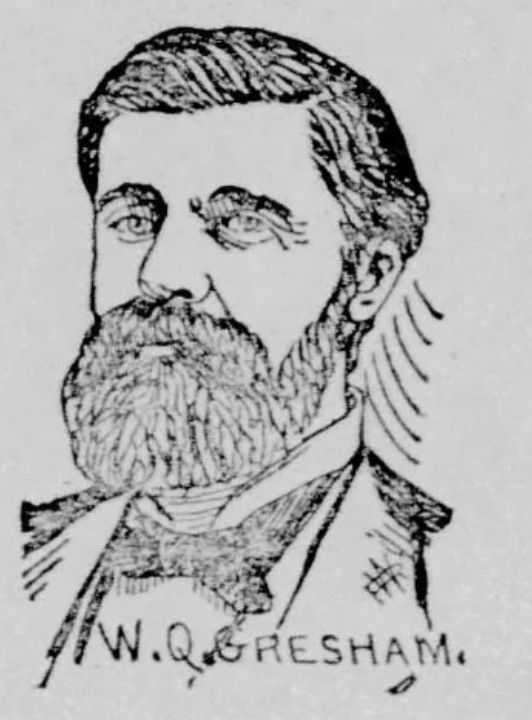
It equalled the demonstration over the protection plank, every body stood up and yelled and waved handkerchiefs or fans.

The audience was full of anticipation, that dull the monotony of the previous sessions would be agreeably relieved by rhetorical pyrotechnis, and the announcement by the chair that the nominations for the head of the ticket were in order, was received with a loud demonstration of delight.

California asked to be passed, and Connecticut showed that Hawley's candidacy was but complimentary by merely announcing his name without a set speech.

Then came Illinois, and the Gresham men got in a splendid round of applause as Leonard Swett rose to nominate him.

Mr. Swett spoke with great deliberation, and without any attempt at the artistic or flowery. He could be heard all over the hall, and while he did not often excite the enthusiasm of the convention, he was listened to with great attention. When he reached the climax the name of Gresham was greeted with a wild demonstration of applause.



Mr. Davis, of Minnesota, seconded Mr. Gresham's nomination.

Mr. Davis's style caught the galleries. His speech was full of well-rounded periods which were well delivered and provoked continuous applause. When he had concluded the galleries cheered for nearly a full minute.

On behalf of Mississippi, Lynch secouded Gresham's nomination.

Mr. McCall, of Massachusetts, also seconded Judge Gresham's nomination.

The nomination was further seconded by Mr. Rector, of Texas, who eulogized the public services of Gresham both in war and peace and predicted a successful campaign with Gresham as the standard-bearer.

It took an hour and a quarter to put Mr. Gresham before the convention in one nominating and four seconding speeches.

PORTER NOMINATES HARRISON.

Then ex-Gov. Porter, of Indiana, arose to present Harrison, while his delegation stood up and yelled fractically.

The galleries are glad, apparently, of an excuse to cheer, and they recognized the Hoosier candidate handsomely.

Gov. Porter's speech was too long for midsummer. He traced Harrison's career from his grandfather down to the present time. Every now and then some Gresham supporter in the galleries would defy decency by yelling for his favorite, but with these exceptions the audience paid close attention.

At the conclusion of Governor Porter's speech, on motion of Mr. Brogan, of Tennessee, the convention took a recess until 3 o'clock.

### The Favorite Sons and the Good Things Said About Them.

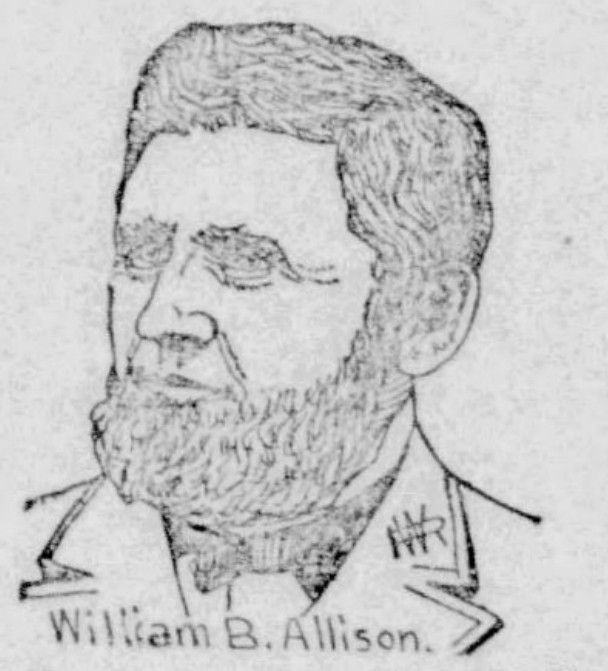
CONVENTION HALL, CHICAGO, June 22.—(Special)—When the BLADE went to press last night, Messrs. Harrison, Gresham and Hawley had been presented to the convention. At a few minutes past 3 o'clock Chairman Estee called the assemblage to order for the afternoon session.

When a certain degree of order had been secured, the chairman said:

"Gentlemen of the convention, when the convention took a recess, Gen. Harrison had been placed in nomination for President. [Applause in the Indiana delegation.] Is there a second to the nomination of Gen. Harrison?"

### Mr. Terrel, of Texas, Supports Indiana's Candidate.

The chair again called for seconds to the nomination of Gen. Harrison, and Mr. Terrell, of Texas, stepped to the platform and addressed the convention as follows: "As one of the members of the Texas delegation, supporting the candidacy of Gen. Harrison [Applause] the high distinction has been accorded me of briefly seconding his nomination. Indiana is the great pivotal state in the coming contest, and the supreme importance of her fifteen electoral votes must not be ignored by this convention. The distinguished soldier and statesman named here by the Indiana delegation as the choice of their people, and as the man who, of all others, can absolutely secure the support of that state in the approaching campaign, is one whose past career has been an honor and a glory to the illustrious name which be bears. [Applause.]


William B. Allison.

### Mr. Hepburn Presents Iowa's Favorite Son to the Convention.

When Iowa was called Mr. Henderson of that state arose and said:

"Mr. Chairman: Iowa has a candidate to present to the consideration of the convention." [Cheers.]

While Gen. Henderson was speaking Mr. Hepburn, of the Iowa delegation, walked up to the platform and was introduced by the Chairman in the following words:

"Gentlemen of the convention: Mr. Hepburn, of Iowa."

Mr. Hepburn put in nomination Mr. Allison, of Iowa.

### Rhode Island Supports the Man from the Hawkeye State.

The Chairman—"Gentlemen of the convention, the name of Hon. William B. Allison is now in nomination. Does the ceair hear a second to that nomination?"

Mr. Benjamin A Bosworth, of Rhode Island, advance to the platform, and having been introduced by the chairman, spoke as follows:

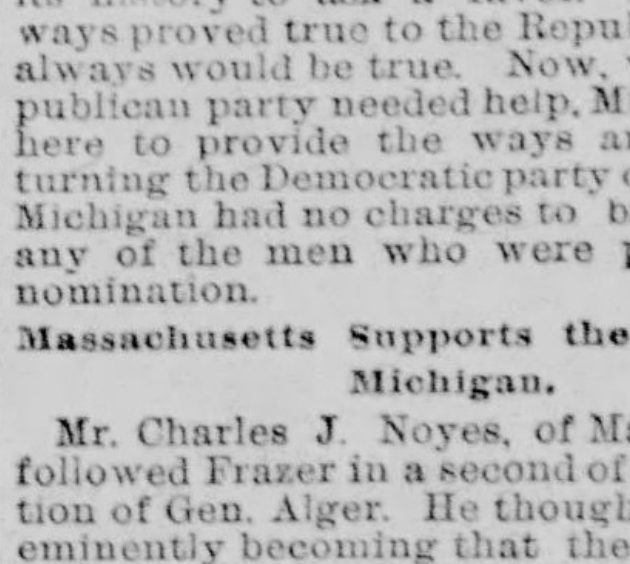
"I rise to second the nomination of the Hon. William B. Allison, of Iowa. Rhode Island has no favorite son to present to this convention to-day. She has no candidate whose nomination is necessary to render certain her Republicanism. Whoever, from among the splendid galaxy of candidates who have been and shall be presented to us, shall receive the nomination of this convention, will in November receive her four electoral votes. [Applause.]

The Chairman—"Are there any other seconds to the nomination of Mr. Allison. If not, the secretary will call the roll."

There being no other seconds the secretary called Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland and Massachusetts without any response.

## MICHIGAN RESPONDS.

### The Name of Russell A. Alger Presented to the Convention.



When Michigan was called, al' of Alger's friends arose in a body and split the air with their cheers. After a while, Mr. Horr, of Michigan, obtained the floor, and said: "I wish merely to say that Michigan has a candidate, and that he will be presented by Mr. Robert E. Frazer, of Detroit." [Cheers from the Michigan delegation.] While Mr. Frazer was making his way to the platform, a stentorian voice in the rear of the hall said: "What's the matter with Alger?" To which a number of delegates responded as one man, "He's all right."

In presenting General Alger's name, Michigan, Mr. Frazer said, came into a Republican convention for the first time in its history to ask a favor. Michigan always proved true to the Republican party, always would be true. Now, when the Republican party needed help, Michigan came here to provide the ways and means of turning the Democratic party out of power. Michigan had no charges to bring against any of the men who were proposed for nomination.

### Massachusetts Supports the Man from Michigan.

Mr. Charles J. Noyes, of Massachusetts, followed Frazer in a second of the nomination of Gen. Alger. He thought that it was eminently becoming that the Republican party had draped this building with the stars and stripes in the face of the adoption by the Democratic party as its bearer an old man's snuff rag.

Patrick Eagan, of Nebraska, also seconded the nomination, and referred to Alger as a man who would maintain the honor of the United States at home and abroad, who would resent any indignity to the American flag.

Mr. Estes, of North Carolina, also seconded the general's nomination.

Mr. Eggers, of Arizona, with a brief speech in support of Alger, was frequently interrupted by shouts from the galleries, while the audience was apparently growing uneasy at speech-making and desirous for the balloting to begin.

### Senator Hiscock Names New York's Choice to the Convention.

Mr. Hiscock then ascended the platform and presented the name of Chauncey M. Depew. That name, he said, would be an inspiration to the country. His name was dear to all Republicans. His counsel had led them and would guide them; his eloquence had electrified them and would continue to inspire them. His broad and statesmadlike utterances had long commanded the respect of the people, not of New York alone, but wherever heard or read. As chief magistrate of the Republic, his superb abilities, his matchless executive equipment, his thorough knowledge of affairs, his broad comprehension of public interests and the nation's capacities, his perfect integrity, his justness and consideration of the rights of men, his fidelity to Republican principles, would assure an administration promotive of national development and progress. If he were nominated, the Republican party would not be compelled to make a defensive campaign. True, he was the president of a great railroad corporation, and there was not a farmer, freighter, mechanic or common laborer in New York who would vote against him for that. In conclusion, Senator Hiscock formally presented the name of Chauncey M. Depew as the choice of New York.

### Mr. Hartley, of Minnesota, Lends a Helping Hand.

The Chair—"Is there any second to the nomination of Mr. Depew?"

Mr. Hartley, of Minnesota, came forward and addressed the convention as follows:

"Gentlemen of this convention, Minnesota seconds the nomination of Chauncey M. Depew. [Cheers.] Carry New York and the the balance of your doubtful states, and do not be afraid of the grangers of the Northwest. Minnesota will give Mr. Depew from 30,000 to 50,000 majority. I come from the largest granger district in Minnesota; I come from the largest granger district in the Northwest. That district I pledge you for at least 15,000 majority. [Applause.] It is only one of the five districts of the state of Minnesota." [Great applause, the New York delegation cheering and rising to their feet as Mr. Hartley left the platform.]

## JOHN SHERMAN.

### Gen. Hastings Presents Ohio's Favorite Son.

JOHN SHERMAN.

When Ohio was reached on the call amid great cheering, Gen. Hastings, of Pennsylvania, was introduced and addressed the convention as follows:

Pennsylvania is opposed to Grover Cleveland, and to a continuance of his administration. Her electoral vote will be cast for the nominees of this convention. Pennsylvania has never faltered in her devotion to Republican principles, and will not falter now. Her metropolis was the cradle of American liberty, and the Republican party's birth and baptism were both on Pennsylvania's soil. With her the fundamental and elementary principles of Republicanism have always been held sacred as the charter of her liberties and the memory of her dead soldiers.

Of this her majorities are proof—majorities unequaled in the sisterhood of states—cast for Lincoln, for Grant, for Hayes, for Garfield and for her well beloved son, James G. Blaine.

WHY PENNSYLVANIA WANTS SHERMAN.

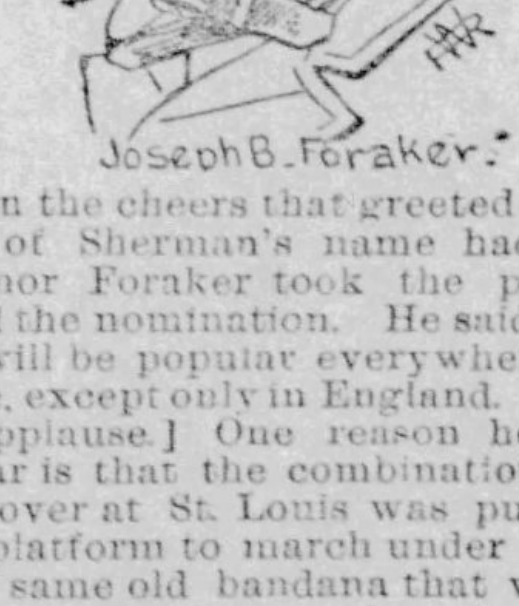
Pennsylvania comes to this convention, and that unanimity asks you to name a standard-bearer who will represent the principles, the traditions and the brightest hopes and aspirations of the Republican party; a man whose name will stand for its integrity, its doctrines and its matchless history; a man who will execute the law and vindicate the honor of the nation, whose personality will be "a sword in the hands of honest, free men, wherewith to drive from place and power," a party which holds the reins of national government by fortuitous circumstances and against the true intent and honest desires of a majority of the nation's sovereigns.

This convention recognizes that the campaign before us finds the common enemy entrenched in the seats of national power, with the prestige of victory, the support of a Solid South, the influence of public patronage, and an increasing appetite for office to give it encouragement.

I nominate the patriot, the statesman, the honest man—John Sherman.

## SECONDING SHERMAN.

### Governor Foraker Makes One of His Characteristic Speeches.


Joseph B. Foraker.

When the cheers that greeted the presentation of Sherman's name had subsided Governor Foraker took the platform; to second the nomination. He said:

He will be popular everywhere with the people, except only in England. [Laughter and applause.] One reason he won't be popular is that the combination that was made over at St. Louis was put on a free trade platform to march under the banner of the same old bandana that we knew so well in the war times, when it meant only copperhead loyalty, and which now means only British free trade. [Cries of "Good," "Good," and cheers.] But the day the old bandana was nominated the people of this country foresaw the nomination by you of John Sherman, who represents the flag enthusiastically beloyed by the people of this country, and every state felt that it should be our banner in the approaching campaign. [Extraordinary enthusiasm.]

It was at this point, while Governor Foraker was taking his seat, that the great Sherman demonstration occurred.

MORE SECONDS.

After the convention had quieted down, John M. Langdon, of Virginia, seconded Sherman's nomination in fitting terms.

## FITLER AND RUSK.

### Pennsylvania and Wisconsin Present Their Favorite Sons.

Mr. Smith, of Pennsylvania, then took the platform and nominated Mayor Fitler, of Philadelphia, amid frequent cries of "time," and other derisive calls, accompanied by hisses.

The roll call proceeded until Wisconsin was reached, when Senator Spooner nominated Rusk. In the course of his remarks the mention of the name of Blaine was the signal for another outburst of continued cheering.

At 7:25 p. m. Mr. Miller, of New York, moved to adjourn, which was carried, and the convention adjourned until 11 a. m. to-morrow, when the battle of the ballots will begin.

## GETTING DOWN TO WORK.

### The Great Convention Prepares to Cast Its First Ballot.

CONVENTION HALL, CHICAGO, June 22.—(Special.)—It took a long effort on the part of Chairman Estee to bring the convention to order, but finally the mighty throng was reduced to comparative quiet.

The convention was formally opened with prayer by the Rev. J. W. Worcester, of Chicago. In his invocation he prayed that the spirit which would rule over the proceedings might be a spirit not of narrow partisanship, but broad patriotism.

Absolute quietude during prayer was impossible. The air was too full of electricity, and everybody restless and uneasy.

Chairman Estee resigned the chair to Senator Hiscock, of New York, his throat having given out. Immediately after prayer Mr. Hiscock ordered the first ballot.

## THE FIRST BALLOT.

### Sherman Receives 229 Votes—The States as They Voted.

Alabama—Alger, 6; Depew, 1; Harrison, 1; Sherman, 12.

Arkansas—Ingalls, 10; Harrison, 1; Gresham, 1; Sherman, 2.

California—Casts her 16 votes for Blaine. [Great cheering.]

Colorado—Allison, 1; Gresham, 3; Harrison, 2.

Delaware—Harrison, 6.

Florida—Fitler, 3; Harrison, 1; Sherman, 4.

Georgia—Gresham, 1; Harrison, 2; Sherman, 19; Lincoln, 1.

Illinois—Solid vote for Gresham

Indiana—Cast Gresham, 1; Harrison, 20.

Iowa—Allison, 26.

Louisana—Sherman, 8; Gresham, 2; Allison, 2; Alger, 2; Depew, 1; Harrison, 1.

Connecticut—Hawley, 12.

Kentucky—Alger, 4; Depew, 1; Harrison, 4; Gresham, 5; Sheaman, 12.

Maine—Gresham, 1; Sherman, 1; Alger, 3; Harrison, 2; Depew, 3; Allison, 2.

Kansas—Ingalls, 17; Blaine, 1.

Michigan—Solid for Alger, (26 votes.)

Massachusetts—Depew, 1; Blaine, 2; Allison, 2; Lincoln, 2; Gresham, 2; Harrison, 4; Alger, 6; Sherman, 9.

Mississippi—Depew, 2; Gresham, 3; Sherman, 14.

Missouri—Sherman, 6; Alger, 6; Harrison, 3; Gresham, 11; Allison, 3; Blaine, 1; Depew, 2.

New York—Depew, 71; Blaine, 1.

Nevada—Allison, 3; Alger, 3.

Nebraska—Allison, 3; Sherman, 3; Alger, 2; Gresham, 1; Rusk, 1.

Ohio—Sherman, 46 (solid vote).

North Carolina—Harrison, 1; Depew, 1; Blaine, 1; Alger, 2; Sherman, 15; Gresham, 2.

New Hampshire—Harrison, 4; Depew, 4.

New Jersey—Phelps, 18.

Oregon—Gresham 4, Harrison 1, Blaine 1.

Pennsylvania—Blaine 1, Alger 1, Phelps 3, Depew 8, Fitler 16, Sherman 31.

Maryland—Depew 1, Sherman 5, Harrison 5, Allison 2, Gresham 1, Blaine 2.

Minnesota—Alger 1, Depew 1, Gresham 1 1.

Rhode Island—Allison 8.

South Carolina—Ingalls 1, Fitler 1, Depew 1, Alger 3, Sherman 11.

Tennessee—Allison 1, Harrison 1, Depew 2, Blaine 4, Sherman 7, Alger 9.

Texas—Gresham 5, Sherman 7, Harrison 1, Alger 2, Allison 7, McMinley 2, Blaine 1, Phelps 1.

Vermont—Harrison 8.

Virginia—Alger 3, Allison 3, Gresham 1, Harrison 4, Rusk 1, Sherman 11.

West Virginia—Alger 1, Blaine 2, Gresham 2, Harrison 2, Sherman 5.

Wisconsin—Rusk 22.

Arizona—Alger 2.

Dakota—Allison 1, Rusk 1, Gresham 1, Harrison 1, Sherman 1, Alger 1, Fitler 1, Depew 2, Phelps 1.

District of Columbia—Blaine, 2.

Montana—Gresham, 1; Allison, 1.

Idaho—Allison, 1; Gresham, 1.

New Mexico—Alger, 1; Sherman, 1.

Utah—Allison, 2.

Washington Territory—Harrison, 1; Allison, 1; Phelps, 1; Gresham, 3.

Wyoming—Allison, 2.

THE RESULT OF THE FIRST BALLOT.

The secretary announced the vote as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Alger | 84 |
| Allison | 72 |
| Depew | 99 |
| Fitler | 24 |
| Gresham | 114 |
| Harrison | 79 |
| Hawley | 13 |
| Ingalls | 28 |
| Phelps | 25 |
| Rusk | 25 |
| Sherman | 229 |
| Blaine | 33 |
| Lincoln | 3 |
| McKinley | 2 |

FIRST BALLOT INCIDENTS.

When California's vote went to Blaine, Mike DeYoung announcing the vote, there was great cheering from the galleries, but the California delegates were the only ones on their feet on the floor of the convention.

Round after round came, but the demonstration was far inferior to the Sherman-Foraker ovation yesterday.

POLLING THE STATES.

The enthusiasm of the audience was quieted down, and the cheering grew infrequent as the ballot proceeded, and showed utter chaos. State after state, generally in the South, demanded a poll, and this protracted the proceedings very greatly. Pennsylvania was the only important state to take a poll. The vote reveals that the Sherman men are holding back part of their strength, and that the Blaine men are doing the same. The second ballot only can tell the real situation.

## SECOND BALLOT.

### Fitler's Name Withdrawn, and Sherman Gets the Benefit—New York Still for Depew.

Before a second ballot was taken, Mr. Smith, of Pennsylvania, who had yesterday nominated E. H. Fitler, withdrew his name. This episode made no stir whatever, and the withdrawal was made in so low a tone of voice that it was not known that Mr. F. was out of the race until the chairman made the announcement himself.

The second ballot showed small losses for Sherman in several Southern states, and a gain of 24 in Pennsylvania, caused by the withdrawal of Fitler. Mr. Blaine is developing no new strength.

During the announcement of the votes the convention was more sedate than it has been at any time during its sessions. The spectators and delegates were too much interested in noticing the changes from the previous ballot, to make a noise or indulge in any demonstration.

SENATOR QUAY'S WORK.

Senator Quay had evidently done good work among the Pennsylvania delegates last night. Sherman gained 24 votes from that state, most of them being the votes which in the first ballot had been cast for Mr. Fitler. This was the most important event of the ballot and considerably elated the Sherman men who had been disappointed at the vote for their favorite on the first ballot.

RESULT OF THE SECOND BALLOT.

The result of the second ballot was:

| | |
|---|---|
| Sherman | 249 |
| Rusk | 20 |
| Ingalls | 16 |
| Phelps | 18 |
| Harrison | 91 |
| Gresham | 107 |
| Blaine | 33 |
| Depew | 99 |
| Allison | 33 |
| Alger | 116 |
| McKinley | 3 |
| Lincoln | 3 |

SECOND BALLOT INCIDENTS.

Mr. Sherman's gain of twenty votes on the second ballot shows the programme is being followed, but with a less change than was expected. New York is watched with much interest, for if it breaks to Sherman the end is plain.

ANTI-SHERMAN MEN JOYFUL.

The result was a disappointment to the Sherman people, who had hoped that the increase in the vote for him from Pennsylvania would put him up to nearly 300 votes, but he lost in other places, and the anti-Sherman combination begins to claim that the Ohio senator's vote will go to pieces in a few ballots.

## THE THIRD BALLOT.

### No Material Change in the Ballot—New York Still Solid for Depew.

The third ballot is now being taken and shows a loss to Sherman of one vote from Alabama.

As the vote on the third ballot proceeds, there is little change in the Sherman vote, which everybody is watching, and there are no notable changes in the voting for the other candidates.

California continues to cast her solid vote for Blaine, and Massachusetts still casts her vote among nearly all the candidates.

Gresham's vote increases, but not materially.

When Pennsylvania is reached Senator Johnston announces the vote of the state casting 53 votes for Sherman as before, and the other ten scattering.

Third ballot also shows an increase in the scattering vote for McKinley. The great states shows no disposition to break, Pennsylvania's vote was polled on a demand of a delegate who evidently wanted to see who cast the five Harrison votes.

RESULT OF THIRD BALLOT.

The following is the official ballot as just announced:

| | |
|---|---|
| Sherman | 244 |
| Alger | 122 |
| Allison | 88 |
| Depew | 93 |
| Blaine | 35 |
| Gresham | 123 |
| Harrison | 94 |
| Phelps | 5 |
| Rusk | 16 |
| Lincoln | 2 |
| McKinley | 8 |
| Miller | 2 |

ADJOURNED TO 7 O'CLOCK TO-NIGHT.

On motion of Warner Miller, of New York, the convention adjourned until 7 o'clock in the evening. When the convention met, the name of Depew was withdrawn, and an adjournment was taken until Saturday, when the chairman called for

## THE FOURTH BALLOT.

### The Long Roll Calls Take Up Much Time.

The result of the ballot (the fourth of the convention and the first of to-day) was as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Alger | 135 |
| Allison | 88 |
| Gresham | 98 |
| Harrison | 217 |
| Sherman | 235 |
| Blaine | 42 |
| McKinley | 11 |
| Lincoln | 1 |
| Douglas | 1 |
| Foraker | 1 |

TAKES 418 TO NOMINATE.

A queer fact has been discovered. North Carolina is on the roll with but 22 votes when she is entitled to 24.

This increases the total number of votes in the convention to 834, requiring 418 to nominate.

## FIFTH BALLOT.

### The Dreary Roll Call Progresses with its Many Changes.

After the secretary had announced the result of the fourth ballot, the roll call commenced for the fifth

The fifth ballot was as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Sherman | 224 |
| Harrison | 213 |
| Gresham | 87 |
| Blaine | 48 |
| McKinley | 14 |
| Allison | 99 |
| Alger | 142 |

## THE SIXTH DAY.

### The Sixth Day of the Convention—Blaine Requests His Friends Not to Vote for Him.

CONVENTION HALL, CHICAGO, June 25.—(Special.)—At three minutes past 11 o'clock the convention was called to order by Chairman Estee, who was again in good voice, and the proceedings were opened with prayer by the Rev. Arthur Edwards, of Chicago. The convention meets with the almost absolute certainty that Blaine is entirely out of the race, and that all the candidates must combine to prevent the impending nomination of Sherman.

BLAINE'S CABLEGRAMS.

Mr. Boutelle read two cablegrams. The first was dated Edinburg 24th. To Boutelle and Manley at Chicago. "Earnestly request all friends to respect my Paris letter. James G. Blaine."

The second was dated to-day and said: "I think I have the right to ask my friends to respect my wishes and refrain from voting for me. Please make this and former dispatch public. James B. Blaine."

The roll of states was then called, and California votes solidly for Blaine anyway.

## THE SIXTH BALLOT.

### The Dreary Roll Call—J. B. Luckey Votes for Harrison.

RESULT OF 6TH BALLOT.

The result of the sixth ballot was as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Alger | 137 |
| Sherman | 244 |
| Gresham | 91 |
| Blaine | 40 |
| Harrison | 231 |
| Allison | 73 |
| Fred Grant | 1 |
| McKinley | 12 |
| Foraker | 1 |

SIXTH BALLOT INCIDENTS.

During the sixth ballot Ohio voted 46 for Sherman. A poll was called, and changed the vote to 45 for Sherman and one for Harrison—J. B. Luckey bolting Sherman.

## THE SEVENTH BALLOT.

### California Cast all but One of Her Votes for Harrison.

RESULT OF THE SEVENTH BALLOT.

The seventh ballot resulted:

| | |
|---|---|
| Alger | 120 |
| Allison | 76 |
| Blaine | 15 |
| Foraker | 1 |
| Gresham | 91 |
| Harrison | 278 |
| Lincoln | 2 |
| McKinley | 16 |
| Sherman | 231 |
| Haymond | 1 |

SEVENTH BALLOT INCIDENTS.

During the seventh ballot a delegate arose and challenged the correctness of the announcement of the Ohio vote. The chair demanded the name of the delegate and there being some delay occasioned by the efforts of Governor Foraker and others of the delegation to persuade their colleague to withdraw his challenge, the chair stated that unless the name were given, the announcement would stand.

When California was reached Creed Haymond announced amid applause 16 votes for Harrison. A delegate demanded a call of the roll, and the result showed 15 votes for Harrison and one for Alger, that of Mr. Gate himself.

## EIGHTH BALLOT.

### Gen. Harrison Nominated—Great Enthusiasm.

The convention then proceeded to an eighth ballot. Mr. Henderson, of Iowa, created a sensation by rising in his seat and withdrawing the name of Senator Allison.

Mr. Henderson spoke briefly and to the point. He said that he thanked the friends of Senator Allison for their support and with his authority withdrew his name. It at once became rumored that the Allison strength would go to Harrison, and not to Sherman, as the Sherman people were claiming in the morning. The ballot:

RESULT OF EIGHTH BALLOT.

The eighth ballot resulted as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Harrison | 544 |
| Alger | 100 |
| Sherman | 118 |
| Blaine | 5 |
| McKinley | 4 |
| Gresham | 59 |

### The Course of the Balloting.

The following is the official recapitulation of the result of the ballots which have been taken:

| | First. | Second. | Third. | Fourth. | Fifth. | Sixth. | Sev'th. | Eighth. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Alger | 84 | 116 | 122 | 135 | 142 | 137 | 120 | 100 |
| Allison | 72 | 75 | 88 | 88 | 99 | 73 | 76 | .. |
| Blaine | 35 | 32 | 35 | 42 | 48 | 40 | 15 | 5 |
| Depew | 99 | 99 | 91 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Douglass | .. | .. | .. | 1 | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Fitler | 24 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Foraker | .. | .. | .. | 1 | 1 | 2 | .. | .. |
| Gresham | 111 | 108 | 123 | 98 | 87 | 91 | 91 | 59 |
| Harrison | 80 | 91 | 94 | 217 | 213 | 231 | 278 | 544 |
| Hawley | 13 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Ingalls | 28 | 16 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Lincoln | 3 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 0 | .. | 2 | .. |
| McKinley | 2 | 3 | 8 | 11 | 14 | 12 | 16 | 4 |
| Miller | .. | .. | 2 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Phelps | 25 | 18 | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Rush | 25 | 20 | 16 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Sherman | 229 | 249 | 244 | 235 | 224 | 244 | 231 | 118 |
| Haymond | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 1 | .. | .. |
| FredGrant | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 1 | .. |
| Total | 830 | 829 | 830 | 829 | 827 | 830 | 831 | 830 |

## ENTHUSIASTIC SCENES.

### Much Excitement During the Roll Call for the Eighth Ballot.

The assurances which were soon received soon after the withdrawal of Allison that his vote would go to Harrison, took the last hope from the friends of Sherman, and Senator Quay, finding that the game was up, told his friends to fall in line, and as soon as it became known that New York would not now that his nomination was in sight, desert Harrison.

There was no longer any doubt of the result, and the calling of the roll became a mere formality. Harrison was nominated after the Tennessee vote had been cast, giving him 431 votes. Only a single vote stood by Sherman in Pennsylvania, and after that state's vote the Harrison movement became a landslide.

The result was received with a burst of applause, and the great audience arose to its feet and shouted until it had tired itself out. One of the officers of the convention climbed on the chairman's desk and waved a banner bearing the portrait of Harrison, the ladies in the galleries waived their handkerchiefs and their parasols.

Hats were thrown up and a scene of enthusiasm followed. Cries of "He's all right," were heard in the din. Finally, with three cheers for Harrison, the convention became quiet enough to hear the official announcement of the result.

Governor Foraker then took the platform amid enthusiastic cheers, and said:

"GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION:—The delegation from Ohio came here all Sherman men; they are now all Harrison men. [Applause.]

"It is easier for us to be so when we remember that Gen. Harrison had the good sense to be born in Ohio. [Laughter.]

"I am directed by the unanimous vote of the Ohio delegation to move the convention, on behalf of the state of Ohio, that the nomination of Gen. Benjamin Harrison be made unanimous." [Applause.]

Mr. Horr, of Michigan, seconded Gov. Foraker's motion. He hoped that the convention would be unanimous, and said: "We now stand by Harrison just as firmly as we have stood by Alger. Some people do not think that he knew everything, but I think that I can see the hand of Providence in this nomination.

Senator Farwell, on behalf of Illinois, also seconded the motion of Governor Foraker: "This convention will adjourn in a different temper from any other convention in a quarter of a century.

Chauncy M. Depew also seconded Gov. Foraker's motion. He said in substance, New York was the cosmopolitan state of the Union The men of other states, whenever they got too big for their own commonwealth they went to New York, and when New York found a man too large for his own commonwealth and he would not move, she adopted him. New York had adopted Benjamin Harrison and voted for him solidly. [Applause.]

"In conclusion, Mr. Depew predicted an easy victory for Republican principles and for the satisfaction of the industrial interests of the country. [Applause.]

Gen. Hastings, of Pennsylvania, said that he was also authorized to second the motion to make the nomination unanimous. He said he had 100,000 majority for any candidate and it has that and perhaps more for Harrison.

Mr. Henderson, of Iowa, also seconded the motion. He was sorry now for the quill drivers in the Democratic sanctums. They could find no weak place in Harrison's record, no stain upon his character. He was a great man who would measure up to the full dignity of the occasion.

"I say of him that great Republican state will stand now firmer than ever at the head of the Republican column."

Mr. Boutelle, of Maine, gave assurance of the heartiness, cordiality and enthusiasm with which the people of Maine would ratify Gen. Benj. Harrison.

He promised that the old vote would come down from Maine as it did in days gone by.

"Oh, have you heard the news from Maine, how she went, Hell-bent for Gov. Kent, and Tippecanoe and Tyler too." [Applause and laughter.]

"He promised his state to the Republican party and declared that in the forefront of battle ever to be found gleaming as it had in every critical fight of the Republican party, the white plume of our Henry of Navarre.

Mr. Davis, of Minnesota, in a few flowery remarks on behalf of Minnesota, also seconded the motion to make the nomination unanimous.

The chairman read a dispatch he had received from Russell A. Alger requesting him to convey his sincere thanks to the delegates who had so loyally supported him, and declaring that "no state or man would give the gallant gentlemen who had won the fight heartier support than Michigan and himself."

"He's all right," ended the dispatch, and the Alger men in the convention cheered loudly, repeating all the well-known refrains.

After the convention had been addressed by Messrs. Wise and Mahone, of Virginia, Proctor, of Vermont; Lynch, of Mississippi; Thurston, of Nebraska; Harris, of North Carolina; Williams, of Arkansas, and Bradley, of Kentucky, all in the same strain, the chairman put the motion of Gov. Foraker, which was adopted with a shout, and the chairman declared Senator Harrison the unanimous nominee of the convention and of the Republican party for President.

## FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

### The First Ballot Takes a New Yorker for Second Place.

CHICAGO, June 26.—That the interest in the convention had almost entirely died away with the Presidential nomination was manifestad last evening by the array of empty seats in the gallaries, which previously have presented an attractive picture of handsome toilets and kaleidoscopic colors. The members of the various delegations were early in their places, evidently anxious to complete their business and return to their respective homes.

The convention reassembled at 10 minutes past 6, and proceeded with the regular order, the presentation of names for Vice-Presidential nomination. W. O. Bradley, of Kentucky; William Walter Phelps, of New Jersey; Levi P. Morton, of New York; being named.

The ballot resulted:

| | |
|---|---|
| Morton | 591 |
| Phelps | 119 |
| Bradley | 103 |
| Bruce | 11 |
| Thomas | 1 |
| Total | 825 |

MADE UNANIMOUS.

Mr. Denny, of Kentucky, moved that Mr. Morton's nomination be made unanimous. Senator Sewell, of New Jersey, seconded the motion, and promised the full and hearty support of Mr. Phelps to the ticket. The motion was agrged to, and the chair declared that Morton was the nominee of the convention for Vice-President.

## Market Column.

## REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Wednesday, June 27, 1888.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

| | June 10. | June 12. |
|---|---|---|
| 4's coupons | 128 | 128 |
| 4's registered | 127 | 127 |
| Pacific 6's of '95 | 119 | 119 |

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

| | |
|---|---|
| Reserve—decrease | $894,300 |
| Loans—increase | 2,303,100 |
| Specie—decrease | 394,400 |
| Legal tenders—decrease | 25,400 |
| Deposits—increase | 1,898,000 |
| Circulation—increase | 346,000 |

The banks now hold $27,769,400 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

NEW YORK, June 26—Noon.—Money opened easy at 1@1½ per cent. Bar silver, 92½c.

The stock market remained very dull after 11 o'clock, and all motion disappeared from the list, the fluctations in even the leading stocks being confined to within ¼ per cent. No feature of any kind was developed during the hour and at noon the market was intensely dull at insignificant changes from opening prices.

Closing prices of stocks to-day on Wall street: C. S., 49¼; D., & H., 109; D., L. & W., 129; Erie, 24⅛; J. C., —; K. T., 12¼; L. S., 89⅞; L. & N., 53⅛; M. C., —; Mo. P. 71⅝; N. E., 38¼; N. Y. C., 104½; N. W., 105½; O. T., 23⅜; R. T., 22⅝; Reading, 58⅝; St. Paul, 63¼; U. P., 53⅝; W. U., 75⅝.

NEW YORK, June 26.—Wall street.—Stocks market closed dull and firm at about opening figures.

TRADE.

The general trade of the country during the week just closed was fair. Collections have been satisfactory.

## THE MARKETS.

### Markets Higher and Firm.

At the leading points of supply to-day, wheat was active and firmer. July is 1c up, and August ⅞c. There is no particular feature to cause an advance. Exports only fair.

Prices of July and Aug. wheat at leading points to-day:

| July. | Opened. | Highest. | Lowest. | Close. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Toledo | 84¼ | 84⅝ | 84¼ | 84⅝ |
| Chicago | 80 | 80⅝ | 80 | 80½ |
| New York | 86⅜ | 86⅝ | 86⅜ | 86½ |
| St. Louis | 80⅛ | 80⅜ | 79⅞ | 80½ |
| **Aug.** | **Opened.** | **Highest.** | **Lowest.** | **Close.** |
| Toledo | 84 | 84¼ | 83⅞ | 84¼ |
| Chicago | 80 | 80⅜ | 80 | 80¼ |
| New York | 87⅜ | 87⅝ | 87⅜ | 87⅝ |
| St. Louis | 79⅞ | 80⅜ | 79⅞ | 80¼ |

Corn was dull, with a little easier feeling Oats quiet. Clover seed dull and unchanged.

At the regular session of the Toledo Produce Exchange to-day cash wheat sold light. No. 2 soft red, 86c, ½c up; No. 3 soft red, 83c; No. 1 hard Duluth, 85½c.

For future delivery trade was active and prices higher; No. 2 July, 84¾c and finally 84⅞c, 1c advance; August, 84c, 83⅞c and 84¼c, ⅞c up; September, 84¼@84⅜c, ⅜c better; December, 87¼@87⅜c, ⅜c stronger.

Corn dull; No. 2 yellow, 49½c; No. 3 yellow, 49c. Oats—No. 2, 34½c. Clover seed—Prime, cash, $4.20.

CLOSE — Wheat, cash, and June, 86c; July, 84⅜c; August, 84⅛c; December, 87¼c. Corn—Cash, 48c. Oats—Cash, 34½c. Clover Seed—Cash, $4 20; October, $4 40 b.

### The Produce Market.

The market for produce was steady to-day, with little change in values. Butter, best, 13@15c. Eggs at 15@16c. Cheese, new, 8½c. Poultry—chickens, 10@12c. Salt, in car lots, 70c; barrels, 75c. Fruits—oranges, $6 00; lemons, $4 00@4 50; bananas, $1 00@3 00 per bunch; strawberries, 12@15c retail; cherries, $2 30 per bushel. Vegetables—Onions, new, per dozen bunches, 15c; spinach, per bunch, 20c; peas, green, $1 75@2 00 per case; cabbages, @$3 00 per crate; lettuce, per pound, 4c; radishes, 12½c per dozen; cucumbers, per dozen, 35c; asparagus, 6c per pound; tomatoes, $1 30 per box; green beans, per box, 75@80, small boxes; wax, 90; old beans, $2 50@2 80; potatos, 80@90c per bushel. Provisions—Pork, heavy mess, $16 00; short mess, $16 50; long clear mess, $17 00; short clear, $17 50; rump, $15 00; clear butt, $16 00; clear bean, $14 00; clear neck, $14 50; lard kettle rendered, tierces, 9c; barrels, 9c; half barrels, 9c; 50-lb. tins, 9c; refined in tierces, 8½c; in 50 -lb. tins, 9c; hams, heavy, 11½c; sugar cured, 18 lbs. average, 11½c; 15 lbs., 11½c; 12 lbs., 12½c; sugar cured shoulders, 8½c; breakfast bacon, 10½@11c; dried beef, 11c. clear sides, 9½c; clear backs, 9½c; pic-nics, 9c. Feed—Bran, $19; shorts, $19, hay—timothy, $16. Flour, straights, $5 00; patents, $5 25; bakers, $4 75. Hides, green, No. 1 heavy steers, 5c; light and cows, 4½c; grubby and No. 2, 3c; cured, 6c; calf, green, 6c; cured, 7c; sheep pelts, on the basis of wool at 20c. Wool, washed 26c; unwashed, 12c. Fresh meats—No. 1 steers, ½7c; light steers, 7c; cows, 6½@6⅞c; calves, 7c; sheep, 8c; lambs, 9c; dressed hogs, 7c.

### General Produce.

CHICAGO, June 26.—2:30 p. m.—Wheat—July, 80⅜c; August, 80½c. Corn—July, 48⅞c; August, 49⅞c. Pork—July, $13.67½.

DETROIT, June 26.—Wheat—No. 1 white, cash, 89½c; No. 2 red cash, 85¼; July 84¼c bid; August, 84⅝c bid. Corn—No. 2, 47c. Oats—No. 2, 34c; No. 2 white, 36¼c.

MILWAUKEE, June 26. — Wheat firmer; cash and July, 76⅝c; August, 78⅞c. Corn, dull; No. 3, 46c. Oats quiet; No. 2 white, 35½c. Rye quiet; No. 1, 56c. Barley dull; No. 2, 58c.

CHICAGO, June 26.—1 p. m.—Wheat steady; cash, 80⅜c; July, 80½c; August, 80¾c. Corn, easy; cash and July, 49c; August, 49⅞. Oats firm; cash, 31⅞c; July, 31¼c; August, 26½. Rye, 54c. Barley and timothy, nominal. Flax, $1 06 for August. Whisky, $1 20. Pork steady; cash and July, $13 65; August, $13 72. Lard steady; cash, $8 20; July, $8 25; August, $8 32@8 35; July short rib, $7 52½.

NEW YORK, June 26.—Wheat moderately active, ⅛@¼c higher; receipts, 72,150 bu.; No. 2 June, 86¼@85½c; August, 87⅜@87 15-16c; September, 83⅞@89c; December, 92¼@92⅝c; January, 93⅞c; May, 96 15-16@97¼c. Corn active and strong, ½@1¼c higher; spot western 54½@54¾c, delivered; receipts, 238,150 bu; sales, 840,000 bu. Oats—Market is steady; western, 36@46c; receipts, 172,100 bu; sales, 95,000 bu. Beef quiet; new extra mess, $7@7 55. Pork dull; new mess, $15 00@15 25; old mess, $14 00@14 25. Lard irregular, steam rendered, $8 55. Cheese quiet; state, 7@8⅞c, the latter for fancy white and colored; Ohio flat, 7@8; skims, steady 2@6½. Butter quiet but steady; western, 18@19½c. Sugar firm; raw fair, 4⅞@4 1-16c; crushed, 8c; powdered, 7c; granulated, 6⅝c. Molasses dull; 50 test, 19½c. Coffee—Rio, quotations entirely nominal at 14⅛c for fair; options steady; June 10 points higher, July 5 points higher; months unchanged. Spirits turpentine steady 36¼c asked. Eggs—western, 15@15½c.

### Live Stock Market.

CINCINNATI, June 25.—Hogs—market slow; common and light, $4 00@5 40; packing and butchers $5 25@5 70.

ST. LOUIS, June 26.—Cattle—Receipts, 5,000 head; market steady. Hogs—Receipts, 1,500 head; market strong; choice heavy and butcher's selections, $5 60@5 70; packing, $5 40@5 60; light grades, $5 30@5 50. Sheep—Receipts, 1,000 head; market steady.

EAST LIBERTY, June 25.—Cattle—Market slow; 10@15c off on good common, and medium 25c off from last Monday's prices. Ten cars of cattle shipped to New York. Hogs firm and slight decline; Philadelphias, $5 85@5 90; one small prime lot, $5 95; mixed, $5 75@5 80; Yorkers, $5 65@5 70; common to fair, $5 50@5 60; pigs, $5 00@5 25; nine cars of hogs shipped to New York. Sheep active on good and 25c higher; slow on common and mixed at last week's prices.

KANSAS CITY, June 25.—The *Live Stock Indicator* reports: Cattle—Receipts, 2,500 head; shipments, —— head; offerings all grassers and mostly common; market dull; common to choice corn fed, $5 20@5 50; common to medium, $4 00@5 25; stockers and feeders, $2 00@3 60; cows, $1 40@3 30; grass range steers, $2 00@3 50. Hogs—Receipts, 1,100 head; shipments, none; steady; good to choice, $5 30@5 40; common to medium, $5 00@5 25; skips and pigs, $2 50@4 90. Sheep—Receipts, 800 head; shipments, none; steady; good to choice muttons, $3 50@4 00; common to medium, $2 00@3 00.

### Boston Wool Market.

The market is still unsettled, and prices favor the buyer. Sales can only be made at low figures. Dealers are bent on disposing of their wool without much regard to cost. Ohio, at28@29½c; Michigan and Wisconsin, 26@26½c; Texas, 15@18c for part combing, 26@35c; unwashed, 22@26c; pulled, 28½@36c; scoured, 37½c.

### Pittsburg Oil Market.

Toledo Oil Exchange—3 p. m.—Opened at 73½c; highest, 74½c; lowest, 72½c; closed at 72½c bid; puts, 70½c; calls, 74c. Market weak with light business.

### Foreign Markets.

LONDON, June 25.—The Mark Lane *Express* in its weekly review of the British grain trade says: Values of English wheat are in favor of buyers. Sales of English wheat during the week were 39,302 quarters at 31s 3d, against 26,815 qugrters at 35s 1d during the corresponding week of last year. Foreign wheats are weaker, most kinds are 6d cheaper. In Liverpool prices have fallen 2d per cental. Corn is declining; ex-ship values of American, 23s 3d. Linseed, 3d cheaper. There were three arrivals of wheat cargoes. Two were sold, six were withdrawn and six remain. At to-day's market wheats were depressed and prices showed a decline of 6d. Flour is 3d lower. Corn is 6d@1s cheaper; mixed American, 22s 6d. Barley, oats and linseed are down 3d.

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